

Unlord

"Lord Of Beneath"

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[Fighting in the colosseum]

My rancid image appears at the gates of Rome
No horrors are unused in the seven nights to come
We come as an army and as leaders we leave,
while Christians are robbed from their lives and belief
I see the winds shaping the desert for years and yet
I understand the origin of mankind's fears and I,
I feel the strength given with power and blessed with
faith
for I am chosen for this unholy fate
The Prince is ressurected, the final God is chosen,
among the living mortals, a stronger has arosen'
Come on, pick up thy swords
We came here to conquer the cities claimed holy,
our armour is waiting for blood to be spilled
we leave as the victors surrounded with glory
after the Christian bastards have kneeled
They're serving a live and they're waiting to die
within the arena of might
For those about to die, we will salute you, pick up thy
armour
and stand fierce
Impaled are those who hath no resistance, survive
does only the one
who slays the weak
We have no time for your fear, the lord of beneath is
the emperor of Rome
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath

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