

## Iron Hand

### Forefather

A dark cloud descends on our domain  
The storm of dread, the wielder of pain  
Pounded by the iron rain up high  
Now an onslaught of terror is nigh

A war has begun  
The war must be won

Fortress so tall to oppress her  
Lord of enforcement, aggressor  
Founding a war that will run  
For a thousand years to come

Born to rule with an iron hand  
Waging fire throughout the land  
Work the machine, blood, swear and tears  
This war will run for a thousand years

Baron ways bring barren lands  
Feuding for power, blood on their hands  
Overlords with ambition deranged  
Ruthless rule, a kingdom up in flames