

Before the sun goes down they'll scream
Heretics, cower, our blades are sharp for thee
We'll put you to the sword or hang you from a tree
Killtime, bloodlust, no time to pray

Heretic, voices
We don't give a damn
You're all gonna die

Forty days
That's all we're paid for
Forty days
Longer if you want us to stay
Forty days
That's what you paid for our hire
Forty days
No more

Fighting every day in this holy war
Killtime, bloodshed, let loose the dogs of war
Your heretic beliefs with which we don't agree
Our sword thirst to end your day

Heretics, Hearsay
Hope your Gods are with you
Watching as you die

Forty days
To destroy the aura around you
Forty days
to put an end to your lives
Forty days
We're just soldiers for hire
Forty days
No more
War!

Mercenaries and Knights
Warriors of the north
Killtime, bloodlust, you will be no more
Our sword will set you free from this mockery
Killtime, crush, our mandate is to slay

Cathars, vaudois
Why don't you face the true God
Give up idolatry

Forty days
We'll put you all to the fire
Forty days
You'll then just be history
Forty days
Perhaps is what you desire
Forty days
Of death