

Bannockburn

Cloven Hoof

The king of Scots, the mighty Bruce
Outnumbered three to one
English armies all around, before the day is done
For honour we test our swords and ride
To battle we may not long survive

2.000 horse and infantry, the enemy appears
With axe and spear and shield and lance
Through mud and blood, no fear

Hand to hand, we turn and face the foe
Eye to eye, though hell itself waits below

Hacked to pieces, butchery in the field
Crimson chaos, die by my hand don't yield

Stand! Hold your ground! Pole axe and fire
Slaughter around, drowned in the mire

Bannockburn, it's so worth fighting for
Bannockburn, were off again to war
Tooth fang and claw

Bannockburn, it's so worth dying for
Bannockburn, time to settle scores
What's in store?

Stab, bite! Gouge, fight!

Falling arrows, pierce the whites of your eyes
Easy targets, severed heads and war cries

Black hearts and flame, still we fight on
Across the borders they came, slain one by one

Bannockburn, it's so worth fighting for
Bannockburn, we're off again to war
Tooth fang and claw

Down from the glen came the Bruce's men
With their standards held high to the sky

Into the fray armoured knights and their prey
Carnage and mayhem so many to die

To the victors go the spoils, nobles are ransomed for gain
We are free from oppression. Scotland has risen again

English retreat, Edward took flight
We won't be beat, this land is our right!

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Falling arrows, pierce the whites of your eyes
Easy targets, severed heads and war cries

Bannockburn, whoa!
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