

The Conquest

Bywar

The conqueror joins his forces to destroy
Nordics respond the call of the island
Preparing their boots, the guns smelling death
Across the long channel, they arrive to destroy

The Duke becomes the king of the island now
Envolving his blood and soul for all his sons
Sweat and gut, he's now the chosen one
Enjoying the power of his new home

His murder brigade command the entrance
The servants of might dominating poor plebians
With the aid of the Duke the island becomes north
But the forces from gods cannot help the supreme

The supreme court stink like dragons
Rain is falling in the twilight
The smell of death now ride the sky
The power of the king now is captured