

Hessian Blade

The Autumn Offering

Rise. Don't write your epitaph until the body dies.
Hate fuels the strength within you, therein your will resides to
crush all the ones who've wronged you.

Spit back in their face, fight for your God-given life.
Lay to waste, destroy what conspires against you.

Nobody knows, not one.
The pain you have overcome.
Don't lose your fight, too many good soldiers have died.
Carry the Hessian blade of malice and hatred.
We rise war from the Hessian blade.

From ashes, the phoenix takes flight.
No fear to breed in the eyes of brothers, dead sons make godless
mothers.
This war, we answer the call.
Born to a brutal world, it's your convictions that define you,
decides who separates the fools and cowards.

Carry the Hessian blade
This is who you are, no one can define you.