

# Liege Lord, Wielding Iron Fists

Death's rain falls upon us I see the times' arrival at hand  
In rows aligned we march now drawn from these careful plans  
Starved in this militia we hunger now for the fight  
End this painful awaiting our gallant fate arrives tonight

Now here it comes the force we seek it breaks the dark with laser streak  
We break down tremendous heat I count the ranks too far to see  
We grip the iron close at hand they rip our armour to useless strands  
We see the dead scattered in their tribes  
We feel their souls soar towards the sky

[Chorus:]

Iron fists it's terror twists you've yet to feel it's gleam insist  
So join the lines to keep in time it's iron wields from armoured wrists  
You're drawing near you must compare the clash of fighting iron fists

The coupled forces gain a step ahead  
But then fall back from which the ground they tread  
Throw down their weapons make for the flee  
Break from this havoc is their final plea

[Chorus]