

Blood Vaults (II - Our Despots Cleanse the Levant)

The Ruins of Beverast

Our bluster and catapults shatter the holy Holy Lands
Blessed with a warm psalm of apostolic propaganda
That captures our hearts
Between insurmountable city walls and sanctified sodomy
Outremer... Four flags are flown without a triumph!
As we forfeited our North to some cryptic enemies
Reinterpret now the sermon to attack dispensable allies
Let o thy imperial command be a battle cry to the occident
Suspicious we are, yet so spiritually armed
O dreadful bereavement!
This carnage in your honour, and against an impure Palestine..

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Under siege... Bless your blood, Franconian cannibals!
Catholic conqueroar ascends in Latin harbours
Old manoeuvres now misled and undermined
An eye for an eye
Feast upon heretical gore and orthodox cannon fodder
Crusaders... Raise the Golden Horn to the conflagration ahead!
O majestic ironhand of doom
Have you received our immolation?
Let our deeds bequeath a martial dogma to our descendants:
Our despots cleanse(d) the Levant!