

Battle Cry

Sacred Steel

Catch a fleeting glimpse
Then be on your way
Oh the End is near
If we choose to stay

This forsaken land
Torn by Grief and Strife
No it's not worth
The value of your Life

The Smell of Death
Lingers everywhere
Bloodstained bodies
Scattered everywhere

In the distance
Thunder in the Sky
See the Sorrow
Hear the Battle Cry

Battle Cry
The Carnage races on
Well into the Night
As the Sun creeps up

We see the morning Light
On this Battlefield
The Tragedy of Dawn
Through the Crimson Tide

We still carry on