

Liege Lord, Warriors Farewell

Over grey ocean tides past shores of dreams and narrow sunsets
Above snowy rock in swift flight
Coming close to where the dead inhabit
War is nothing to run from it's in the minds and dreams of everyone
Can't you sense the smell is drawing near
And all these young men are now filled with fear
And they know the men who've died their senseless killings
Would plunge them straight towards hell
Nothing to give to the sacrificed nothing to sell but the warrior's farewell
Farewell
All in body picked men and so young so many lands they've come from
From a country strong and powerful
Their ships hit shorelines like a raging bull
They've hit the same place as the troops before
Bloody waters and a red stained shore
Then as they look cross sandy battle ground
The scattered bodies laying all around
But they know the men who've died their vicious killings
Would draw them straight towards hell
Nothing to give but a sacrifice nothing to sell but a warrior's farewell
Charge the enemy take back the land
Face to face we've got to make the stand
Our bloody swords and axes wielding high
Their spears and arrows swarm a darkened sky
We've got to take this fortress can't you see
Drive these barbaric ones from you and me
But all these senseless killings that we've done
Bloody and vicious but they've just begun