

Orthanc "Hurricane From East"

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When your jade's drops you
In our lands by chance
Turn your head and see
Our Motherland expanse
Here born the warriors
All-life in the saddle
Proud - and freedom-loving
Wargods from the cradle

Pray your god
To protect your assholes
Our steeds trampling your lands
Weeks must die in battle
By the ragin' metal
Which as storm in ours hands
Down of kneel before us
We're the steppen riders
Our flags over you town
Devastating free
From the east empire
Breaking loose in war so young

When the fire'll blaze up
Your swords can't save yourself
Against the charge from east
Run away from here!
You're get out of habit
To held the spear in hand
Beware the eastern wind
Which blowing from our lands

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