

411**"The Heathen Sun Of Revenge"**Visit "[The Heathen Sun Of Revenge](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

No home behind, no Fatherland, no men
We wait in Endera. The Town of War
Where shines the Heathen Sun of Revenge

Fatherland
Leaving the fields that once were free from Christian
domain
All the truth is forgotten and grief fills the air to rule in
despair
Paganland
The ground where I was raised is only a forgotten
memory
After long years of fighting they finally took by force all
these hills

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There s no time
The road is long and dark and cold but I ll never give
up
They must pay for their crimes (for) every woman and
child who died in their
Hand
Then I go
Even if death comes nearer in battle I ll stand fighting
till I die
And one day our swords will shine red to the Sun
wearing their blood

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Ride on, my fearless men
To war and meet our brothers

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