

# Unlord, Lord Of Beneath

(Fighting in the colosseum)

My rancid image appears at the gates of Rome  
No horrors are unused in the seven nights to come  
We come as an army and as leaders we leave,  
while Christians are robbed from their lives and belief  
I see the winds shaping the desert for years and yet  
I understand the origin of mankind's fears and I,  
I feel the strength given with power and blessed with faith  
for I am chosen for this unholy fate  
The Prince is ressurected, the final God is chosen,  
among the living mortals, a stronger has arosen'  
Come on, pick up thy swords  
We came here to conquer the cities claimed holy,  
our armour is waiting for blood to be spilled  
we leave as the victors surrounded with glory  
after the Christian bastards have kneeled  
They're serving a live and they're waiting to die  
within the arena of might  
For those about to die, we will salute you, pick up thy armour  
and stand fierce  
Impaled are those who hath no resistance, survive does only the one  
who slays the weak  
We have no time for your fear, the lord of beneath is the emperor of Rome  
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath  
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath  
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath  
Lord of beneath, rise, rise, lord of beneath