

Great Vast Forest "Masters Of The Old War"

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Full of hate and carelessness
This will be the army to march
For the land of the noble warriors
In hymns of glories with axes and swords
Watered in christians blood

See... They implore now for death
But the sufferance
Wants to possessed your bodies
Your screams hopeless
Fortify our spirit for the war

To defend our honor, our land
And to squash our enemies
To create the chaos
And reach the victory
This is the empire that will survive
In flames

Listen the sing of the amazons
In the sound of the trumpets
They call you for fight
With impiety dominate the cold blood
Cover the eyes of hate
Then is the art of the old war
That burn the soul
Of the nocturnal guardians

The flesh contortion
To touch in the wire of the blade
And among the shadows
The shout of the black crow
Annunciate the arrival
Of the hordes of the darkness
Is the supremacy commins
The pure domination

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