

As The Glorious Weep

Kataklysm

Wealth, greed, selfishness surrounds the empire
Pain and sufferance are no more
Military recruits decrease democracy reign supreme
Honor replaced by material necessity No roman blood for war
Rebellion grows Mercenary for hire, losing faith 500 years about to crumble
Underneath the beautiful lays to horrid
Broken down, buried in flames the empire shivers in fear As the glorious weep, the fire sleeps
No one shall save the weak
And as the glorious weep, the fire sleeps
The sword enters so deep No roman blood for war
Rebellion grows Wisigoths, Astaroths, barbarian hordes
Devastate from the inside the West is lost
Slowly Rome falls to Elysium As the glorious weep, the fire sleeps
No one shall save the weak
And as the glorious weep, the fire sleeps
The sword enters so deep

Songwriters

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