

# Riot, Blood Of The English

Move out to the land of the burning sun  
Where many nations stand as one  
Push on through the cold and the icy seas  
The smell of earth it follows me  
In the darkness how i wonder what will i find on distant shores ?  
I've heard stories about what lies upon the land  
English blood it stains the sand

Father hear my cry  
Gonna get my life  
Gonna get my soul  
Now i'll fall and die  
Until my blood runs cold

Fight hard  
I fall many with my blade m  
any soldiers strong and brave  
Fall down  
Smash my body to the ground  
No more comrades can i save  
Through a field now i stumble  
Try to hide without a sound  
I see shadows of the red man all around  
Death awaits me if i'm found

Father hear my cry  
Gonna get my life  
Gonna get my soul  
Now i'll fall and die  
Until my blood runs cold

Someone hear me screaming  
I pray i'm only dreaming  
Oh god help me when i'm found

Father hear my cry  
Gonna get my life  
Gonna get my soul  
Now i'll fall and die  
Until my blood runs cold