

# 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