

# Hordak, Fog On The Battlefield

It was said that our race had passed into legend  
But I'll tell you a story about ancient times  
When the ones of my blood stroke with power  
To defend their roots with their life

Early morning awakes the blood-rage  
And a bastion now rides battlewards  
Burning eyes watch over the enemy,  
A spark and the fire will start to burn

And the voice of the ancient ones  
Is a message blowing winged to be heed  
'cause my blood has dwelt here for centuries  
There will always be a "we" and a "they"

Early mourning, sweat and bloodshed  
Rising with the battlefield's fog  
One more day of battles and corpses,  
Flesh for the ravens fertilize the earth

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Stained my face with your blood  
And pointing down my sword  
It's time to feast and to drink from the horns  
But before clean up your axe, Why? For Tomorrow? NO!  
(There's) No tomorrow for us,  
Cold is the wind that blows in our hearts  
Only the halls of gods are waiting for us

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