

## **Astaroth**

### **"For Those We Hate"**

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In peace there is nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,  
And the flesh'd soldier, tough and hard of heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass  
Your flesh - fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,  
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,  
Do with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
What is it to me,  
When you yourselves are cause,  
If pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And there most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

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