

Warhorn

High on Fire

Bombarding its cavalry, across the river they sleep
Bayonets running through the line, cutting the men in half, divide
Muskets fire with powder, weak willed men desert and cower
Hark, the sound of thunder, waning the general's plunder

Leading the charge
Running them through
Soldiers death be true

Cannons fire as civil conflict, bridles drenched blood crude
In this battle the screaming war, cries that hear no truce
Charge on horseback breaks through the line, grey and blue Death's truce
Hark the sound of thunder, waning the general's plunder

Leading the charge
Running them through
Soldiers death be true