

Deeds Of Flesh, Mark Of The Legion

The dawn illuminates
The field of battle
The legion, ten thousand strong
Frontline infantry, showing bravery
To kill or to be killed
To kill or to be killed!

Standing in fire, the enemy horrified
Torching catapults burn the dark sky

Driving their flesh into the soil
Conquest the only goal
Seize the land for strength
The war machine runs long
Victory in war!

Vanquish the land
We will crush this foe in front of us
We must show them no remorse
Recognize our mark
For it is for, that lack of faith
We must proclaim their demise

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Victory in war!