

Coronation Of Our Domain

Malevolent Creation

Coronation of this our domain.
Only the strong and dominant shall remain.
Ancestral power granted, this our night.
Inheritance never relinquished, endure the plight.
Fools fall backwards.
Passion for victory, never in sight.
The feeble falling victim to the aggressive.
To the aggressive this night.
To lose a life or take a life.
Your just cause rewarded.
Hindered on the battlefield by nothing or no one.
Death exploited.
Taste the blood, smell the victory in the air.
Yellowed eyes take in the dead stare.
The rule shall govern under one allegiance.
Our realm, our dominion.
The authority that has been bestowed.
Will flourish when it's ripe.
All empires that stand around us.
Will decay and fade from sight.
Coronation of this our domain.
Coronation of this dominion.
This coronation.
Intrepid preservation!
Self realization.
Feel the supremacy all around you.
Granted powers to survive.
Your soul forever immortal.
Regain strength of all past lives.
The throne allocated upon us.
The key to sovereign rule.
No more are we looked upon as common.
The reign of power is true.
Coronation.
Never to give in, bred from the start to always win.
Waiting for this day to come, always within our grasp.
Faltering and the weak lay gathered at our feet.
Decimating fools, genocide is our link.
Fools fall backwards.
Passion for victory, never in sight.
The feeble falling victim to the aggressive.
To the aggressive this night.
Crowning of this sovereign can wait no longer.
Inner hostilities force the surfacing.
Violent traditions altered beyond fate.
Your crumbling society denied, ESCAPE!