

Isenburg **"Isenburg"**

Visit "[Isenburg](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We prospect the deepest seam,
Crawling in the blackest holes.
Obsessed by the treasures
Of our holy ground.

Our fruits are made of stone,
We extract from innermost.
Our mountains bleed for us
And so we defend this pact with our blood.

Walls of boundary from otherness
Isenburg

Shelter for the brave
Who fight for our home.
Nightmare for those who presume
To stain this ground.

Never surrender alive
Nor leave this ground to enemy.
Often threatened by rats,
Originless bastards.
Always had been defend
By swords of infernal rage.
Times may passing by
But the sons of the pride years are still here.
In arms we stand, reflecting the glorious days.

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