

Sorcerer, Revender

've been roaming woods and hills of my dearest Land - Iron Land!
Where the spirits of the dead, mighty warriors sleep - they guide my hand
Seeing all that evil, which now has found its home - in our homes!
I've felt something must be done to reverse this trend - crack its bones!
From the Sky mighty Thunder has shown
All its Power which our souls possess
Boiling Blood and the urge to strike
The commandment to fight the damned!
These were words of highest Truth, ones I always knew - from my Blood!
Strength and Honour of the Steel, they're eternally True - Warrior's Heart!
Now we're marching with the Horde, leather, chains and spikes - Lightning strikes!
Shields and axes shining bright, all deceivers die - on our pikes!
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All its Power which our souls possess
Boiling Blood and the urge to strike
The commandment to fight the damned!
From the Sky mighty Thunder has shown
All its Power which our souls possess
Boiling Blood and the urge to strike
The commandment to fight... and HAIL!!!