

Malevolent Creation, On Grounds Of Battle

The troops storm onto the field
Into the darkness of night
War cries heard from the distance
Adversaries now within sight
The objective search and destroy
Both sides begin to contest
Corpses of the defeated
Shrouding the front line with death

Ordered to attack, dethrone and dismantle
Victory draws near, on the grounds of battle
Nothing can destroy their honor or their valor
Even if they die on the grounds of battle

Guns are blazing, forces advancing
Captures subside, death tolls expanding
Marching on opposition abound
Conquest ensuring, until they stand down

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