

# We Came To Conquer

Lich King

Hey guess what, bitch, we're back  
Let's get down to business  
Beard, short hair, and I'm fat  
Yet I'm killing this shit  
Patch your vest, grow your hair  
It won't make a difference  
You're an ass if you care  
that we look like this

But if you feel it  
Get up and bang  
No frills, no costumes,  
no ads in Kerrang  
Get in formation  
Join the throng

We came to conquer  
We came to conquer

Labels don't give a damn  
We're not using keyboards  
Eye makeup on all their bands  
Opportunist whores  
Cashing in on a trend  
Play safe to the middle  
Are we sour, in the end?  
Yeah maybe a little

But if you feel it  
You're frustrated too  
Riffs are what matter  
You know it if you're true  
Hairstyles and cellos  
How dare you

We came to conquer (all of you)  
We came to conquer

Rob!

Hey, Gama Bomb  
You didn't write this riff  
so hey, Warbringer  
Eat our Lich King dicks  
Hey, Havok  
We just put you to shame  
and hey, everyone,  
if you're not us you're lame

Cause we've got the fire  
And we've got the force  
The Waste was a starter,  
But we're the main course  
Maybe other bands play  
and maybe Manowar kills  
But none of that shit matters  
Lich King rules

We came to conquer  
We came to conquer  
Conquer them