

Twisted Tower Dire

"Sign Of The Storm"

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The world is awaiting
Anticipating tragedy
Cynical spirits,
Try to spoil our legacy

We'll trample the dead
With ten legions of men
Only the true will survive
There'll be no retreat,
All false souls we'll defeat
Our call to honour won't die

Beware!

Sign of the Storm!
Our time's at hand! Blood on your sword (All Hail!)

Sign of the storm,
The siege begins, victory is now
You're got blood
On your hands!

Crowds of fools watching
For a flicker of weakness
In our eyes
But oh, how they'll crumble
When they hear our battle cry

Do be afraid!

The warriors now gather,
From all corners of the world
One mission unites them,
We now invoke the gods of war!

After the slaughter, we gaze
Upon the blood soaked field
No pity or sorrow, the choice
They made was all to real

The World is watching,

Now to mourn this tragedy
The cynical spirits once again
Begin their scheme

Forever we will fight together
Brothers hold your torches high
Warriors of Albion!

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