

Darkest Hour, Marching To The Killing Rhythm

A grand deception
Disguised as gods redemption
Forced delusions of grandeur
Calling out for
A willing sacrifice
Of a nameless enemy
Necessary losses
Fulfill the bloodlust fantasy
See through this faade
Of retribution
This machine
Is marching to the killing rhythm
Spilling blood in veign [probably means "vain"]
Subdues the vengeful masses
So put your blinders on
Replace your conscious with a flag
So you can forget
Money runs thicker than blood