

The Wrathforge

Battleroar

On fields of war, we had to grow
A bloody rage, a heart of stone
That's what we have learned

When bullets fly, above your head
No time to lose, there's no regret
It's fight or be dead

Soldiers marching on, the last command
Young souls raising hell, rain of fire
Warcries fill the air, will this ever end?

They kill for greed, not peace to find
Forget the past, don't look behind
Don't stand in the line
A secret plan for mind control, the price of life?
Expendable, that's what we all are

Soldiers marching, for the final stand
On their road to hell, load your guns
When sirens scream the end, living in despair

When a lonely child prays to the sky
Dreaming of kingdoms, of ages gone by
When a million voices join as one
A new star is born, the king claims his crown

March, they march, in the rain and mud
Lords of torment and disorder
Flashing lights, in the dead of the night
Heralds of attack and violence

Burning in the flame, of unholy forces
Locked in a spell, you'll never be free
Gazing at the sun, looking for a vengeance
Black soul, blood red steel

Pouring on the land, like a rain of evil
Sewers of the storm, leaders in command
Marching in the rage, of a magic winter or a fiery sand