

# Furor Teutonicus

## Adorned Brood

The moon  
lets proudly glisten the warpaint  
and spikes  
the knights  
they stand  
over there  
watching in the dark  
are fearless  
while they think  
That could be  
the last beautiful night. Be willing to die and to kill  
the swords, axes and shields  
are shining dreadful in the moonlight  
then they raise their fists and scream  
their warcry  
Furor Teutonicus  
The horde blows the enemies  
the swords are drilled into the bastard's bodies  
axes chop off and split their heads  
the battle was won

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