

# The Showdown, Epic: A Chorus Of Obliteration

Silent, grimly faced we march them down  
Calls from above, behind these walls the cowards hide  
This city, this land, a promise we have to claim  
Stretched for miles through barren land to conquer Jericho

Loose your voice and split the sky  
Draw your swords, the hour is nigh  
We sing as one tonight, we sing as one

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We march our war, clothed in dust and fear we ride  
Host of the Lord about us on our every side  
The fruits of this land, a promise we have come to claim  
We sing as one the trumpets sound your walls of dust  
Now meet the ground

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