

Angelcorpse, As Predator to Prey

There once was a blue-gray wolf
Whom destiny ordained warrior king of the world
Born to the saddle - blacksmith - tyrant to be
In the great valley of Gurvan Nuur
Storming with mane of flame and blood-red
A forging of empire, the horder enthroned
Grim century of cruelty, of scourge and war
A man of his time - only more...
Horsemen merciless from the open steppe
Whirlwinds of destruction
A warlord's pursuit of unbridled joy
Of revenge so sweet and subjugation
And for those chafed at the yoke
Blazing arrows, human shields, burning bones
Innocents slaughtered and crushed
Bloodthirsty orgies of extermination
His was the roar of the king of beasts
Of typhoons - and fallen kingdoms and kind
Of ravening - as predator to prey
And of fiercest lightnings divine
He was the punishment (meted out) by the gods
The sanguinary one who scorned defeat
Torn bodies of women, weeping and wailing
Flames devouring the vanquished
Samarkand, Bukhara, Nishapur, Merv
A hundred thousand heads rolling in the dust
Oceans of sacrilege raged and rushed
Eternal sadism's only law
Rape and conquest
Cities to the sword
Atrocity massacre
Temujin
"As a bow lusting for its arrow
And an arrow lusting for its star
With an eagle's talons grasping new life
As a roaring wind that blows my soul bright
For it is blessedness to impress one's hands
Upon millennia as on wax
To etch ideas into men as on steel and stone"
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