

# Gods of War

Cloven Hoof

The Earth had long been the Dominators unobtainable prize. This time he planned to take the planet by force at all cost.

It's defenders had been caught unaware at the speed of the tyrants rise to power, so in a last ditch effort plans were made for a surgical strike at the heart of the intergalactic warlords dreaded armada.

Rally men the empire looms again,  
while we sleep.  
Our cities are in flame.

Someone stole genetic code,  
the tyrants DNA is missing.  
Legions mean to bring him back,  
now man will rue this day.

Star fighters fly,  
into hell one more time.  
Here where worlds collide,  
see them die.  
But there dreams soar to the skies.

Too late to run and hide

Gods of war!  
They decide,  
Gods of war!  
Who lives or dies.

Scramble fast,  
fight until the last.  
Words are cheap,  
diplomacy has past.

No one saw this conflict coming,  
lines are drawn now in the sand.  
Enemy power over running,  
time to fall or stand.

Star fighters fly,  
into hell one more time.  
Here where worlds collide,  
see them die.  
But there dreams soar to the skies.

What we fighting for?  
It's our last encore.  
Game to the last,  
as we lay down our lives.  
No one said we'd win,  
but we wont give in.  
Down one more time,  
none of us will survive.  
It's game over!

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