

Heaven Shall Burn, The Final March

This is the call to arms, the final call
Exchanged the shuttle for the sword
For generations we slaved away in the shadows of their towers
The world we know, a torture-chamber
Born as servants, exploited til death
To their machines were marching with Captain Ludd in mind

The final march begins, down with all the kings
The shroud we weave completed
The air we breath is not the stench of slavery
Down with the king
Down with all kings

Winter-withered bodies, souls sunken into misery
Our minds and future as black masters hearts
Now we engage the enemy; the web we weave completed
Cant wait for God to judge those monsters
A religion that just mocks us and justifies this misery