

Vindsval "Retaliation"

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Years of grief now have passed
The waiting ends here on the battlefield
Rabid our men prepare for the onslaught
A fiery red gleams in their eyes
Armours glimmer in beams of an icy sun
Coats of arms arise in the distance
In unison with the winds we assault
With a roar of thunder at our side
The plain is drowned in ecstatic cries
As the hordes collide
The front rows fall but legions follow up
Maces hit their targets with anger
The cavalry enters the warfare
Horses are slain and whimmer in agony
Swords slice through warm flesh and fibres
And pierce the hearts of our enemies
Hammers crush and blood spirts
Battleaxes slay the remains
The steaming battleground breathes death
To venge our damaged beliefs
And regain what once was ours
The enemy now lies crushed
Face down in its blood
Our victory is great, our victory is here

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