

Liege Lord "Legionnaire"

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A lonely fortress a desert sea
The legion holds its emptiness against the country's
mortality
Forceful kept soldiers guard the concrete rails
Serving their lives in the legion or spend their time in
violent jails

The watchtower stands the point to view the lands
The watch guard shall die the first target in the sky
Legionnaire's fight and death who knows their
ammunition's running low
Stand up the corpse to hold their guns they have no
exit and no place to run

Fight the fight wrong or right a death sentence on a
desert night
Might to might the tower's height the watch guard falls
in their sights
Naked steel hand to hand freelance legion meets its
final stand

Hear the roar down they go across the sands their
blood will flow

A lonely fortress a desert sea
The legion held its emptiness and lost to mortality
Forceful kept soldiers died along the rails
They served their lives in the legion but their purpose
had sadly failed

Fight the fight wrong or right a death sentence on a
desert night
Fight the fight might to might a death sentence has
their plight

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