

Agglomerate

With bombs and with bludgeons
with blasters and hate,
they destroy what is ours;
what they believe there's they take,
this syndicate, old enemies
reborn unto the fires of war;
robbed once of their leaders,
their fates descend evermore;
“not worthy,” cry they “usurpers,
murderers, all that is wrong
in this galaxy, it's sickness”;
reply we “heed our song:
that which the dead sing,
that which your brothers sing,
that which your leaders sing,
that which you shall sing”;

Hundred foes from a hundred wars
broken and beaten whence last we met,
too prideful to admit defeat;
to their fallen: a blood debt,
to avenge them they are wont,
against the Clan they shall rise;
their gravest mistake, their failure
they will not claim their prize.

So rise up my brethren, arise
against disjunction and dischord,
wipe out this cartel
by cunning and by sword.