

As I readied my time-worn shield
And entered my old crown
I knew what had to be done
(What had to be done)
I was not plucked by the heavens
to be trained as a warrior
I was created knowing only war

IF DEATH IS THE WINNER OF EVERY WAR
THEN IT'S DEATH THAT I'LL HAVE TO BECOME
BLACK ON TRACK, THROUGH THE GLOOM WE SOAR
THE END OF THEIR TYRANNY HAS BEGUN
ARISE MORTALS, LIKE A FLOOD OF VENGEANCE
BECOME THE LEVIATHAN, WHICH NOTHING CAN SHUN
THERE WILL BE NO HINDRANCE, ONCE THEIR TASKMASTER FALLS
AND THAT'S WHEN JUSTICE WILL BE DONE

If your hearts were really broken
You would all be dead
So even if your souls are crushed
You must comprehend
That these could be your last days
Time is running short
Follow the song of the Angel cleaver
And let my dark wings fortify you

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Fire burns many things, but it cannot touch a shadow
Let them run, let them hide, we will always be close behind
We will always be close behind

Justice will be done
Justice shall be done