

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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