

Dawn Of Azazel "Conqueror Throned"

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Raise the standard of bloodshed
Ascend the throne in war,
Cast out infidels as victor
Thresh the wheat from straw
Exterminate their meekness
Put weakness to the sword
Purify them in the flames
Of one hundred years of war
I am uniting force
I am elitist spawn,
Of the never-ending holy war
To which all great men are sworn
The few who shall rend the earth as lightning
And eclipse the heavens in our might
Grasp firm diadems,
By Totalitarian right

Wield the blood stained sword of vengeance,
Drench opposition in bloodshed
Their broken bodies shall form the path,
On which we conqueror on ahead
Crush the underman
Utterly consume him with hate
Main, Burn, Rend, Kill,
Slay, impale, Decimate
For when the world
Is again forged of brute force
There shall be no pity
There shall be no remorse

I am the victor,
The conquering one
I am the redeemer
The lightning and the sun
The one man to reign,
Of iron fist and will
The will to engender
The implements of our survival
The amoral urge,
And barbaric call,
The iconoclastic spirit,
The almighty master of all,

The thunder of redemption,
The Lion in the path,
The flames of Armageddon,
And the conquerors lance

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