

Under the Light of the Moon

Holy Knights

Strange lights over the hills tonight
So many knights into the campfire
Smell of acrid smoke on the air
Men are just out of scare for their fate.

All around screeching of blades
Knights riding with their torche flames
The lady of death, the only winner tomorrow
How many men will survive to her sorrow.

Now the battle is coming soon
The war is behind you, fight to be free!
Fight under the light of the moon
Now the battle is coming soon
The war is behind you, fight to be free!
Fight under the light of the moon.

Axes grind clashing with swords blade
On the ground mutilated bloody corpses
Screams of pain over the hill
There's no turning back you must kill.

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