

My Own Grave "Disciples Of War"

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From the crest of ghastly sight, the monstrosity of war
With ageless eyes I see the past
Where crimson streams of blood have flown

Over corpses past and flags of old the sun shall rise
Oblivious to laws of man to bathe the dead with
blinding light

The shun shall rise
The first will rise

The chosen first in line for ritual sacrifice
For rebirth as cenotaph they all must die
Cycle ancient as time
Bloodbath, purge and rectify
Disciples of war to sacrifice

Let the words of Vegetius echo evermore
A message buried in our blood
To the few who crave for peace
Prepare for war

The horizon fades to black
Cytotoxics fill the air
Hounds of terror breathing panic as the blitz
exterminates

Let the victors rise and fall for whatever god may come
The puppeteer will never be the first to succumb
Grinded into sludge

The chosen first in line for ritual sacrifice
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