

Acolyte March

Project 86

Hand over your city to me
I am the name of all you profane
Drop the gates!
Drop the gates!
As your culture's erased from history

Rain on the Towers and
Slay all the living and
Blaze the embankments and
Raze every suburb
Your city belongs to me
You will see

We stalk with the ark as our shield
Your lifespan extends to seven days
Oh Jericho laid to waste!
Oh Jericho laid to waste!
You'll face the fire for your unbelief

Your walls are a case of a tomb from a womb
Of an unholy union that sentenced you
You will see
You will see
Your end is at your gates
Your city belongs to me