

1984

"Intrusion"

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There is a war
Growing around my home
I will hold you, I will hold you tight
Men on the walls, taking control of all
I'm a fortress
Cracking from all sides

Build this sword of hate and waste for
Build this sword of hate and waste for
Us

Run through the hills
Do not come down until
Ashes are cold, intruders are gone away
Men in the fields searching for new preys
Thieves of the soul hidden in the brightest days

Build this sword of hate and waste for
Build this sword of hate and waste for
Us

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