

Mirzadeh "Precious Death"

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Battlefield and the moon is shining bright
Warriors fighting for their homes keeping those behind
Cold answers too an every spears, answers to an
arrows
'Till the morningsun cries it's first of tears
And sees only sorrow

We thought our resistance
Is enough for those men so poor
But we lost our village
And everything we were fighting for

Revenge?

Anger strikes straight through their thoughts
And bitterness fills all their hearts
Seeking for the enemy from woods
Boiling of their blood starts

Fire burning bright from their rage
Blood flows all over misery's stage
Ah, god of thunder won't give their faith
Watches the growing of seed of hate

Fire burning bright from rage
Blood's all over

Raindrops hit their skins
With water the blood is thin
Tomorrow they're under the stones
Nothing left but rotting flesh and bones

This is reason and consequence
No place for pity
Honours leaves shall scatter
On fields of fathers

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