

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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