

Lost Legions

Stormwitch

Grey dawn of day
the piercing war-cries fade away
the fate is sealed
life has left the battle-field

Once they were a mighty army
standing one for all
they fought for glory and for booty
They rode into a fall
Now the crows pick at their bodies
steel turns into rust
Flesh is stabbed
with spears and arrows
the flag turns into dust

Lost Legions, blind and heartless
They devastate the land
Lost Legions, don't know mercy
army of the damned

Their flesh is gone
but their spirit's living on
you can be sure
they're the guardians of the war
They're a part of every bloodstain
of the smoke and steam
their laughter's sounding like the
wounded warrior's scream
everywhere a soldier's dying
they've released the beast
anytime an angel's crying
they celebrate a feast

Lost Legions....