

Forest Of Impaled, Forward the Spears

(Music: M. Trela / Lyrics: M. Kolar)

Attack!

Forward...
Forward the spears!
To Glory!
Onward the spears!
To Honor!
They must be clenched in Wrath!
Victory is ours!

Forward...
Forward the spears!
To War!
Onward the spears!
To Death!
They must be bathed in Blood!
Victory is ours!

No Mercy!
No Quarter!
At dawn we feast on their hearts!
Drink conquered blood from their skulls!

Forward...
Forward the spears!
To Battle!
Onward the spears!
No Mercy!
From the Depths of Hell...
We strike,
into the heart of God!

As we enter the valley from the North, for what the besieged perceive as a full frontal attack, the foul deception goes undetected.
The hammer from the South, heavy horse four thousand strong, swing down upon the anvil of the foot.
Dread lords circle above driving fear deep into their hearts.
In an orgy of violence the defenders are struck, fell in terror, their weapons thrown down.
Thus the gates are thrown open.
The city sacked, the glory and spoils ravaged, the man hacked, their piled heads bare silent witness to the rape of woman and children, lamentation for the dead a victory song to our ears.
"Let nothing stand! Burn it all, a pyre unto the Heavens, a warning from our Dark Lord! Let this place be burnt from memory, forgotten, unholy, sulfured and salted ground!

Forward...
Forward the spears!
Attack!
Our victory shall be a tower to Heaven!
Lay Siege to the gates from Hell!
Jehovah we stab at thee!

Forward...
Onward the spears!
Hail Victory!
Merciless attack!
Forward the Spears!
Hail Victory!
Forward the spears to the DEATH!

Forward...
Onward the spears!
Hail Victory!
Our victory shall be a tower to Heaven!
Lay Siege to the gates!
From Hell
Jehovah we stab at thee