

For Rome And The Throne

Kill the Romance

victory for your chosen
Dancing in, standing tall
The wolves, the sheep all gathered
Birds will sing spoils are spread
He is obliged to reign
Satisfaction may appease oh the Almighty

He'll summon all the gods in flesh
to gather for the feast
of his oncoming earthly
turn into a god who'll deserve desire

Hail - the satisfied.
pure and son divine
of the armageddon
show beyond us all
Hail - the pacified
purely a god divine
in the veins of the
villain's pantheon he rides

The beast is near
The beast is here
The beast is still among us
You have seen the fire in him
yet no one has dared to
cease the silence
Buried deep the weakness in me
A victory for our chosen
The satisfaction really
gives you The Almighty

Fair among the enemy
Forgiven, for shelter
for Rome and the throne
Flaring among the enemy
Forgiving, forever
for the mistresses of Rome