

Warpipes Call Me

SuidAkrA

So long he is gone
With a pale servile face
His way led right through
A cold bloody haze

His yell pierced the cold frosty mornin'
As he erased someone wicked with evil

So like millions before
He died in his gore
And those who survived
Died in their minds
But those who does not care
Were dead before
Who loves his sword
Even loves war

Four children he left behind
With a mournin' mother
All their dreams return nevermore
This hope is lost - killed in war

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