

## Fidelis Ad Mortem

Hate

Misa de requiem!  
Ye born in the chambers of death  
Running through the plains of oblivion  
Been here to slay or be slain  
And respect the things that I scorn  
Control the flow

Turning the temples into graves  
Surrendered to the hunger of Great Void  
The dying sun is all ours  
It's apocalypse on the run

Fidelis ad mortem  
Watching them born on their knees  
Smothered by spiral repetition  
Either death or nothing in the realms of despair  
Never-ending highway of war

Undeniable acceptance of programmed fate  
Non sanctuary! It won't be redeemed  
You feed the flames of Tremendum  
And be buried with your doubts in graves  
Revelation emerges in death  
Welcome endless day  
Saviours of mankind eaten by schorching abyss  
Again and again