

Ephyra, ...to the Realm

From the remote lands
beyond the ancient sea
our invincible army returns!!
Victory riding its black sails!
Light of glory shines on our King!
He comes back with a crown of bones,
master of more lands than when he left
And soldiers are shouting his name!

Many awful screaming orcs
killed with our swords
their mighty shields can't
stop our rage

Prayers to their hollow gods
and very useless cries
gave them only empty hopes and cruel dies!

Shipload full of gold and jewels
Heroes come again
It's time to celebrate
Them, screaming our name
Ephyra!

Wine and beer
grateful dance around the flame
women, this is time to undress, this is our aim!

Victory and Majesty!
Honor and steel!
Every single fighter
Today is a king!

For us fallen in battle
Walhalla doors are wide
But for the survivors
The woman's legs are outright!

Sitting on the black throne
With twenty concubines
Leaning on his sword
Here he is the mighty king

He grabs seven women
and proves us that
In any type of combat
he does not ever pulling back!

While the sunset marks
The end of the feast
And everyone returns home
Drunk and satisfied
King is awake in the war room,
he can't sleep
Looking for his possessions
On the ancient map
He's already thinking about
The next one to attack
"What will be the next kingdom
To fall under my steel??"
No rest for the conquerors
War is in the blood!
Only the dead and weak can

bored in peace!