

Crusader

"Beast From The South"

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The air in our town
Needs to be purified
The breath of our enemies
Is spreading a lie
We're yearning for freedom
We're waiting for that day
It goes hand in hand
With bloodshed and pain

God forbid we yield
Courage is all we need

The Beast is on his way
We've lived for this day
... on his way
The Lion has found his prey

No more slavery
No more chains
Kill this hypocrisy
Fight for what remains

Gather before me
Now hear what I say
None of you have lived before this day

Tolerate no longer
Oppression from below
Think of the children you'll be leaving on their own

The Beast is coming
He's swinging several heads
Each one is capable of killing with it's breath

Drink from this ale
Now, dance one more time
See your enemies' death in this wine

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