

# Wapen

## Adorned Brood

They raise their fists into the sky  
Many didn't suffice to bring the death to some of them  
They prayed to Gods they died with pride  
Some of them sufficed to bring the death to all  
Their swords drilled into their skull  
The blades were hungry and now have to be sharpened  
And freed from strange blood  
Which is precious for the clairvoyance  
The barbarians prepare to leave now  
To get closer, to their aim

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>