

Wartunes

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Cold and lifeless lay the plains of lore
Until finally silently a spirit evoke
And timeless clansmen rose
By the sound of the old
Celtic tunes of war

Rise...
And feel the deadly breeze
The scent of burning flesh
For my blade thirsts for
Another war

Curse of the might to take
Oh it`s a human bane
To fan the fires
To cause an higher aim

Here we stand
Brothers in war
From the four
Winds of the land

High on the hills
We stay proud and brave
For Freedom is a right
And serfdom a grave

Death to our foes...
War!!!

Legions of greed
Of fire and light
A thousand pikes
Fight as one man

Stormlike enraged
They fight `till they die
The one to enthrall
The other to survive