

## Exmortem

### "Glory On The Battlefield"

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Time the essence  
Breathe unto me  
The strength of our fathers  
I hear in the winds  
The call of my ancestors  
Their voices echo for the chaos to end

So hear me now  
Call for our freedom and honor  
They may take our lives  
But never will they strip us  
Of our spirits as warriors

There now do I see my fathers  
And their fathers before them  
Great spirits let our story and our strength  
Forever be burned in history  
And if we fall may we meet in the great halls  
Where the spirits of true warriors shall live on

Forever

The past  
It flows through my veins  
With the wrath of the ages  
That brings pulse to my heart  
The power and the might to  
Stand forth and fight for freedom  
So that one day our children will know peace

We will ride into battle  
No fear shall eclipse our eyes  
Death shall not be not be feared but fear us  
The valleys will drink of our enemy's blood

Glory  
Let them hear our battle cry  
Glory

We will ride on  
Through the night

Let them hear us  
For our glory's sake  
Stand up and fight for freedom and glory again  
So that our stories are retold  
And light up those midnight skies

Where do you find the right  
To lay your weary head down and die  
Rise till you take your last breath  
And fight till your glorious end

Rise up take your last breath  
Glory shall be ours

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