

5000 At The Funeral

Gorod

O dear traitors, come confidently
I wish you to come by the thousand
Gallons of mead shall be prepared in the city where the King was killed
Let us cry on his grave and have a ceremony for him

It's in sign of peace I invite you all to a great banquet I promise that there will be more than enough to eat and drink
You may taste many beverages that even the gods could never dream of
But I cannot give my hand while I am in mourning

It is time to get to know each other, Now !
Let's found a new and stronger kingdom together
Unveil all your secrets
We know how to subjugate

O dear traitors !
Only a blood bath can wash you of your sins

You will swallow the bitter flood of your own death

Now you shall face the raging river of our merciless vengeance
You're invited to the funeral that will soon be yours

Panic ! Laughter !
You'll be howling with pain
When the wine in your mouth turns into blood
Under the sharp daggers of my soldiers
Only your pain will wash your sins

You will know the punishment of the Luxurious Soon... Dark blood will feed the earth
Now you shall face the raging river of our merciless vengeance
You're invited to the funeral that will soon be yours