

Marching to the Killing Rhythm

Darkest Hour

A grand deception
Disguised as gods redemption
Forcefed delusions of grandeur
Calling out for
A willing sacrifice
Of a nameless enemy
Necessary losses
Fulfill the bloodlust fantasy
See through this fašade
Of retribution
This machine
Is marching to the killing rhythm
Spilling blood in veign [probably means "vain"]
Subdues the vengeful masses
So put your blinders on
Replace your conscious with a flag
So you can forget
Money runs thicker than blood