

Mandator, Attila

ADVANCED

In a long gone century
the Huns rode across the land
Their terror was notorious
all over the world
Attila was their king
a fabulous destructor, my friend
When he went to war
things turned in to dirt
They only saw his shadow
they felt he was in their neighbourhood
Attila, creator of
blood, tears and pain
His wrath harmed them all
their heads had to roll
Blood and sweat fell down
like rain

BATTLE

Homicide Pangs of death in their eyes
Agony For well-considered death
Death-sweat For the undertakers men
Final rest Prepare for your last breath