

## Painted With Blood

Forefather

Soldiers of the stonefolk through narrow paths wind  
Celebrated warriors, the grand emperor's pride  
The old woodland watches with cold forbidding eyes  
Terror is unleashed as the forest comes alive

Painted with blood, a line in the sand  
Mangled and broken by bold Hermann's hand  
In the land of Germania they faltered and fell  
Wasted by fate, legiones redde!

Spear-ravaged remnants break onto the plain  
A last desperate surge but all is in vain  
The last stragglers flee in humbling defeat  
All overwhelmed, the slaughter is complete

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Ire, cold foreign rule inflames  
Lust for rebellion gains  
Tribes band together  
Glory and freedom seized  
Overlords brought to their knees  
Fame everlasting

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