

March of Conquest

SuidAkrA

Shield to shield with banners high
War and conquest on their minds
Relentless, fearless, battle-scarred
To the West the legion marched

From triumph to triumph
Time and time again
Rising through the ranks
Young Macsen gained command

Sword to sword with banners high
Assigned to light the African tribes
Relentless, fearless, battle-scarred
To the South the legion marched

For respect is much harder to earn
Beyond the bond forged on the battlefield
Friendship makes one weak not strong
To do whatever has to be done

Side by side with banners high
To the last one they would fight
Relentless, fearless to the end
But none of them he called his friend

From triumph to triumph
Time and time again
Commanding them to certain death
He rather wants respect

Spear to spear with banners high
Assigned to stop barbarian tribes
Relentless, fearless, battle-scarred
To the East the legion marched

For respect is much harder to earn
Beyond the bond forged on the battlefield
Friendship makes one weak not strong
To do whatever has to be done

Side by side with banners high
To the last one they would fight
Relentless, fearless to the end
Each one of them he called his friend