

Arghoslent, The Purging Fires Of War

Father, raise your sons
Not to prosper
But to be devoured in flame
For by the purging fires of war
They shall be judged in your place

Burn, the fires burn
Purge, the depth of our land
Burn, the fires burn
Purge, the depth of our land

Covenant sacred records
In the pages of our genes
The legacy of our kind
Unto our sons is given
When the purging fires meet
The last one on earth shall divine
Carry my son this vision
Bear the swords and keep the faith
Till the seed of our lives alight

Hearth fires burn in the
Depth of our land
Buried within our genes
Hatred of their kind

Covenant sacred records
In the pages of our genes
The legacy of our kind
Unto our sons is given
When the purging fires meet
The last one on earth shall divine
Carry my son this vision
Bear the swords and keep the faith
Till the seed of our lives alight

Hearth fires burn in the
Depth of our land
Buried within our genes
Hatred of their kind

So cast up an ensign
From depths of moldering graves
And show forth to the world
That this vision we share
Shall remain

Were it not for these records
Would our feats be denied?
We shall drink their blood
We shall war without end
To gain our fathers' rightful
Place of honor
Were it for these records
Would our feats be denied?

In our hearts the fire still it burns
Deep within our brow in our minds
Buried within our genes hatred of their kind
Hatred of their kind is the law