

## Angel Corpse "Stormgods Unbound"

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Fierce- steel eyed devils  
For whom the sun never sets  
Proud-Iron youth Of the noble cultures of the past  
Striding- like greyhounds keen  
Where glory beckons  
Tough as burnished leather  
And hard as Krupp's steel

The standard raised we wait  
Our comfort- in readiness  
The stoicism of the elite  
Prepared for the assault at dawn

Elegant- obdurate hearts  
A Volk of purity and vigor  
Wicked weapons and armed encampment  
A phalanx of spears- of dispassion  
Bristling- furor teutonics  
A steed spurred ever onwards  
Action and instinct befitting  
In the shadow of the sword

The standard raised we wait  
Our comfort- in readiness  
The stoicism of the elite  
Prepared for the assault at dawn  
Death's head empire  
Stormgods unbound

The shores of space shall not define  
Nor walls thrown up enclose our vault  
And as if borne from distant stars  
We rage against the bastion of  
That which is still unshattered

Fierce- steel eyed devils  
For whom the sun never sets  
Proud-Iron youth Of the noble cultures of the past  
Emblazoned- emboldened  
We heathens wild  
Stormgods unbound  
Beholden to none

Sun wheels expansive  
Through thunder and blood bold  
Weltmacht oder niedergang  
The heaven's charges struggle  
Eternally unfold...

Stormgods Unbound

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