

3 Inches Of Blood "Destroy The Orcs"

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Kill the Orcs, slay the Orcs, destroy the Orcs

You returned late home that night
Evidence all around you from the flight
You see your family's blood spilled on the ground
There's no trace of the Orcs to be found

Take the broadsword in your hand
Follow the Orcs to their camp
You will have vengeance in blood
With their heads they will pay the price
Spill blood
On their trail we hunt them tirelessly
Spill blood
Bloodshed eases their loss
Spill their blood

Their decapitation leads to the cessation
Of the sadness, of the woe

Spill the blood

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