

Bred for War

Dismember

300 years has passed
time is ripe for return
back to the holy lands
where our souls yearn
across the barren waste
through the mists of space
from sun to sun
who will win the race

We are bred for war
heed the crusader call
to claim the sacred prize
the cradle of us all

Like a sword we cut
through occupied lands
bringing justice and order
to a lesser race
we shall conquer you all
and rule with an iron hand

And then came the day
of cursed Tukayiid
where seven was gathered
against a greater white
only one met success
through the firestorm

We are bred for war
hear the Ghostbear roar
we are bred for supremacy
fear the jaguar claws
we breed to improve
feel the Jedefalcons wrath
we are bred for war
we are bred for death