

Battle of the Living Dead

Warlord

The morning has come with the dawn of the sun,
and the masses arise to the day.

They meet their despair in pointless travail,
lost in the eyes of the world where Death is the stage. For Mammon they live, to themselves they will give,
of treasure and gluttonous pride.

To Self they bow down, they worship their crown,
alive in the eyes of the world, but Death lives inside. Arise, my friends, arise!

The sword is the spirit of life,
Awaken your souls, that you may never die!
In the Battle of the Living Dead

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