

Deafen Clamor

Folkodia

A deafen clamor
Disturb the stillness of those holy lands
The rivers turn to red
And morbid clouds herald
The grim ripper's duty

Numerous brave warriors
Chuck their last drop of blood
In a lopsided bout to gain victory
Against all expectations

The battle was harsh
Victory's yelling will expand
Enemy will not dare coming back

In honor they died
And will be remembered
Through the ages
As glorious heroes

The battle was harsh
Victory's yelling will expand
Enemy will not dare coming back

Deafen clamor disappears
The rivers turned to red
Numerous brave warriors
Fell to force victory against fate