

# Omen, Battle Cry

Catch a fleeting glimpse then be on your way  
Oh the end is near if you choose to stay  
This forsaken land torn by grief and strife  
No it's not worth the value of your life

(Chorus:)

The smell of death lingers in the air  
Bloodstained bodies scattered everywhere  
In the distance thunder in the sky  
See the sorrow, hear the battlecry, battlecry

The carnage races on well into the night  
As the sun creeps up we see the morning light  
On the battlefield the tragedy of dawn  
Through the crimson tide we still carry on

(Chorus)