

# From the Hand of Kings

## Morbid Angel

Empires and nations fall  
Caesars were men not gods  
Idols change as needed through time  
Generals are irrelevant without war  
Kings mean nothing without fools  
To master To feed their manic ego  
To win their lusted plights  
To follow with no caution  
To follow to demise  
Mad men are praised and worshipped  
Enslavers victimize  
Torture, always their answer  
To teach incessant hatred The hand of God became filled with riches for only kings  
The hand of kings became the will, the will of men enslaved Empires and nations fall  
Caesars were men not gods  
To feed your personal interest  
To feed your farewell will  
To die to fall and fisting  
To die to you was cruel The hand of God became filled with riches for only kings  
The hand of kings became the will, the will of men enslaved

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>