

Sons of Vengeance

Angel Corpse

Awake! Sons of vengeance rise
Rub the dust of twenty centuries from your eyes
Fashion your being: ploughshares into weapons of war

Today we conquer the self tomorrow the world

Men of war defiant to ashes fall the gods
Apocalyptic deeds fierce archonic might
A knell a pall masking honored rites of spring
The empyreal majesty of abyss winds

An affirmation of struggle
Like wolves closing in for the kill
Making holy our war immortal this glorious night
A brotherhood of iron falling in we march
Shout into the star shattered Dawn...

We are sons of vengeance
Blessed and bold
Reborn in hate

Fingers of scorn fists of furious destruction
Discipline of steel beyond the roar of all war
Unleashed lightning storm brigades to be
Powerful creative joyous and free