

Ten Years After

"Marching Of The Hordes"

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On the rise of a new dawning
I gaze upon a pagan mass
Who cry in tones of victory and hail their gods in the
skies
Their shields and armor are glittering under the heat of
a heathen sun
Their hearts face with the pride to follow their father
long gone
The blades of their weapon are bloody wet with flesh
christian blood
Storming through the battlefields for the pantheon of
their god
They ride their steeds to new frontiers forever more in
the night..
Ah... Marching of the hordes..
Against a sky tinted crimson red
Over bloodsoaked meadows
Through the ashes of the shamanic flames
From the Anatolia shadows

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