

# 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  
Galloping 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