

Brutal Attack

"Fields Of Glory"

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There's a dark storm on the horizon
And there are black clouds here in my heart
This is one storm from which there's no surviving
Unless every man accepts he has a part

In the final days of our story
Before the night falls for the last time
We're marching out on the fields of glory
We have one last chance to let the sun shine

There is a thundering out in the distance
And I hear the thundering of 10.000 hearts
Maybe this thundering will lead to deliverance
This is our last hope as the final battle starts

I see a black rain falling ever downward
It's turning blood red as it soaks the ground
I see our armies marching bravely onward
Hoping they can turn the tables around

Now through the black clouds I see a glint of gold
The winds have ceased and the thunder has gone
I see tears of relief on the faces of the young and old
And now at last I know my battle is won

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