

Born of Strife

Black Tusk

Forsaken, forgotten
Born of strife you're bred to die

Built on high a desolate citadel remains
A sign of power that's gone
A horde that comes will lay to waste
Those who fall are left behind

Legions of damned, new spirits to gleam
A glimmer of steel through columns of smoke
A pile of bones, a pit of screams
Born of strife you've left to die

Awaken the doom, we've come from beyond
You're damned eternally, you'll suffer unto me
For sins all men must pay in time
Keeping the ranks, you march to die

The wretched and forlorn, will cross these wasted fields
Of rocks and dust and face the sky and
Embrace the grey and eternal light