

Eighty Thousand Dead "Imperial Tyranny"

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Onward, trampling the forward passage
Crushing all cranial extent into oblivion
Morphing the flesh of our enemies
Into diced and mangled segments
Fueled by misanthropic contempt
And an unrelenting lust for control
A mission to eliminate all resistance
Fearless guardians of the depths
Consuming souls of the weak
Hunger for death drives the warpath
A territory forced into enslavement
Remorselessly commandeering it's water and land
Triumph is unquestionable certainty
Written amidst the celestial entanglement beyond our
living earth
Marching against the impetuous winds of a boundless
winter frost
Summoning the valor of the ghosts of our fathers
Neutralizing opposition, we shall stand prevalent
Gladitorial butchery reigns upon your realm
Fearless guardians of the depths
Consuming souls of the weak
Hunger for death drives the warpath
Written beyond the celestial entanglement beyond our
living earth
Death to all who oppose
Anatomizing the Populous
Imperial tyranny conquers

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