

Manowar

"The Glory Of Achilles"

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The oath of the Gods, this day was fulfilled
In the hear of the battle, Hector was killed
See him Patroclus, down in the dust
Rejoice in his death my aymbol of trust
A dozen highborn youths, have been killed
Cutting their throats their blood was all spilled
Their bodies set at the foot of your fire
With oxen , sheep and two of yours hounds
Your funeral Pyre high off the ground
Hector's body dragged three times around

I will carry the torch to your funeral Pyre
I will ask of the wind to send high your fire
Hector's blood will not be washed from my body
Until your body is burned
A prophecy spoken a promise fulfilled
More blood will be spilled, more will be killed

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