

# The Worst Of Enemies

Freternia

Born into a world of war  
Taught to survive by the power of steel  
The gods had always been on his side  
He ride upon a horse of black  
The strongest of all and feared by most  
Truly the worst of enemies

Born to serve the warlord  
To feed with his blood the battlefields  
To bring his enemies on their knees  
He ride throughout the open fields  
With wind in his hair,axe and shield  
He's the worst of enemies

Mighty warrior ride  
The skies are covered in red  
Where high the eagles fly  
Alone in victory you stand

You are the last of your kind  
So raise your sword to the sky  
The gods have always been on your side  
You were their favourite child

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