

Blasphemous chants against the gods  
threw us in the abyss of a curse  
1000 thousand days of war and scorn  
will make us repent to be born  
no hope to flee from this jail  
but we can't die we shall not fail  
Our fate is written swords and shield  
born to die on the battlefield

the curse has been cast  
no place to hide or flee  
we were named WarBringers.

Now I remember ungraceful days  
taken as prisoners by the enemies  
Under the fortress walls we will march  
Our banners high again!  
"...then we took refuge in the woods  
with strange visions in our minds  
a great plan covered by enemies' heads  
until that moment I can't be dead."