

## The Crimson Wine Of Battle

Folkearth

Pallid dawn arrives,  
Sets a sickly sun alight  
As we march in line  
'Ere we embrace the fight!

Caught in our shields the light  
Flashes a death's head white -  
The enemy yonder is a shiver  
With the cruel spell of fear!

A bitter taste's on my tongue,  
A blackness pounds in my heart:  
Revenge!

Wrought by sword, axe and spear,  
Steeped in the havoc that is to come:  
Revenge!

And when I vest my flashing sword  
And my hand on judgment takes hold,  
Warlord in the brooding sky above -  
Count me among thy heroes of old!

"Battle-frenzy serves the brave  
In skull-hewn cups of frothing red  
The crimson wine of battle, the draught  
Of immortality from the vineyards of war!"