

# Wrath of a Warchild

Altaria

From a land of frozen hearts  
The messenger arrived  
To tell them tears had turned to steel  
And all the dreams had turned to dust

Then came the drums of thunder  
With pain and despair  
And after it all was over  
Something remained

The name of the game is war

The wrath of a warchild  
The anger inside keeps calling thee  
The wrath of a warchild  
The lord of the dark will set you free

Deep in the shadows of the night  
The forces will hide out  
Until it's time to lose control  
Of the burning flame inside

Swords made of glowing metal  
Striking the cross  
At the throne of an evil nation  
Nothing is lost