

Soldier Of Fortune

DoomSword

Again the soldiers march
March under the moon
We know no better destiny

The Sound of clanging steel,
Is our life
Camp-fires our home.

We pray no gods of war
No cross no rune
Shall ever shine upon our way

Our sword rule our fate
Our shield our spear
Our courage, our fear.

Soldiers march to war
Soldier of Fortune rides
Your reward is to live another day
Soldiers of Fortune ride
Heart with no cause
Eyes with no pride
Let kings decide whether you live or die.

We live a life of war
Of death and wounds
No one waiting for our return

Memories are now mixed
With fantasies
And now all are regrets.

Great emperors that marched
To countless wars
Shall cast their name in history

Our blood still on the field,
Our name unknown
We die alone.