

## Doomsword

### "Soldier Of Fortune"

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Again the soldiers march  
March under the moon  
We know no better destiny

The Sound of clanging steel,  
Is our life  
Camp-fires our home.

We pray no gods of war  
No cross no rune  
Shall ever shine upon our way

Our sword rule our fate  
Our shield our spear  
Our courage, our fear.

Soldiers march to war  
Soldier of Fortune rides  
Your reward is to live another day  
Soldiers of Fortune ride  
Heart with no cause  
Eyes with no pride  
Let kings decide whether you live or die.

We live a life of war  
Of death and wounds  
No one waiting for our return

Memories are now mixed  
With fantasies  
And now all are regrets.

Great emperors that marched  
To countless wars  
Shall cast their name in history

Our blood still on the field,  
Our name unknown  
We die alone.

[Solo: Sacred Heart]

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