

On The Eve Of Battle

Slechtvalk

Silently we marched through forests and marshes.
Our arrows waiting on our bows.
My men, grim and prepared for the fight.
A pale army of soldiers, yes we're marching to war.

Advance to war, banners high, towards our destiny.
Advance to war towards our destiny.

With past battles on our minds,
We wander towards the battlefields, the glorious battlefield.

And then we reached the treeline of the enchanting forest,
And there on heather fields a grim battle was at hand.
Standing and gazing at the frontline of the battle.
A furious warcry filled the sky.

And although many have fallen and many will fall in this ancient battle.
Our captain blew on the horn and roared out loud,
"At the tips of our swords they will only find death."