

Rellik

"Genocide Horizon"

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Arise legions of the damned I command revenge
Hark, the winds of war are howling
Turn your other cheek to peace, embrace the slaughter
and the glory of war

Rituals of fire and slaughter of the lamb are at hand
Full throttle warfare speeds through the boundaries of
peace
Raging rivers of blood crush the last bastion of man
Priests in mass pray for war to cease
But only meet the rage and steel of the damned

The scales never balance, always have they tipped
Never in goof favor, never for the weak
The horizons alight with fith fire, blackening the sky
A trophy sculpted in treachery forever mounted amidst
our victory

Bodies piled in lines, like the dying of a family tree
Marks the length and breadth of our depravity
As for the rage of men, that would undo the earth one
thousand times ten
The wolrd becomes their burial, the capital city for life's
denial
And in the thickening black, the light of the stars the
smoke attacks,
See the false horizon rise, the burning aftermath of
mass genocide

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