

Wrathchild America "Day Of The Thunder"

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Suits of armor mounted ready for war
The eagle is in the sky
They rule the land by their queens command
If their rival is prepared to die

The fog has lifted and the daylight appears
They say a final prayer
The trumpets sing the sound of battle
The lance of the lord they bear

Bravely they shout their attack
And they know that there's no turning back
Young men aimlessly slaughtering lives
Fearful tearfully missing their wives

It's the day of the Thunder
That all men shall hear
He who serves under one
The old wizard quotes
From the book which he reigns
Thy will shall be done

The battle has ended and the smoke has cleared
The armor lays in piles
Many honor those young men who died
Thunder was heard for miles

Sadly those heroes were young
Sadly nobody won
Rulers grotesquely throw away lives
Bastards puncture your soul with their knives

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