

They Came to Die

Unleashed

In this cold aftermath
Where the blood has dried at last
Soldiers lay scattered around
In the fields of death, a fading sound

They came to die
They came to die
They came to die

A shameful march without a sound
With weapons pointed at the ground
They came out of the mist
So it all came down to this
Now approaching our lines
Heavens cry, their souls have died
Christ is dead or so it seems
Death before loyalty

They came to die
They came to die
They came to die

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti
Death before loyalty

They came to die
They came to die
They came to die

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus
They came to die