Adorned Brood, Wapen

They raise their fists into the sky
Many didn't suffice to bring the death to some of them
They prayed to gods they died with pride
Some of them sufficed to bring the death to all
Their swords drilled into their skull
The blades were hungry and now have to be sharpened
and freed from strange blood
which is precious for the clairvoyance
The barbarians prepare
to leave now
to get closer
to their aim