

Showdown

"Epic: A Chorus Of Obliteration"

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Silent, grimly faced, we march them down
Calls from above, behind these walls these cowards
hide
This city, this land, a promise we have to claim
Stretched for miles through barren land to conquer
Jericho

Lose your voices with the sky
Draw your swords, the hour is high
We sing as one tonight, we sing as one

Lose your voices with the sky
Draw your swords, the hour is high
We sing as one tonight, we sing as one

We march our war, clothed in dust and fear we ride
Host of the Lord about us on our every side
The fruits of this land, a promise we have come to
claim
We sing as one, the trumpets sound your walls of dust
Now meet the ground

Lose your voices with the sky
Draw your swords, the hour is high
We sing as one tonight, we sing as one

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