

# Apraxia, Barbaric Hordes From North

From the clatter of hooves of our battle horses  
Trembles and shakes all our Earth,  
And thousands of arrows, which covered the sun  
For enemies carry death.  
And being ready to conquer or die in the fight  
We're gonna seize all world  
Brave and ruthless, proud and wild,  
Barbaric hordes from North.  
Our swords are sharpened  
Our spears are strong  
And nothings gonna save the enemies  
We're gonna make the greatest feast  
On their broken bones  
And drink their blood as wine.  
Wild march has begun and quite soon  
We'll bring to the knees all that world  
Great and evil, true and strong  
Barbaric hordes from North.