

## 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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