

Heir Apparant "Masters Of Invasion"

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They march at night through fiery battlefields
And the Death bell rings it's toll
They take no prisoners, they shoot to kill
And ever onward they will roll
Plated armor of the hardest steel
Their tanks are quick and their Trooper's keen
A game of chess with clear-cut strategy
Masters of Invasion, take your prey
Masters of Invasion, claim your life and dig your grave...
The Legions follow orders manifest
No provocation to avenge
Assume a destiny to reach the West
The conquered live in hope for their revenge
You can't escape this vicious War Machine
No sanctuary for this Grim Regime
Freedom and property are stripped away
Masters of Invasion, take your prey
Masters of Invasion, claim your life and dig your grave...
And on they march to quench their thirst for greed
Without a warrant for their crimes
Annihilation is their craving need
And the Death bell counts the lives
Another country doomed to die in vain
Another victim of this Mongers' Reign
Another paragraph in History...
Masters of Invasion, take your prey
Masters of Invasion, claim your life and dig your grave...

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