

## On Torrid Sand

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Thousands of conquered lands  
Shining under the imperial sun  
We who are about to die  
Won't salute you and no victis honor  
To the fallen ones

A call for encore  
From far away

O here we stand  
Figures of a game on torrid sand  
Gird yourself for the next round of battles  
For the need of excitement  
And another glorious parade  
We lay here dying appealing our fate

Countless are the chosen few who stood fast  
Concealing their fear in the great uproar of cheers  
when the die is cast

There's a beast of cruelty creeping all over the land  
Nameless are the ones who were  
begging to live begging to save their lives

In a futile dream of a noble state  
For only power could conquer fate

All it leaves is blood and dust on the ground  
Storm clouds thunder in unison with the crowd

A call for encore  
From far away  
Screaming for more  
From far away

Oh here we stand  
Figures of a game on torrid sand  
Oh here we go torturing our souls  
On torrid sand