Imperial

Apakalypse

Being blind or build a shrine
To vanquish takes away without return
With chains you're bound
The best died last the looking glass
Exterminating and you might well find
It's just a matter of timeAround and around and around again
Around and around and around againTwo converse and two advance
Always wailing up the city's found
On solid ground
A broken tree, a bended knee
Forever or until the evolving night
Shall turn to clayChorus (x3)

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