

Nekroshine "Battlefield"

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So many wars fought for lies,
Men's blood flows like a putrid river
Blood of proud chevaliers
Commanded by a stupid king,
Feared by his own useless.

Under a red sky, a dawn of death,
The corpses are asking for revenge.
Revenge for their sacrifice,
Requested by a false god
A man who believes to be a god.

There aren't gods on this dead heart,
Hate is the king and men it's slaves.
The corpses are now ready for war.
A dragonfly is flying on the battlefield
And it's flight is black

Desolated lands spread to infinity
Unarriving horizons untouchable red sky
Desolated lands dressed with corpses
Undead bodies oh ancient heroes
Desolated lands refreshed by blood
Red wine of false gods.

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