

Acolyte March

Project 86

Hand over your city to me. I am the name of all you profane, drop the gates !

Drop the gates!

As your culture's erased from history.

Rain on the towers and slay all the living and blaze the embankments and raze every suburb, your city belongs
to me, you will see.

We stalk with the ark as our shield,
your lifespan extends to seven days,
oh Jericho laid to waste ! Oh Jericho laid to waste !

You'll face the fire for your unbelief.
Your walls are a case of a tomb from a womb,
of an unholy union that sentenced you ,
you will see, you will see,
your end is at your gates, your city belongs to me.

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