

## 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 breath 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