

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