

# Centurion, Non Plus Ultra

Vile worms snaked from east to hurl our people in the abyss  
revenge blood curdling law it's the highpitch of excitement  
we do not entertain a dream we ourselves are the dream  
Do you hear their scream from caves high from those mountains burst  
you haven't ghost of chance our Caesar blinds the sun  
we do not entertain a hope we ourselves are the hope  
Non plus ultra eye to eye  
We're prop and stay for gear hard elimination smash  
you'll burn on seeing our flag starry sky is over our heads  
we do not entertain the fate we ourselves are the fate  
we do not entertain the war we ourselves are the war  
we do not entertain the death we ourselves are the death