

Battles and Brotherhood

3 Inches of Blood

With battleaxes drawn we race across the sky
Hunting down our enemies, we will see them die
A juggernaut of steel carries us to the end
Unleash a bloody massacre on that you can depend
The way that we fight, with metal in our veins
Confidence and fortitude to the final stroke
True brothers stand together proud to make the kill
We are always standing tall
Each day we're getting stronger, our legions multiply
We sound the cry of battle, it make us feel alive
Trust that we are willing to take the posers down
Leave them drawn and quartered, feed them to the hounds
Forging steel
Fight! Kill! Feast!
Hail our comrades of metal
Believe in our metal, believe in our steel
No god will save you, only death is real
The sharpness of our blades and fury in our eyes
Time has come for your demise
There will be bloodshed
There will b death
Vengeance is glorious
The wrath of our blades
The torture, the pain
Onward to victory
Conquer every region, invading like a swarm
Killing through the day and feast until the dawn
Do not interfere with us or you will feel the wrath
We will keep on marching down our chosen metal path
The way that we fight, with metal in our veins
Confidence and fortitude to the final stroke
True brothers stand together proud to make the kill
We are always standing tall
Attack!