

Destro

"Battle Cry"

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I'll torch the sky, cinder, ash, burnt skin.
Under the darkened embrace we will devour the
strong, devour the elite, devour all of them whole.

As the shadow of war creep upon the righteous ones,
reap what you sow, rekindle the flames with their
thrones.

Lick your wounds, if there's you there's me.
Shallow hearts heal but hearts can't heal when you
smash the skull.
Prepare to die.
Prepare for the end.

As the shadow of war creeps upon the righteous ones,
reap what you sow, rekindle the flames with their
thrones.

Hide your children.
We will slit their throats and spit down their necks.
No spawn of you will get through.

Die die die DIE.
This is our battle cry.
Swords rise.
You die.
This is our battle cry.

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