

Soldiers' Angels

Spellblast

The sky is painted by raging flames
And cindered are the clouds over far horizon
Whirlwinds of dust like waves
Are smashing against us
I can feel the savage earth shutting off my steps

Some shadows in circle are riding
Some of them from high are soaring
White wolves mounted by black ravens
Sended by Oden now are here for me

Sharpen is the wind, hard the soil
And frozen is the surrounding air, is tiring to breath
Cold snow from the sky slowly is falling down
The echoes of the war are bouncing in my head

Warm blood is carving a path over my skin
His bitter irony taste is filling my mouth
Leaned against a tree my sight is fading away
No time for tears death is coming

Take my soul and lead me to Valhalla
Where my ancestors are waiting
Among my brothers a proud einherjar
Ready to fight in the final war