

Marching of the Hordes

Darkestrah

On the rise of a new dawning
I gaze upon a pagan mass
Who cry in tones of victory and hail their gods in the skies
Their shields and armor are glittering under the heat of a heat
hen sun
Their hearts face with the pride to follow their father long go
ne
The blades of their weapon are bloody wet with flesh christian
blood
Storming through the battlefields for the pantheon of their god
They ride their steeds to new frontiers forever more in the nig
ht...
Ah... Marching of the hordes...
Against a sky tinted crimson red
Over bloodsoaked meadows
Through the ashes of the shamanic flames
From the Anatolia shadows