

The Bloodfall

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Fuck your failed authority
And fuck your unjust chains
Fuck your heavy handed ways
And fuck your fucking state
Fuck your ancient gods of clay
And fuck your shallow graves
Fuck the fantasies you chase
And fuck your endless days
No

We will not stand to be their slaves
We will not bow in our final days

So you can fuck your crown and fuck that throne
Fuck this place it's not our home
Fuck your time upon this land
Fuck your endless grains of sand
Fuck your books made of stone
Fuck your rules of the unknown
Fuck these days, they're not our last
Fuck this place it's in our past

In our past

We will not stand to be their slaves
We will not bow in our final days

We have suffered much
We have laid
Now the time has come for the reckoning

Prepare for all out tragedy
Paint your face and claim our own victory

Victory