

Assemblage of Wolves

Fallujah

Assemblage

A Servant of the horns
The oracle of truth and immortality

A shadow in our native land speaks a viper's tongue
and hears a sigil unfamiliar

The ghosts whisper their locations of falsehood
A horde rides forth against the light of the sun

In defense of sacred soil, our spirit is enchanted
and by their blood spilt we are cleansed.

A servant of the horns,
We are an assemblage of wolves

To take them from their Christian souls.
A shadow in our native lands speaks a viper's tongue
and bears a sigil unfamiliar

Angered are our pagan lords,
As we are crucified before the eyes of the hordes
Forever we lay, ever we lay

Ever are we the servants of the light of that consumes the shadow

Spit in the face of crucifixion we spill their blood in reclamation

Angered are our pagan lords, as we are crucified before the eyes of the hordes

My destiny is to spill Christian bloodlines
My loyalty lies to my native lands