

## Sorrow "Scars"

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More dead than wounded  
The sky still burns  
We won't take prisoners throughout this battle  
The marching forces  
Their heads will roll  
They are prepared to die  
With swords in their hands

And in the south a beast will rise and shine  
In bloodred fog and with an axe divine  
Immortal from hell  
And from the east a scream hails to the sky  
From warlords on horsebacks  
Defending their troops

The end, a threat about to come  
The fear all men do carry deep inside  
Refuge is hope to stay alive  
Return and wear the scars of war with pride

For all the fallen buried at dawn  
They did not die in vain  
We'll have our revenge  
More dead than wounded  
On bloodsoaked soil  
War has claimed it's victims  
Never shall remain

Kill to live  
Heads will roll  
Skies shall fall  
Warhorns call

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