

## Soldiers' Angels

Spellblast

The sky is painted by raging flames  
And cindered are the clouds over far horizon  
Whirlwinds of dust like waves  
Are smashing against us  
I can feel the savage earth shutting off my steps

Some shadows in circle are riding  
Some of them from high are soaring  
White wolves mounted by black ravens  
Sended by Oden now are here for me

Sharpen is the wind, hard the soil  
And frozen is the surrounding air, is tiring to breath  
Cold snow from the sky slowly is falling down  
The echoes of the war are bouncing in my head

Warm blood is carving a path over my skin  
His bitter irony taste is filling my mouth  
Leaned against a tree my sight is fading away  
No time for tears death is coming

Take my soul and lead me to Valhalla  
Where my ancestors are waiting  
Among my brothers a proud einherjar  
Ready to fight in the final war