

Elephant

"The Blessing Of The Bat'Leth"

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From a lock of my hair I create my sword
Supremacy and strength are contained in the cord
From the lava of Kri'stak and the waters of Lursor
In the pits of Cronos my weapon is born

Thy name is Bat'leth, O sacred blade
To usurp the hammer that the Tyrant made
By shattering the cranium and spilling the blood
My spirit enriched in the crimson flood

B'aski't Kor! B'askr'ip Kor! Kohman-a-ti! B'aski't Kor!

Excited by the steaming stench of slaughter
The thrill of battle empowers my soul
Frenzied by warlust's rapturous throes
I trample the bodies of the overthrown
Legends are born of epic struggles
Immolation of empires and worlds destroyed
Bestial splendor in the slaying of enemies
A roar of triumph, the gods tremble
My deeds today shall never be forgotten
Extolling the camaraderie of ritual combat
Forever our race shall be victorious
Conquering all who dare to invade
I prefer a glorious death over dishonor
In Stovakor I'll stand and fight again
Now I celebrate and indulge in Bloodwine
You have fought with honor; now die!

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