

## 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