

Swordmaster

"The Bastard, The Conqueror"

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Born in twilight, sworn to vengeance
To engage an ancient battle
Beyond good, beyond evil
Of winters descent, sons of the colossus

Prepare for the infernal gather
Iron forging victory
Night breads fearless soldiers
Ready the armies, ready the men

Heaken, heed my warning
The end has come to pass
Armies forlorn, Landscapes scorned
Heaven burns, the masses yearns

A beheading must take place
At the obsolete shores
Through the land by procession
Perished has the shameful

It's time for this generation
To leave it's filthy throne
Scatter the fires of theses souls
Demised

Wreak this wretched havoc
Steer the winds of flesh and lust
By the gods
I've taken my land in possession

Below black
Clouds scaped
In darkness veiled
The cosmic imperium
We shall invert
These lands
For we are
The sons of the colossus

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