

Wielding Iron Fists

Liege Lord

Death's rain falls upon us I see the times' arrival at hand
In rows aligned we march now drawn from these careful plans
Starved in this militia we hunger now for the fight
End this painful awaiting our gallant fate arrives tonight

Now here it comes the force we seek it breaks the dark with laser streak
We break down tremendous heat I count the ranks too far to see
We grip the iron close at hand they rip our armour to useless strands
We see the dead scattered in their tribes
We feel their souls soar towards the sky

Iron fists it's terror twists you've yet to feel it's gleam in
ist
So join the lines to keep in time it's iron wields from armoured wrists
You're drawing near you must compare the clash of fighting iron
fists

The coupled forces gain a step ahead
But then fall back from which the ground they tread
Throw down their weapons make for the flee
Break from this havoc is their final plea