

## Wind Like Stroke (Attila)

Dark Moor

Fort terrois imparata  
Terra mortes est sembrata  
Demonorum generatjo  
Romanorum contestatio

From east came storms leading fire and iron  
By grim demons gathered all as worms  
Track the trails and find the place to environ  
Breaking through winds on their way to Rome

To the city, source of evil vices  
Everybody calling it their home  
In the time when it grows and rises  
A rush is coming provoking its fall

In the air  
Everywhere  
In despair  
Gust that blows out  
In the breeze  
The disease  
Breaking out  
Flying about

Riding horses  
They have blood thirst  
Firing grasses  
On their way  
Blaming crosses  
They slay, they burst  
In black masses  
They are the god's enemies  
They are the god's enemies  
They are satan's breed

While their preys run  
They dash over frays and nuns  
Attila the Hun  
Barbarian trail of blazes following the sun

Attila the Hun  
Is bad seed, and devil cruel son  
The bad deed is done  
For all people is fleeing and can hold on no one

Rome is just over  
Ave Rex!  
It's times complete  
Honores!  
The dust just covers  
Mortis vox!  
It's face white neat

Mal atrox!

They're near the city  
Ave Rex!  
To make new rule  
Honores!  
Sorrow and pity  
Malis res!  
Victory's full

Demonorum imperator  
Fillium noctis  
Malus et hostis Dei