

Kronos

"Disease Of God"

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[Ode to the mighty battlelord]

[Music : Grams, Tems - Lyrics : Tems]

Coming from the frozen Siberia
Defying the nothern cold winds
Attila, the disease of god
Attila, the mighty battlelord

Whose face makes christians scream
Whose name is grunted with fear

Infernal disease of god
Feeding with warlust
Endless dream of conquest
Grows your mind

Unnumbered soldiers gathered as one
Romans hatred link them to the real victory

Art of destruction, embodiement of cruelty
Behind there's a battlepath which never ends
A universe made of tears and flesh
Ruler of the global undivine fire
Whose face make christians scream
Whose name is grunted with fear

Never romans saw such men
Dark, gellow-skinned, flat and split face
With beasts skins on their back
What are your name, you, barbarians ?
Only by a wild grunt they answered hioung

Coming from the frozen Siberia
Defying the nothern mistywinds
Attila, the disease of god
Attila, the undivine battlelord
Whose laughter put the world on fire
Whose eyes make the purest souls blind

Attila... empire of hate
Attila... till the end of time

Attila... as the final one
... vae victis
... as the final
... vae victis

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