Kronos, Warmaggedawn

When blood was witness of carnages
When ashes and swords were the only words
Ancestral war supremacy
The need of a blood legacy
Gathered hordes in the name of honour
Proudly walk on their soils to defend her
Sky-raised swords and closed fists
Die for me, I'll die for you...war

Heart of legends, lungs of the lands
History is dawn with blood
His story will grow in blood
Children of warchants, sons of battledust
Children proudly walk on their soils
Prepare to defend family swords in hand
Such as vulgar carrions in dust
Kill enemy of misfortance...till dawn

Perish under my sword
My weapon is your lifejudge
Till my cry lust will fill my veins
I'll keep my fatherthrone not in vain
Against shadows or against gods
Till my strength will follow me
I'll keep higher the battlethone not in vain
But till justice be done

Blood is witness of carnage
Axes and swords rule this world
Ancestral war supremacy
Mighty celestial battlethrone
Fathersoil, ashesfields
Grow only family tears