

The Accursed

"Deathshead Legion"

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Beneath the light of a slaughter-sun
In grim inexorable might we come
To cleanse the earth again
Wearing the iron crown of genocide.

And when we come to claim you
Wearing the iron crown of genocide
Deathshead legion
Slaughter of innocence...
Washed away...

Wahed away,
Into the ovens once again

And now you see all that you have dear
All that gave you joy in your life
Rendered obsolete
As our new day dawns
This time
It's you against the wall.

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