

# Wings Of Thunder

Crystallion

(Raynald of Chatillon)  
Now the stars are shining  
On my way  
A sword of steel makes my day  
Saladin the Great One  
Bloody liar  
Burn, burn, burn in fire

And we ride and we ride and we ride and we ride  
For the glory, the king and the pride  
Oh how we ride, my duty's calling me to seize the day

In the night we're searching  
Lying in wait  
Don't run away its too late  
Kill the Islam fever  
Stop this lie  
Deus lo vults our battle cry

And I know and I know and I know you will go  
Into the fire with your soul  
Hungry for gold, regain whats good and right for heavens sake

On wings of thunder made of steel  
We could fly away to the sky someday  
Calling the god of victory  
He will show us now in a dream somehow  
That the evil among us we'll meet on the field  
'Cause the truce that we've made our fall it has sealed  
Why does no-one believe no-one open their eyes  
Why does everyone trust in their lies

Now the knights are on my side again  
We ride for glory, fame and pride, the end  
Is near, we heed the call of duty  
Fight for heaven thats our fate  
Strike them down with your hate  
Till death appears in all its beauty  
Like a screaming symphony  
What a sweet melody

"When Raynald of Chatillon repeatedly plundered Muslim traders caravans who relied on the uneasy truce of the early and mid 1180s, Saladin decided to assemble his army and venture a direct confrontation with the Crusaders in July 1187. The shameful defeat at the Battle of Montgisard (1177) in mind, Saladin's forces began their march, determined to crush their Christian opponents once and for all. "