

Laika

"Doomtrooper"

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Murder,
Slaughterer of men,
Destructor God,
Delights in battles din,

MURDER!

The child was formed by flames,
Deep in the vernal Earth,
Now crawls the spawn of cage,

Glamorous thirst for pain,
A cross upon the world,
He will claim his domain,

Young warrior stands,
Untamed with fate in his hands,
Leaves them so gory,
On his path to empyrean glory,

Ares lunged, At Diomedes,
Furious, To take his life,

His bronze spear drives,
Right at his chest,
But forced to miss,
By the gray goddess,

Stabbing bolts, reach from the sky,
Rip his flesh, screaming battle cry,
Thunder roars, as he questions Zeus,
Why kill me, The son of Olympus,

YOU ARE STRENGTH
THE SWORD OF CONFLICT AND DISDAIN,
THE AXE OF BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS,
MY WILL ON HIGH BESTOWS YOU,
THE HONOR OF THE GOD OF WAR!

Unholy passion,
Set men's dark hearts aflame,

Thirsting for power,
The weak became the prey,

Fury and might,
Replaces right,
Men armed with fists,
Rough clubs to fight,
The DOOMTROOPER,
Puts weapons in their hands,
The streams of blood,
Turn seas red and stain the land!

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