

In Victory

RAM

This desolate darkened battlefield soaked in my cold
black blood

Lies empty, dead and scarred

This desolate broken body of mine bound by pure will
Stands victorious and tall

With the strenght of a thousand and one
Devils I faced the madmans odds
Ready to be devoured

On the razorsharp, traitorous edge of the end with a roar
I broke the line
I saw the bastards fall

Cursed I can't break the spell
I stride right through this hell
In league with death and pain
My last drop of blood all I need

Still I'm burning but never fearing
There's no healing in sight but victory is mine

Wounds are all I am made of, conflict is my sould
Rising in terror

So greive me, I'm vibrantly dead
I'm forcing my own will to live