

The Fall Of Troy, The Last March Of The Ents

Raise up!
To the Isenguard walls,
the deeper the cuts,
the harder they fall.
Taking back our rights,
the last will of the night.
I swear on all my life,
I won't back down this time...
Wear the crown,
lost in the hell that we've found,
hear that sound?
We shall, fight this together,
My soldier, my brother, my friend,
live forever!
The last words she said,
"Father please come home!"
But what she doesn't know yet,
Daddy's good as dead!
From the blood on their hands,
dripped the freedom of men,
remember days past.
This shall be our last stand!
Wear the crown,
lost in the hell that we've found,
hear that sound?
We shall, fight this together,
My soldier, my brother, my friend,
live forever!
Wait,
the victory,
is in the palm of our hand!
Why can't you see?
This will be the end!