

# Sacred Steel, Battle Cry

Catch a fleeting glimpse  
Then be on your way  
Oh the End is near  
If we choose to stay  
This forsaken land  
Torn by Grief and Strife  
No it's not worth  
The value of your Life  
The Smell of Death  
Lingers everywhere  
Bloodstained bodies  
Scattered everywhere  
In the distance  
Thunder in the Sky  
See the Sorrow  
Hear the Battle Cry  
Battle Cry  
The Carnage races on  
Well into the Night  
As the Sun creeps up  
We see the morning Light  
On this Battlefield  
The Tragedy of Dawn  
Through the Crimson Tide  
We still carry on