

Dagon

"Cut To The Heart"

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All our blood reaches boiling
As the war songs are sung
As the sailors are toiling
Hatred drips from our tongues
The enemy's vessel
Comes into our sight
We know we shall drink to their bloodshed
In our galley tonight
This is our prayer to the spirits of war
Grant us the strength that you've granted before
This is our prayer to the spirits of war
If bravery strengthens our enemy's hearts, may the
power of
Our bloodlust strengthen us more
There shall be no quarter
To the man who will stand as our foe
His life will be forfeit
To our merciless blows
There shall be no quarter
And there's nothing that you can do
But fall to your knees as we
Cut to the heart of you
In the smoke and the mayhem
We are rulers of all that we see
Monarchs of warfare
Commanding our subjects to bleed
They fall down before us
Their humility spilled on the deck
And they smile at their masters
Through the grins we have carved in their necks

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