

Battle Cry

Omen

Catch a fleeting glimpse then be on your way
Oh the end is near if you choose to stay
This forsaken land torn by grief and strife
No it's not worth the value of your life

The smell of death lingers in the air
Bloodstained bodies scattered everywhere
In the distance thunder in the sky
See the sorrow, hear the battlecry, battlecry

The carnage races on well into the night
As the sun creeps up we see the morning light
On the battlefield the tragedy of dawn
Through the crimson tide we still carry on