

The Final March

Heaven Shall Burn

This is the call to arms, the final call
Exchanged the shuttle for the sword
For generations we slaved away in the shadows of their towers

The world we know, a torture-chamber
Born as servants, exploited till death

To their machines we're marching with Captain Ludd in mind
The final march begins, down with all the kings
The shroud we weave completed
The air we breathe is not the stench of slavery
Down with the king!
Down with all Kings!

Winter-withered bodies,
Souls sunken into misery
Our minds and future as black as our masters' hearts
Now we engage the enemy; the web we weave completed

Cant wait for god to judge these monsters
A religion that just mocks us and justifies this misery