Emperor, Warriors Of Modern Death

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

I see the spirit
Of those ancestors
And reconsider the faith
A primitive sword

Can not win my war
Cold fury
Flaring eyes
Calculated verbal gun
My pride
Justified
Spiritual 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 wil be shed