

# Arghoslent, Ten Lost Tribes

Ten lost tribes, slaves in chains  
As the scriptures tell of their pains  
Torn from lands, chosen roam  
The Assyrian kings claim the throne

Ten lost tribes, the throne they seek  
Visions hailed them roaming free

Eyes will weep as they behold the sight  
The truth of their fathers denied  
From Assyrian chains to the windswept plains  
Of ancient Palestine

Our Heaven's found  
Behold the sight  
Dominion we've found  
Recite the ninth rite...

So Joshua smote the land  
Cleansed of the kings and their scribes  
Reclaim thy hallowed ground  
For thy Lord God, Israel

Immersed in the meaning of the era's end  
Dueling over sovereignty of holy sand  
Talmudic rats roam the Judean plain  
As vagabonds inherit years of pain

Immersed, in the era's end  
Shards of glass penetrate blood-soaked sands  
As razor-sharp tears in the flesh of Christ  
Recite the lies that strip them of life