

Epic: A Chorus Of Obliteration

The Showdown

Silent, grimly faced we march them down
Calls from above, behind these walls the cowards hide
This city, this land, a promise we have to claim
Stretched for miles through barren land to conquer Jericho

Loose your voice and split the sky
Draw your swords, the hour is nigh
We sing as one tonight, we sing as one

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We march our war, clothed in dust and fear we ride
Host of the Lord about us on our every side
The fruits of this land, a promise we have come to claim
We sing as one the trumpets sound your walls of dust
Now meet the ground

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