

All Towers Must Fall

Antestor

Brothers!

Trust not the kings of this world
Trust not the snakes by the crowns on their hands

The scorching of septic flesh, the riddance of the yoke
They have lured upon us, scorching into our flesh
The melting of golden crown into ploughshares

Be not like the princes
Rip not your heart of flesh out in search of a golden one
Glory of this world is but vapour

All towers will tear and fall to the ground

Trust not the kings of this world
For ever to their shackles they us bind
Look for not to their sliver for hope, that blinding glimmer

Let not our thoughts be bent to the ways of their greed
For ever like a rabid mongrel
Greed bite the hands that feeds it

Let justice be wreaked on the wolves of their thrones

Brothers!

Let us be rid of this curse
Let us be different, let us inverse

The riches of this world are but vapour,
Towers ready to fall

In the valley of death we are all beggars

Their castles will crumble, and the waves run them over
And grind them to sand

All towers must fall, throne rooms and gilded halls
Facing the flood of an unending tide

All tyrants will crawl, like the snakes they were
Stealing, making idols for their own destruction
False flames in the hearts of man

All flesh will rot, all hearts will stop

Will we look for embers of humanity in the ashes
Of the empires brought to justice