

# Kataklysm, As The Glorious Weep

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  
Brokendown, 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