Alghazanth
"Moving Mountains"

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As one rope loosens, another then tightens
Far too long we've been strangled and tied
This sick circle of shame must now finally break
So that honour may again walk by our side

Roamers of the path of many paths
Now the hour has come for us to act
With inhuman hatred and intensity
To ram down the monoliths of fallacy

At the mass grave of religions man's triumphant age
begins
The heartblood of these tyrants will wash us clean of
sin
We'll stand among the victors through this colossal war
The sight of moving mountains is what we are here for

The ethics and laws that we deeply abhor
Have left mere rust and rot in their wake
So each such child of the holiest of lies
Together with their fathers shall be slain

The storm of rebellion will never calm down
In the raging hearts of the truly devout
So hold not a moment more thy fury back
For swords are made to cut and daggers to stab

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Enthralling is the scent of burning shrines
And the sound of crumbling hierarchies
As after this disgraceful time
The true nature in us can once again breathe

May lips wet with blood to the world now proclaim:
At last the Beast if free and, verily, so shall remain!

In the chanting winds of this glorious black night
We hold the scalps of the crushed rulers high
Without swaying a hammer or piling any stones
Where once their towers stood we raise our own

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