

Heathen Beast

Cales

The blade swishing in the air
Spinning around its axis
Before you cover your back
A hit of skin, wood and scrap

The wolf catches the scent
In wait for its prey
Stalks it cunningly
Then hunts it down and snaps its back

Stand up above the abyss
Saddle the iron horse
Take your post in the pack

Heathen beast - laughs in the face of death

An iron mace rises above the skyline
A fire stroke
Drive that quenches your thirst
Flames breathing the fuel

Flies forward and laughs in the face of death - heathen beast

Slip into a raging iron mass, after the first hammer blow
Gallop with the speed of an arrow
Tear out the flesh, slurp the blood of your enemy
Spare him not and loudly mock the gods of the inferior ones

With a fresh dose of evil
The ongoing march of the army

War, black death, Hurt, starvation
Purifying disasters
precise job of killing machine
For the hungry mouth of hell

Laughs in the face of death - heathen beast