

Scars

The Sorrow

More dead than wounded
The sky still burns
We won't take prisoners throughout this battle
The marching forces
Their heads will roll
They are prepared to die
With swords in their hands

And in the south a beast will rise and shine
In bloodred fog and with an axe divine
Immortal from hell
And from the east a scream hails to the sky
From warlords on horsebacks
Defending their troops

The end, a threat about to come
The fear all men do carry deep inside
Refuge is hope to stay alive
Return and wear the scars of war with pride

For all the fallen buried at dawn
They did not die in vain
We'll have our revenge
More dead than wounded
On bloodsoaked soil
War has claimed it's victims
Never shall remain

Kill to live
Heads will roll
Skies shall fall
Warhorns call