

Noctes "Attila"

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A noble szejke born and bred
Full loftily I held my head

Great Attila my sire was he
As legend he left to me.

A dagger, battleaxe and spear.
A heart to whom unkown is fear
A potent arm which often has slained
The tartar for in fields and plains

The scourge of Attila the bold

Still hangs amoung us as of old
And when this lash we swing on hig
Out enemies are forced to fly

The szekle proud then learned to know
And strived to become his foe
For blood of Huns runs in his warm
And will know to wield his arm.

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