

# Undercroft, Mercy

Them winners who tread  
The battle field  
Grow deaf by horrifying anthem  
Of human moans that has begun  
The sharpened oil soaked stakes  
Are begin occupied  
By the defeated ones who claim  
Mercy before the tyrant Vlad  
Mercy, mercy, please kill us fast  
Mercy, mercy, don't make us suffer  
The impaler wants to eliminate  
The invaders of his empire  
The impaler wants to hear the cry  
For mercy at this feet  
The roaring of the wind  
And the misteries of the night  
Always take you towards victory  
Your blessed sword under the order the dragon  
Will never meet defeat