

Doomsword, On The March

A procession of soldiers march
through the woods
vegeance is waiting to become true
the enemy's castle is there on the hill
a monument to our victory
through time will stand still
on the march!

Death is awaiting
our final day is come
praying the gods we are ready to die
make them hear our loud battle cry

battle is raging dead bodies everywhere
boiling oil and arrows
tear down the castle walls
five days under siege before our triumph
now another battle awaits
another march for life