

Witticism

"End Of All To Come"

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A ship of nails comes cross the sea, black souls with
their hearts of agony.

Man will fight and man will die, gory wars will last no
one.

The time has come, now blood will rain,
Foretold by sound of rowing oars.
The weak will flee from our steel, as the dead do bring
their ranks ashore.

Lethal flames rise into the sky, take lives of all lost
ones.
Rusty blades through flesh they run, battlegrounds will
drown in blood.

As legends told in ancient times,
War rages and feeds the firestorm.
The forces of death sweeps all alive.
Blood be spilled and chaos is reborn!

We fight till death, with glowing steel
And glowing hearts.
We ride into the war to defend our selves,
At the end of all to come!

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