

# The Wrathforge

**Battleroar**

On fields of war, we had to grow  
A bloody rage, a heart of stone  
That's what we have learned

When bullets fly, above your head  
No time to lose, there's no regret  
It's fight or be dead

Soldiers marching on, the last command  
Young souls raising hell, rain of fire  
Warcries fill the air, will this ever end?

They kill for greed, not peace to find  
Forget the past, don't look behind  
Don't stand in the line  
A secret plan for mind control, the price of life?  
Expendable, that's what we all are

Soldiers marching, for the final stand  
On their road to hell, load your guns  
When sirens scream the end, living in despair

When a lonely child prays to the sky  
Dreaming of kingdoms, of ages gone by  
When a million voices join as one  
A new star is born, the king claims his crown

March, they march, in the rain and mud  
Lords of torment and disorder  
Flashing lights, in the dead of the night  
Heralds of attack and violence

Burning in the flame, of unholy forces  
Locked in a spell, you'll never be free  
Gazing at the sun, looking for a vengeance  
Black soul, blood red steel

Pouring on the land, like a rain of evil  
Sewers of the storm, leaders in command  
Marching in the rage, of a magic winter or a fiery sand