

Sacred Steel, Battle Cry

Catch a fleeting glimpse
Then be on your way
Oh the End is near
If we choose to stay
This forsaken land
Torn by Grief and Strife
No it's not worth
The value of your Life
The Smell of Death
Lingers everywhere
Bloodstained bodies
Scattered everywhere
In the distance
Thunder in the Sky
See the Sorrow
Hear the Battle Cry
Battle Cry
The Carnage races on
Well into the Night
As the Sun creeps up
We see the morning Light
On this Battlefield
The Tragedy of Dawn
Through the Crimson Tide
We still carry on