

Under the Runes

Bathory

In great numbers we advance before dawn
By the great hail this great fight is born
Among the clouds now our black wings fills the air
No more frontlines the holy battle is everywhere Though death may await me on the battlefield
I die to go on but by the great hail I will go,
I am marching under the runes Countless victories we fight side by side
Deep down in the oceans on land and way up in the sky
Comed this far now there is no way back or return
If we do withdraw the horizon will seem to burn
Though death now is closing in on me
I die to go on but by the great hail I will go,
I am fighting under the runes Standing here now amidst the hell we have made
All signs of a wonder or to survive now seems to fade
But I am a fighter and I still have my pride
They are gonna have to kill, by my own hand I refuse to die Though now death is all that awaits me
I die to go on but by the great hail I will go
I am dying under the runes

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