

## Acid House Kings

### "The Swords Will Never Sink"

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Passed days of glory  
The magic seems forever gone  
But the spirit is still present  
As the memory hurts my soul

Hellish crossfire  
Burn the race of God  
The swords will never sink  
Till we've got what's ours

Never we swore to the cross  
Still the cult lives through us  
And forever we belong  
To the symbols of profanity

Cries of the dying  
Their heritage is for us  
The swords will never sink  
Till I've cut your throat

Many who had fought died  
Knowing that they had to win  
Still it sickens my heart  
To see them burning on the pyre  
One day my sword will glance  
In your fearful eyes  
Never we will rest  
Never we forget

And we still lurk in the shadows  
Awaiting our time to come  
As the legions of the beast  
Servants of the throne

Hellish crossfire  
Burn the race of God  
The swords will never sink  
Till we've got what's ours

