

Attila

Jacques Bainville

He's ruled them for 20 years
And ravaged as their king
Conquest burns in his eyes
And ice shoots through his veins
Their leader's new ambition lies
Farther to the west
The empire that he seeks
The farther to the rest
Attila wants to take his place
Like the impetuous son
To make the entire world bow
To the kingdom of the Huns
Alliance has been made
With many others clans
Frank and Vandal forces
Held within his hand
And by Attila's hand, it's said
His brother met with death
To make his rule his legacy
He did his awful best
Ethel and Etzell
By many names he's known
But 'Scourge of God' is the one
That rings the darkest tone
Hell awaits behind Gaul's gates
The Romans stand only to fall
They will die by his sword
The Barbarian Lord
Attila hears victory call
Path of fire and plunder
Cities burn and crumble
Attila's fate beckons
He will come to conquer
Archers stand at ready
Centurions all together
Keep to your lines
And the Mongol's sure to falter
We will surely break them
We will overtake them
Fight till our deaths
Or the Christian's devastation
They won't overthrow us
God will stand before us
Show us the path
To the Hun's destruction
Sing to the sky, the battle cry
To propagate their fears
As terror is the weapon drawn
When battle has drawn near
And so the conflict is at hand
The gauntlet has been thrown

Contempt for the Christian reign
This poison seed now sewn And if by chance all is lost
Cut down by Roman steel
We'll suffer not as others have
Broken mind nor broken will Hell awaits behind Gaul's gates
The Romans stand only to fall
They will die by his sword
The Barbarian Lord
Attila hears victory call

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