

Born Ruffians

"The Call Of The Heathen Horns"

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See the lights around
Warriors in shining armour
Marching through the path of the elder
Clouds rise on the mountain's high

Oh, cold Carpathian wind,
Clean, as our virgin's blood
Listen to the roars of battles
See awakening forgotten wrath

Oh, cold and mysterious night
Idolised, graceful empires
Halberds are shining bright
The armies of Heathens rise

Oh, cold Carpathian wind
I hear your call, bringer of storms
The stars shining above the mountains
Like lights above the graves

Father, take my soul
To the halls of eternal glory
Father, raise my sword
To unleash my raging fury

I hear the sounds of battle drums
I hear the call of the heathen horns
A call for war

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