

## In Victory

RAM

This desolate darkened battlefield soaked in my cold  
black blood  
Lies empty, dead and scarred

This desolate broken body of mine bound by pure will  
Stands victorious and tall

With the strenght of a thousand and one  
Devils I faced the madmans odds  
Ready to be devoured

On the razorsharp, traitorous edge of the end with a roar  
I broke the line  
I saw the bastards fall

Cursed I can't break the spell  
I stride right through this hell  
In league with death and pain  
My last drop of blood all I need

Still I'm burning but never fearing  
There's no healing in sight but victory is mine

Wounds are all I am made of, conflict is my sould  
Rising in terror

So greive me, I'm vibrantly dead  
I'm forcing my own will to live