

## **Antestor**

### **"All Towers Must Fall"**

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Brothers!

Trust not the kings of this world

Trust not the snakes by the crowns on their hands

The scorching of septic flesh, the riddance of the yoke

They have lured upon us, scorching into our flesh

The melting of golden crown into ploughshares

Be not like the princes

Rip not your heart of flesh out in search of a golden  
one

Glory of this world is but vapour

All towers will tear and fall to the ground

Trust not the kings of this world

For ever to their shackles they us bind

Look for not to their sliver for hope, that blinding  
glimmer

Let not our thoughts be bent to the ways of their greed

For ever like a rabid mongrel

Greed bite the hands that feeds it

Let justice be wreaked on the wolves of their thrones

Brothers!

Let us be rid of this curse

Let us be different, let us inverse

The riches of this world are but vapour,

Towers ready to fall

In the valley of death we are all beggars

Their castles will crumble, and the waves run them over

And grind them to sand

All towers must fall, throne rooms and gilded halls

Facing the flood of an unending tide

All tyrants will crawl, like the snakes they were

Stealing, making idols for their own destruction  
False flames in the hearts of man

All flesh will rot, all hearts will stop

Will we look for embers of humanity in the ashes  
Of the empires brought to justice

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