

## **Morbid Angel**

# **"To the Victor the Spoils"**

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decide, between the ways of the weak,  
the sheep, to live a lie  
or to come to life, in victory we stand,  
above the meek  
we are wakening

to raise the chalice and toast the conquering  
to feast upon the spoils that we claim  
we are the one you seek  
we are the merciless  
we are the all is truth

the awakening of the eyes that sleep  
we await, the coming of days  
the dawn of light for those of us who see  
for now it is our time  
to stand above the shattered flock and their lies

we are the one you seek  
we are the conquering  
we are the all that is truth  
we are the merciless

victors...come now know your name  
in victory we stand  
victors...now hear me  
brothers...as it must be  
our wake, our secret is broken

the time of the silence now ended  
the clearing out, the stormour legions now are one  
in victory we stand we are the conquering

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