

# Imposters for All Times

## Warhammer

We carry the disguised gift throughout the centuries

Leaving behind a trail of tears and shame

Through decaying souls that long for flesh and youth

We're bound to stare into the abyss of our mindsThey are imposters for all times

Gone now, amused by our struggle

They were strategic leaders

And I can see their grinning facesSome fools they were to charish us with such novelty

Or were they masters of invention, imposters for all times?

It's too late to lay it down, this instrument of danger

Used in (the) dark ages, can you hear their distant laughter?On the turn of another era, will it be our last?

And if it's so, you can be sure that they've done their best

Some day the race of leeches will only be a memory

With all its arrogance, wiped out for good, wouldn't you agree?

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