

## Warlord

## Stormwitch

Flashes of lightning  
Destroyin' the peace of the night  
On the horizon  
There are great flames shining bright

He's armed, he's ready and willing  
To stand and fight 'till the end  
He's used to blood-shed and killing  
Black Death is his best friend

Pain and torture, flames and slaughter  
The smell of blood everywhere  
Bleeding warriors, blood-stained armours  
Dying fighters  
When the Warlord's hot breath  
Burns the air

He rules with terror  
Mercy's a word he does not know  
Wherever he stays  
The sands of time are running low

His mother was a volcano  
She spat him out in a stormy night  
His father was the rolling thunder  
He taught him  
"Son, you're born to fight"

Pain and torture.....