

X-Wild, Braveheart

A giant of a man was he
Hewn from wood and stone
With arms the crush
The life from you
And a sword that smites the bone
His quest in life
was honour bound
Believing in the faith
The mightiest of empires quaked
When Braveheart spake the words
Strike hard strike fast
Cut the rebels down
Strike hard strike fast
And the Duke will breathe his last
And all the peoples
Far and wide
They listened to his words
Defender of the souls was he
For vengeance he did thirst
The Duke had cast
His armies wide
His troops they never tired
Can nothing stop
His deadly hordes
Who storm through field and mire
Strike hard strike fast
Cut the rebels down
Strike hard strike fast
And the Duke will breathe his last
BRAVEHEART!
While Braveheart
Face the elements
Black magic filled the sky
And sweet Elenor by grave mistake
Lay dead by sorcerers fire
And I will turn
The world on you
Braveheart shouts from high
The mountains shake
The scene is set
For one of us will die!
Strike hard strike fast
Cut the rebels down
Strike hard strike fast
And the Duke will breathe his last
The flow of his loins is slain
His tears they burned the ground
The Duke will pay for evil deeds
When Savageland is free
Strike hard strike fast
Cut the rebels down
Strike hard strike fast
And the Duke will breathe his last