

## Claymore 4.0

### The Claymore

Out of thin air, appearing in the light.  
Rise again with power, dusted off, fury burns bright.  
For I am the Warlord, arisen in might,  
You should have expected me.  
Now I bring obliteration to every foe in sight,  
Expel you from your sanctuary.

Me friends, who you've been true to me,  
Raise that cup of wine!  
These times will again be glorious,  
Celestial, divine!

CLAYMORE - Sword of the gods  
CLAYMORE - Against all odds  
CLAYMORE - To holy steel we pray  
CLAYMORE - Every enemy to slay

Put on ye armours, get ready for the battle  
Begin the battle choirs, the enemies shall tremble.  
Rearrange the lines, foot soldiers to the front  
Prepare for the destruction.  
Riders to the flanks, begin the wild hunt  
In total seduction of death.

Me friends, who you've been true to me,  
Raise that cup of wine!  
These times will again be glorious,  
Celestial, divine!

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Dominus belli,  
Imperator ferri,  
Magister proelii  
Inducite nos ad victoria!

Obey to your Warlord,  
Follow me into the might!  
Together, united, we are strong,  
steel is by our side!