

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."