

Esoteric, At War With The Race

Born unto a bastard nation,
The dying remnants of our breed.
Aura's of,an ancient past,
Of those that knew so long before....

But time goes on...
Misanthropic breed,
Engulf our suffering,
Food for the strong.

To overcome is the way of the warrior,
Regret not that which we have done,
Regret that which we have not.

Blackness in our pride,
Cast the event o'er again.
Let thy wisdom be thy guide,
Let thy will be thy gain.
And feed.

Gluttonous rapture.
The sword so bravely held,
Marked with the blood of death (the certainty of life).

Time,the foe of all whom would'st not taste.
Let mine will be fulfilled,
Let the rest go to waste.

Let the blood run.
At war with the race (of humanity).

[Lyrics-Greg,June 1995]
[Music-Simon, Winter 1995]