

Laika

"Assassins Of The Cursed Mist"

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Brutal and aggressive,
Masters of fighting,
The daughters of conflict,
War is in their blood,
The amazons assist in,
The strife that caveneth,
The souls of men resist them,
Bloodthirsty pestilence,
Queen Penthsillein tricked,
Overveiled by slumber mist,
Convinced by incubus,
Murder Akhilleus

Her heart exults that she may
Achieve a mighty deed,
Triumph on the battlefield,
Whispered lies that plant the seed,
Before they leave their land, they,
Perform a holy rite,
A bloody naked war dance,
Writhe before the sacred shrine,

Up rose the feral queen, With glory in her heart
Holding a Titan's sword,
Eris the battle queen, awarded from the dark,
Terrible overlord,

Attack her so you'll know, what wells up in the breasts,
Of savage Amazons,
Begot by gods of war, her will and might is more,
Than any mortal mans,

The combined forces, enter the fray,
Annihilate the enemy, dominate the day,

Splendor of triumph masks, the impending doom,
Invisible hand thrust her on,
Drawing her to exulted honor,
Lighting a path of death,

Then they clash like lightning,

A fury unmatched,
Alkhilleus falls by her sword,
Then risen with death's hand,
By the will of fire,
Surprise attacks the queen,
Killed by the assassins,
Of the cursed mist!

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