

Kings Will Fall

Winterstorm

The call to arms peals out to end the suffering
No regrets do not obey our king
We stand tall together we can end his lies
Our king will fall we are his demise

Way too long now we have suffered from our king
The time has come to end the suffering
We gathered our arms and we're ready to start the fight
The sun is fading as we're longing for this night

Climbing the walls four silent calls: "Our king will die"
The time has come to get the crown
We will take his lies

Storming the gates
We are heading for the throne
No guardians left the king is standing alone
Back to the wall he is praying for his life
But no one is left to hear his painful cries