The Conquest

The conqueror joins his forces to destroy Nordics respond the call of the island Preparing their boots, the guns smelling death Across the long channel, they arrive to destroy

The Duke becomes the king of the island now Envolving his blood and soul for all his sons Sweat and gut, he's now the chosen one Enjoying the power of his new home

His murder brigade command the entrance The servants of might dominating poor plebians With the aid of the Duke the island becomes north But the forces from gods cannot help the supreme

The supreme court stink like dragons Rain is falling in the twilight The smell of death now ride the sky The power of the king now is captured

Bywar