

Faction, The "100 Years War"

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Amidst the burning rubble the spirit still lives on

To rise above all poverty, to rise above all wrong

No one needs your bloodied sword, I'll get what's truly mine

Bullets of hate kept in your hands, they'll burn a hole in time

Rebel against all hate and tell the story straight

We are no more noble than our words

Be true to your beliefs, don't do wrong and then retreat

'cause action leads to triumph in this world

One hundred years of death will end, then the black death will begin

Peasants rise to slay a knight, whose wife must taste his sin

In the tree he hangs alone, helpless and aflame

A feast of bones and melting flesh, his children scream his name

The passing of this life will teach to none be ever true

Realize fate is in your hands and you alone control its moves.

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