

Victory

Nothgard

So many times you've heard those lies
So many times you'd like to cry
Dazzled by their wrong words
Perverted by their feign believe

We are calling can't you see
We are the storm which was set free
To break the chains they create
And enforce the dawn of a new day

We are the void you couldn't find
Follow us into the light
We are the crowd you're calling for
Follow us once more

Sing with me my friend
And pass by the dark end
Come with me, I will you guide
Trust me I'll fight your strike

I feel our victory
And see those bastards slain
Our wrath is unleashed
Stoked by their deeds

I feel our victory
Savor our agony
I see their misfire
Brought down by heathen might

An institution built on lies
A site of sand in the abyss of the waves
Lord of the feeble tormentor of the weak
Bastards of the cross I call you
Die! Die! Hear my spell
Burn! Burn! In your hell
Redemption-idiocy
Feigned and lied