

Greetings From the Abyss

Root

We invoke, invoke, invoke You our Master
We, the chosen ones, beg You
For the command to the Ultimate Attack

We can't hesitate, They are coming
Our steeds stand ready, swords shining
So give the Ultimate Command!

CHARGE!

The Prince of Death flies above the battlefield
Blood, sweat, dust, scream of horses' neighing
Red clouds cover the scene

...And then the Horns will blow
And the Enemy will be swept into Nothingness
...Only Dust and Ashes!