

Crionics

"Black Warriors"

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The descendants were strong and powerful
They had the spirit to fight
They put mud on their long hair
Painted their faces and prepared their weapons
To straighten themselves before combat

Ready to fight, they walked in the night
Through the mountains, woods and caves

In the moonlight -- frozen land
That's creating the mystic view
Fear on men's faces made them sinister

At dawn, when they reached the battlefield
Nobody talked
Everyone was silent and waited for slaughter

... Then came the agony and pain...

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