

## **Imperial Army, The "The Four Horseman"**

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By the last breath of the fourth winds blow  
Better raise your ears  
The sound of hooves knocks at your door  
Lock up your wife and children now  
It's time to wield the blade  
For now you have got some company

The Horsemen are drawing nearer  
On the leather steeds they ride  
They have come to take your life  
On through the dead of night  
With the four Horsemen ride  
or choose your fate and die

You have been dying since the day  
you were born  
You know it has all been planned  
The quartet of deliverance rides  
A sinner once a sinner twice  
No need for confession now  
Cause now you have got the fight of your life

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Time  
Has taken its toll on you  
The lines that crack your face  
Famine  
Your body it has torn through  
Withered in every place  
Pestilence  
For what you have had to endure  
And what you have put others through  
Death  
Deliverance for you for sure  
There is nothing you can do

So gather round young warriors now  
and saddle up your steeds  
Killing scores with demon swords  
Now is the death of doers of wrong  
Swing the judgement hammer down  
Safely inside armor blood guts and sweat

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