

As I readied my time-worn shield  
And entered my old crown  
I knew what had to be done  
(What had to be done)  
I was not plucked by the heavens  
to be trained as a warrior  
I was created knowing only war

IF DEATH IS THE WINNER OF EVERY WAR  
THEN IT'S DEATH THAT I'LL HAVE TO BECOME  
BLACK ON TRACK, THROUGH THE GLOOM WE SOAR  
THE END OF THEIR TYRANNY HAS BEGUN  
ARISE MORTALS, LIKE A FLOOD OF VENGEANCE  
BECOME THE LEVIATHAN, WHICH NOTHING CAN SHUN  
THERE WILL BE NO HINDRANCE, ONCE THEIR TASKMASTER FALLS  
AND THAT'S WHEN JUSTICE WILL BE DONE

If your hearts were really broken  
You would all be dead  
So even if your souls are crushed  
You must comprehend  
That these could be your last days  
Time is running short  
Follow the song of the Angel cleaver  
And let my dark wings fortify you

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Fire burns many things, but it cannot touch a shadow  
Let them run, let them hide, we will always be close behind  
We will always be close behind

Justice will be done  
Justice shall be done