

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