

## Centurion

### "Call Of The Blood"

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Brothers, listen to the voice from the underground  
He was born by power bound to dominate  
Under the same flag sons of the same blood  
United we are the only force free to celebrate

In his hands lies the doom of elected people  
Of our's that's looking for freedom

Caesar, give me a pair of wings!

Stand a sone, together proud we'll be on the march  
Whirlwind war emergence is the absolute release  
Glorious past holds our spirit to the fight  
Primal nuclear anger established our power hearts

In his hands lies the doom of elected people  
Of our's that's looking for freedom

Caesar, give me a pair of wings!  
And I will give you my soul  
Oh Caesar, call me! Take my hand!

Get ready to welcome with open arms  
The flower of tomorrow forged for the great victory  
Swell with pride your hearts and brand your front  
Bewitching blazon mellows the superiority of elected  
blood

For your name we will die!  
Blasting soldiers of the faith  
Spangled banners shine our way  
The return of purity will flood the world  
The supremacy of yours

Caesar, take my hand! Call me!

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