

## Arghoslent "Flogging the Cargo"

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Burying swords into emaciated ribs  
Tired naked souls  
Could no longer walk  
Exotic filthy mongrel dogs  
Fettered to failure  
By a flawed genome

With laziness indelible and inherent  
The pitch brutes lived  
At the end of the whip

Burying swords into emaciated ribs  
Tired naked souls  
Could no longer walk  
Exotic filthy mongrel dogs  
Fettered to failure  
By a flawed genome

With laziness indelible and inherent  
The pitch brutes lived  
At the end of the whip  
Disarming them of bows

And poisoned arrows  
A lifetime of penitence  
Follows the lost battle  
Infusion of their poisoned blood  
Spirals into societal decay

The sobs of the defeated  
Became a painful roar  
Longing for a painless death  
Became their vision of heaven

Resolved to avenge the deaths  
Of those killed tribesmen  
Set themselves ablaze  
To avoid captured humility  
European death revealed mortality

Iberian troops gather their weapons  
Journey for centre of the plateau

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