

To the Victor the Spoils

Morbid Angel

decide, between the ways of the weak,
the sheep, to live a lie
or to come to life, in victory we stand,
above the meek
to raise the chalice and toast the conquering
to feast upon the spoils that we claim
we are wakening
we are the one you seek
we are the merciless
we are the all is truth
we await, the coming of days
the awakening of the eyes that sleep
the dawn of light for those of us who see
to stand above the shattered flock and their lies
for now it is our time
we are the conquering
we are the one you seek
we are the merciless
we are the all that is truth
victors...now hear me
victors...come now know your name
brothers...as it must be
in victory we stand
our wake, our secret is broken
our legions now are one
the time of the silence now ended
in victory we stand we are the conquering
the clearing out, the storm