

## **Heresiarh**

# **"Horns Of War"**

Visit "[Horns Of War](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In a silent morning haze, under desolate trees of old  
loom scattered shelters of some infantry troops.  
Dawn burns east as every morning yet some unknown  
tension freezes the air and the warriors grow wary  
in spirit and heart...

Suddenly clouds of dust rise above the pale horizon  
and the watchmen spring to their feet. Sound of horns  
stirs up a warcry and the host lines up for attack!

Horns of war pierce the air  
Warriors clad in shining mail  
Swords and leather, fire and steel  
Clash of iron, grim whet spears

Into the battlestorm...the heads of the fallen are  
shattered under hoofs and chariot wheels, blades cut  
man

by man and the soil is soaked in blood : thousands of  
slaves are working afield, reaping the harvest of  
death...

Yet as the dark draws nigh  
And dusk falls on the menacing peace  
White ghosts of war-men long reopen here -  
Faces of horror and dread and of throe -  
Then roam among the countless bodies  
Hewn upon the battlefield

Oh, drive away the carrion  
And bury your peers  
And then mourn as you can  
And rejoice as you dare to  
Until the horns of war sound again  
This is a warrior's destiny  
To solemnly loaf  
And await the sound of the horns...

Visit [Heresiarh](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

