

Heathen

"Fortress Of Faith"

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Arm the men and the lads
Sun will rise
Close the doors they will come
Four our lord
Man the towers arrows will fly
Let us prevail
Fire will rise bring them on
Prepare for battle

Let us proceed to the keep
For our land
Set them on fire hear the screams
Bring us their heads
Break down the walls win the fight
Get us their gold
Take this Fortress for our king
Take this fortress

Fire is raining from the skies
In the land of ancient rites
Honour, glory, fame and pride
Heroes die in that faithful night

See those men taking their lives
How are they fools
Wasting the lands burning the fields
Fortress of faith
Winning the battle loosing their lives
Blood on their hands
Crippled corpses in the night
All so senseless

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