

Centurion "Centurion"

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He was branded by the politicians
braked by the exile
Now he's looking daggers at the mankind
darkening the peace of life
There will be a lots of widows
climbing over the faints
It will storm a lighting warfare
the world will see his might

Heavy as a triphammer
louder than a locomotive
Spread the eagles of banners
The roman predator is crossing the door

The myriad of smoking guns
lacerates the sky
Lancinating screams of bronze steeds

flog the mellow jive
The enemies will be on the rack
under the rabid look
They will be returned guilty
by the eagle troops

Legions are moving forwards
shambles will be reality
Hell steelwork released
a blazing river of lead

Centurion is flashing
Centurion is marching
Centurion is laughing
Centurion is coming on!

He's burning, he's killing, he's swinging
March on, march on, march on
He's coming to get you!

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