

# Emperor, The Warriors Of Modern Death

All raised  
To be men  
Given image and path  
Idolised warriors  
Bright steel  
Burning rage  
Never too late to try  
Stand tall  
Never plead  
Live and let die

I see the spirit  
Of these ancestors  
And reconsider the faith  
A primitive sword  
Can not win my war  
Cold fury  
Flaring eyes  
Calculated verbal gun  
My pride  
Justified  
Stiritual steel shines bright  
Beyond the sun

The pride of the warrior  
Is far from dead  
The colours of death  
Are still black and red  
Though modernised  
Blood will be shed