

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