

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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