We have sent riders ahead
To warn of our coming
And those who have not yet bled
Will join us or die
We will have our revenge
For the wounds we have suffered
And when the battle begins
You must look in our eyes

Untie the prisoners Have someone dress the wounds Then take them to my chambers

All traces of your house will be destroyed You'll answer to the names
It's stricken from its throne
To prove this two methods will be employed
None will survive
No mercy will be shown

There are tears in the cities to the south
They have foreseen their own doom
Which we seek to bring about
Hordes of men gather unto me
Sail the sea of spears over waves of enemies

We have sent riders ahead
To warn of our coming
And those who have not yet bled
Will join us or die
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