

The Warriors of Modern Death

Emperor

All raised
To be men
Given image and path
Supreme

Idolized warriors
Bright steel
Burning rage
Never too late to try

Stand tall
Never plead
Live and let die

I see the spirit
Of those ancestors
And reconsider the faith
A primitive sword

Can not win my war
Cold fury
Flaring eyes
Calculated verbal gun

My pride
Justified
Spiritual steel shines bright
Beyond the sun

The pride of the warrior
Is far from dead
The colors of death
Are still black and red

Though modernized
Blood will be shed