

Avernus

"Condemned To Glory"

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Our order mocked
And cast aside
This birthright realm,
To a son of clay
Reclamation of our
Lost prominence
Behold a vacant throne!

Wretched! Loved by our hate!
Weeping to a light finally failed
Fall upon our spears
And give praise
We reward faith with
Sanguine blessings
Consent to kneel
And find a winged king!

Bear witness to the
Triumph of the wing and blade!
A new reign of tyranny
In the absent lord's domain

Speak no more!
Of spoiled conquest
Ashen in your mouth!

Listen not!
To blind supplication's
Damnation!

To wield the faith
To conjure and kill
Mere tools with which to reign?

Insane and lost
The sovereign fell
And left us to decide

Let them drink of the cup
And taste the fire
Let them eat of the flesh

And be poisoned within

Injurious glory

Perilous acclaim

Lost prominence regained

A coronation of murdered souls

To this... are we condemned

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