

Dreams of Empire

the ring of fire

As the trumpets of Charlemagne sing
Brave knights march
For the great and mighty king
In aces dark
Fight the battles
Of a holy war
For the empire
Kill by the score

No glory no story
Just too young to die
No sign for no time for
One soldiers cry

From the power of Napoleon's crown
Empire reigns
For the conquest of all around
In his name
In the cross-fire
Of a thousand guns
Simple soldier
Nowhere to run

No glory no story
Just too young to die
No sign for no time for
One soldiers cry

It's always the same
So many heroes are dying unnamed
Thiers is no flame