

Suffer No Guilt

The Gates of Slumber

Suffer no guilt
The iron time is here
The weak shall tremble
So let them die in fear
Be as a wolf
And let your jaws embrace
None can stand
None can meet your face

Suffer no guilt
Child of the hills
I'll count the dead
Valor your god wills
Breath my gift
From the moment of birth
And the will to thrive
In a world without mirth

Red is the wrath that blinds your sight
Axe meets skull in the press of the fight
Hyborians wither at barbarian rush
Drowning in blood let in the crush

Suffer no guilt
Eternally hack and slay
Hew them down
About you the dying lay
Cimmerian fury
No one can with stand
A vassal to none
Son of my misty land