

Dead Boys

Svartby

'Round the city walls
Grounds of fame, glorious battlefield
Ditches nursing bones
Both of enemy and defender

Fragrant smell of grass
Masked the stench of rotting corpses
Soldier flesh decayed
Bone keeps memory of what they were

Dead boys
Embrace the witch power
We give you morass powder
We give you rusty bullets

Dead boys
We give you life and purpose
We give you strength and focus
All for one - all for one village

Arquebusier, musketeer, swordsmen
Rise from the graves to unlife, back in game
Rusty cuirasses, blades and rifles
All host back, back in action again

Rise and shine
Rise and smile
Creep and crawl
One more chance

We don't sow
We do harvest
Recycled squads
Renewed, enhanced

Dead boys feel no pain
No remorse, no regret
And a rotten brain
Craves just what you make them crave