

Kataklysm, As The Glorious Weep

Wealth, greed, selfishness
Surrounds the empire
Pain and sufferance are no more
Military recruits decrease
Democracy reign supreme
Honor replaced by material necessity...

No roman blood for war...Rebellion grows...

Mercenary for hire, losing faith
500 years about to crumble
Underneath the beautiful lays to horrid
Brokendown, buried in flames
The empire shivers in fear

As the glorious weep - The fire sleeps
No one shall save the weak
And as the glorious weep - The fire sleeps
The sword enters so deep

No roman blood for war - Rebellion grows...

Wisigoths, Astaroths
Barbarian hordes
Devastate from the inside
The west is lost
Slowly Rome falls to Elysium
As the glorious weep - The fire sleeps
No one shall save the weak
And as the glorious weep - The fire sleeps
The sword enters so deep