

## Wartunes

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Cold and lifeless lay the plains of lore  
Until finally silently a spirit evoke  
And timeless clansmen rose  
By the sound of the old  
Celtic tunes of war

Rise...  
And feel the deadly breeze  
The scent of burning flesh  
For my blade thirsts for  
Another war

Curse of the might to take  
Oh it`s a human bane  
To fan the fires  
To cause an higher aim

Here we stand  
Brothers in war  
From the four  
Winds of the land

High on the hills  
We stay proud and brave  
For Freedom is a right  
And serfdom a grave

Death to our foes...  
War!!!

Legions of greed  
Of fire and light  
A thousand pikes  
Fight as one man

Stormlike enraged  
They fight `till they die  
The one to enthrall  
The other to survive