

# Centurion, Centurion

He was branded by the politicians  
braked by the exile  
Now he's looking daggers at the mankind  
darkening the peace of life  
There will be a lots of widows  
climbing over the faints  
It will storm a lighting warfare  
the world will see his might

Heavy as a triphammer  
louder than a locomotive  
Spread the eagles of banners  
The roman predator is crossing the door

The myriad of smoking guns  
lacerates the sky  
Lancinating screams of bronze steeds  
flog the mellow jive  
The enemies will be on the rack  
under the rabid look  
They will be returned guilty  
by the eagle troops

Legions are moving forwards  
shambles will be reality  
Hell steelwork released  
a blazing river of lead

Centurion is flashing  
Centurion is marching  
Centurion is laughing  
Centurion is coming on!

He's burning, he's killing, he's swinging  
March on, march on, march on  
He's coming to get you!