

Rottin Razkals**"The First Field Of The Battle"**

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The north strongest wind
Throw arrows in the high wall
A captive will survive
Free he will revive
From town to town
In the distant sea
He'll bring an army
Of poor and miserable
An earthquake will happen
Thousands will be killed
The big theatre
Filled with a crowd
Will be creaked
Fire in the east
Victory's feast
The hunting eagle
Has landed in the east
The sky is burning
The slaves rebel
The king is dead
A new age revealed
The space is empty
The tyrants laid in earth
The slaves unlock the chains
The first field of the battle

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