

## 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!