

The Bolt Thrower

Unleashed

He was born of the northern wind
With a spirit of steel, destined to win
A master of war
A master of war that feels no pain
That feels no pain

Forged in the fires of Muspelheim
His will stood the test of time
A master of war that feels no pain
His loyal calling out his name...

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Long was our wait this night
As he called out White Christ to flight
Their time is up, no more hiding in shame
His loyal calling out his name...

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