## Freestyle Fellowship "Far Away The Distant Skies"

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One has return from Elveria Running away through the caves No turning back, no life there There's nothing else than death

Nobody left and city's in flames After the Twilight of Sorrow and Hate Filling with anger the hearts of our men Hell shall be my name!

Gather the Riders of Vosslat Call for the Archers of Br?nn (It) shall be a march to remember (It) shall be a day of revenge

Now feel the rage how it flows through your veins Griping your hammers, you shall be brave. Taking the bastards' force out of our lands Hell shall be my name!

Killers protected by lies from the Cross Cursed by a false God Now we'll be the Truth, you the Heretic This is the war Far Away the Distant...

Skies are the witness of my words But my sky has no Lord This is what I am, this is my horde These are my friends and sons

Ten thousand men march to their fate Singing the Victory Song on the way With no fear they march, but can't wait the day To say "We are your death"

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We are your death!

We're your death!

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