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Watch Them Die "Battle Lust"

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Separation of skin from bone.

Intrusion they have come, the white man and his wars.

They've come to take the children and make the women whores.

None will bow at their feet.

All will stand and fight. Revenge is fucking sweet.

White knuckles rule the night! Knives held high with pride!

Vengeance will be ours.

Driven by pride and vengeance, taste blood from adrenaline.

The night and fight are young, but we will fight until the end.

Strength is in the numbers, the numbers of their dead.

The more of them that fucking die, the more of us are fed.

So bring them back, back to us all. So bring them back, Your blood's on the wall. Die!

The present holds it's misery the past is on our side.

When you messiah meets our Gods, your messiah dies.

You will regret the day that you stole from our kind.

As skin is peeled back from your skulls, your reign on us will die.

Your head is torn from you spine and our women and children all lie dead.

Your destiny is skinned alive, vision with you it died.

As rain falls from the skies and greets you children's skin,

In the emptiness that surrounds them they will hear our battle cry.

As skin is peeled back from your skulls, a battle lust is born. Knives held high with pride.

Driven by pride and vengeance, taste blood from adrenaline.

fed.

The night and fight are young, but we will fight until the end.

Strength is in the numbers, the numbers of their dead. The more of them that fucking die, the more of us are

So bring them back, back to us all. So bring them back, Your blood's on the wall. Die!

Your head is torn from you spine and our women and children all lie dead.

Your destiny is skinned alive, vision with you it died. As black storm clouds hover, our presence will be felt. Unto you a bloody vengeance, a pain eternal.

Memories will not fade.

A coward's fate. Lives are altered. Loss will remain. Your messiah bleeds mortal blood. As axes fall, battle lust.

Their fate lies in our blades. Battle lust.

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