

Wizard, Battlefield Of Death

They are two different nations
Born on the same land
For years they wait for the battle
The decision between life or death

Six days they have to prepare their weapons
Armed with sword, axe and steel
Now it's time to saddle the horses
Thousands of warriors entail

Fight, fight - to the glory of gods
Fight, fight - for their brothers and sisters
Fight, fight - brave warriors fight for victory

The gods of war stand behind both
The enemies stand forth
One man holds his sword high
The battle now begins

Blood spurts, heads roll, decaying flesh lay amidst
Steel on steel and stone on stone
There is no way out, but still they fight
The last drop of blood they shall give

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