

# Sons of Vengeance

## Angel Corpse

Awake! Sons of Vengeance rise  
Rub the dust of twenty centuries from your eyes  
Fashion your being: ploughshares into weapons of war  
Today we conquer the self - tomorrow the world  
Men of war defiant - to ashes fall the gods  
Apocalyptic deeds - fierce archonic might  
A knell a pall masking honored rites of spring  
The empyreal majesty of abyss winds  
An affirmation of struggle  
Like wolves closing in for the kill  
Making holy our war immortal this glorious night  
A brotherhood of iron - falling in we march  
Shout into the star shattered Dawn... We are Sons of Vengeance  
Blessed and bold  
Reborn in hate

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