

Blood Of The English

The Riot

Move out to the land of the burning sun
Where many nations stand as one
Push on through the cold and the icy seas
The smell of earth it follows me
In the darkness how I wonder what will I find on distant shores

I've heard stories about what lies upon the land
English blood it stains the sand

Father hear my cry
Gonna get my life
Gonna get my soul
Now I'll fall and die
Until my blood runs cold

Fight hard
I fall many with my blade
any soldiers strong and brave
Fall down
Smash my body to the ground
No more comrades can I save
Through a field now I stumble
Try to hide without a sound
I see shadows of the red man all around
Death awaits me if I'm found

Father hear my cry
Gonna get my life
Gonna get my soul
Now I'll fall and die
Until my blood runs cold

Someone hear me screaming
I pray I'm only dreaming
Oh god help me when I'm found

Father hear my cry
Gonna get my life
Gonna get my soul
Now I'll fall and die
Until my blood runs cold