

Decimate the Ancestry of the Only God

Hour of Penance

Hex the liars, feed them to fire
Crush them - Crush all the seeds of this race

Upon them feast never to rise again

We have decided to finally wage this war
A trail of flesh and limbs is burning
We have decided to bring an end to this revolting
Creed and claim the stolen land
With blood and fury

Dust - we're bringing down the skies
Now - we're choosing the slaves to be ours

We have sentenced their only god to death
The smell of ashes and iron surround us
The seven branches are falling
One by one as we decapitate their sons
There's no rebirth

Raging march
To strike at dawn
We are sent from fate
To dominate

Dust - we're bringing down the skies
Torn - their writings are set ablaze
Now we're choosing the slaves to be ours
Now we're choosing the slaves to be burnt

Hex the liars, feed them to fire
Crush them - Crush all the seeds of this race, and
oppress

Decimate the ancestry
Of the only god

Their bones exposed as trophies of our war
Their sacred places become dust
From miles and miles away you hear
The cries of women raped for days
Their wombs become ours

Raging march
To strike at dawn
We are sent from fate
To dominate

Dust - we're bringing down the skies
Torn - their writings are set ablaze
Now we're choosing the slaves to be ours
Now we're choosing the slaves to be burnt