

# The First Field of the Battle

Rotting Christ

the north strongest wind  
throw arrows in the high wall  
a captive will survive  
free he will revive

from town to town  
in the distant sea  
he'll bring an army  
of poor and miserable  
an earthquake will happen  
thousands will be killed  
the big theatre  
filled with a crowd  
will be creaked

fire in the east  
victory's feast  
the hunting eagle  
has landed in the east

the sky is burning  
the slaves rebel  
the king is dead  
a new age revealed

the space is empty  
the tyrants laid in earth  
the slaves unlock the chains  
the first field of the battle