March For Revenge

Manowar

Ride, Ride, Ride, Ride Up From Hell
Armed with magic sons of demons and men
This song of greeting written for your tragic end.
So long our stride the world doth tremble with fear
B
lack winds blow where we ride near.
Maim and kill them, take the women and children.
Hot pitch and chain take to the air
Our ramming blades lay their ships hold bare.Steel meets steel, axes, broadsword and shield.
Their heads ride our spears and bodies cover the fields.
Maim and kill them, take the women and children.
Fallen brother as I hold closed your sideI fear this wound your last.
Mighty earth now doth drink your blood
And I remember days long past.
Your sacrifice so great, rest now take thy sleepFor you shall not awake, let revenge be sweet.
For when we march, your sword rides with me.
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For when we march, your sword rides with me.For when we march, your sword rides with me.
You who killed my brother and all who take your side
This be your last hour. Let your steel be tried.
Now turn to face me upon the timeless planeKill me if you can.
Death is life!
By the full moon they rise from their graves.
Through seas of blood, fighting with hell bent rage.Swear the creed of unity, by the circle of blood
We are one, we know not fear! Born to fight not run.
Maim and kill them, take the women and children.

Songwriters
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