

Philmore "Our Finest Hour"

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The end of endings has started
The battle lines have been drawn
And as the smoke clears we will be the ones marching
on
The gates of hell have been shaken
Terror fills their eyes
As we attack we lift our voices in the battle cry

We will fight, we will be strong
Together we're marching on
United, we move as one
Our finest hour has just begun

The host of darkness before us
Their shallow eyes filled with pain
There's no escaping all the angels with their eternal
chains
Our final surging battallion
The massive gates crumble in
Our shouts of victory meet the strains of tortured
screams from within

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