

Septic Flesh, Return To Carthage

When the fields are red
like a crimson robe
and the name of the "King" who wears
this robe is MAN
the waves of wrath have been released
to drown the "sinister" and different.

Noble causes sink in oceans of bodies
where flesh and steel is one.
Memories of Ancient Wars
remove the frozen bonds of time.
[Solo : Sotiris]

Return to Carthage
Ages have passed
and "savage" hordes have bowed
to the "true" Gods.

Glory is a whore that seduces even a
priest but few are those who taste her
kiss upon the piles of those that she
betrayed.

Return to Carthage
in bitter irony
the proud city lies raped.

Gods of order, Gods of chaos:
"Till the next time,
when our pawns will move again

in the fields of our endless battle"...