

## Pulse Over Throne

Oh, Sleeper

The old familiar steam starts creeping out  
Fire baking my veins  
Tonight, on hell we dine  
Reaching out, our cloud of oblivion  
The omen showing its face  
Tonight, we dine

If you see the war and your blood ignites  
When the moon is high, on hell we dine  
We kill to live, live to feed  
Starving the beast made a monster of me

If you see the war and your blood ignites  
When the moon is high, on hell we dine  
We kill to live, live to feed  
Blood-starved beasts, the monsters are we

Men evolve to god's in their fury charge  
Shifting shape into flame  
Tonight, on hell we dine  
Glory spren ascends from their printed sand  
A blinding wake to the end  
Tonight, we dine

If this world is for man then I am a beast  
I do not fit in  
I'll embrace my claws and devour the land

We serve not some distant kingdom  
We defend not brick nor stone  
We are the countless keeps, our blood is the mortar  
Our king is one of pulse over throne

We are the moving wall, the armored march  
The archers, the medics, the fire-born resistance  
Immortal, we'll take them one on one-thousand  
And we'll sing

If this world is for man, then I am a beast  
I do not fit in  
I'll embrace my claws and devour the land

If you see the war and your blood ignites  
When the moon is high, on hell we dine  
We kill to live, live to feed  
Blood-starved beasts, the monsters are we