

Under The Wings Of Aquila

Folkodia

I've marched through the mud
Under the lash of a thousand ruins
I've marched across the sands
Of Lybia, to battles a world away...

My body bears the scars
Of swords and spears that missed
Enemy at rows that failed to kill -
For the wings of Aquila protect me...

I marched for Rome
In the ranks of the 6th Ferrata:
I bore the standard high
Of the fighting ironblades!

Under the wings of Aquila
I've never known no fear!
Under the wings of Aquila
Victory was ours to claim!

I can still hear the thunder
Of Marius' voice barking orders
O'er the mighty din of war
In the black forests of Germania:

"You are the ironblades!
Hold the line! Raise your spears!
Fight until the end
Or 'ere Aquila's wings are red!