

Thirty Years of Perdition

Protector

An endless row of mercenaries march on an old country road
From afar you can hear the drums, like a deadly morse code
Before long there will be carnage, all will be slain
The anguish of war is here, twisted and insane

Swords are drawn
Lances are raised
Muskets are loaded
The storm is coming

Mutilation and starvation
The cannons roar - Thirty years of war

Purgatory's just the beginning, there's more to come
Noone will be spared - All will succumb
The fury of the battle, lunatic and deranged
Fire and chaos and plague - Everything is estranged

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Death sits on his throne - Gloating while he chuckles
Generations tormented by thirty years of struggles