

## Greetings From the Abyss

Root

We invoke, invoke, invoke You our Master  
We, the chosen ones, beg You  
For the command to the Ultimate Attack

We can't hesitate, They are coming  
Our steeds stand ready, swords shining  
So give the Ultimate Command!

CHARGE!

The Prince of Death flies above the battlefield  
Blood, sweat, dust, scream of horses' neighing  
Red clouds cover the scene

...And then the Horns will blow  
And the Enemy will be swept into Nothingness  
...Only Dust and Ashes!