

## The Day Is Ours

### "Yarvin"

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The rivers flow red with the blood of the damned  
Desolence and plague overcome this land  
Fulfilling the prophesy, now come to life  
Ending this hypocrisy, to be washed clean  
I am the anointed, one with the gods  
The face of a tyrant, black with disgust  
Now, resurrected  
Deep inside my grows, ancient evil  
Never ending hate, consummate me as your king  
Desecration let the time of death be now.  
Rise, within me  
Become, all knowing  
This is your time, the blood of the massacre  
Where is your pride.  
Extradition with open arms to the rain  
Extradition, need now bestowed  
My eyes are of judgement, my hands are of death

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