

Savage Grace, Sins Of The Damned

The thunder echoes, flashes light the sky,
Bells of death ring in glory
A million jackboots,
Marching from the past,
Warn of the sorrow and fury
Souls of the lost, claim their spoils of war
The spectre of doom wants to touch
So many more.

Raise your voice, cry out and demand
I will kill and be killed by no man
Or we will be the ones they see
Cry for the sins of the damned
Or we will be the ones they see
Die for the sins of the damned.

They scream for vengeance
A new enemy is found
Godless hordes draw their anger
To the slaughter,
The call to all will sound.

Justice and truth grace our banner
Divine right is ours,
To enslave and deceive
We live and we die for the lies,
Lies we believe.

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