

Dracole Wayda

Marduk

Back in Transylvania to be met by the news
Which struck the christian world as a blaze
Konstantinopel has fallen into the hands of the turks
And the emperor Konstantin is dead
The fear of the turks is growing but the sword of Dracul
Will show the muslims the reapers face
Vlad now took shelter in Sibiu so the coloured ones
Couldn't manage to get his head A servant of god in league with Satan
A christian crusader who made the angels cry
A defender of moral and faith with nature bread by hellspawn
As driven by demon forces his army the muslims and christians
defy But four years after his departure from the town Vlad appeared outside town
In the forests cold haze
His wallachian army slaughtered, tortured and plundered Sibiu
As raging demons terror they spread
Tearred apart, impaled on poles now ten thousand of his countrymen
into the afterworld gaze
Maimed and scattered a few survivors, always to remember this day
Out into the night fled A servant of god... Dracul now repair his castle which the tartars centuries ago
Made a rampaged place
"His clothes had to work til the clothes fell from their bodies"
An old chronicle said
>From Poenari Vlad rules with an iron hand and his strife for power
^?
Leaves a bloodstained trace
The boyars was gathered for a meeting and soon on poles
They dying bleed To cherish the souls In fear of divine punishment and hells embrace
Dracul raised abbeys and supported the church as a sign
To the godwill he god offered
But the mortals he by orgys of bloodshed and torture
Made clear that they Vlad had to praise
Eternal death to thee who had the nerv
To not the voivod and inquisitor dread A servant of god...

Songwriters

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