

# Kings Will Fall

Winterstorm

The call to arms peals out to end the suffering  
No regrets do not obey our king  
We stand tall together we can end his lies  
Our king will fall we are his demise

Way too long now we have suffered from our king  
The time has come to end the suffering  
We gathered our arms and we're ready to start the fight  
The sun is fading as we're longing for this night

Climbing the walls four silent calls: "Our king will die"  
The time has come to get the crown  
We will take his lies

Storming the gates  
We are heading for the throne  
No guardians left the king is standing alone  
Back to the wall he is praying for his life  
But no one is left to hear his painful cries