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