As Torches Rise

Turisas

I take a look around,
The blood of our men has painted the ground
There are corpses lying everywhere
Some try to pray, some cry in despair
As our enemy cuts its way through our lines
Desperate thoughts take over our minds
Is this to be the end of our days?The overwhelming enemy
Rides our front lines down
With hate in their faces, with hate in their sound
Houndreds of men lying wounded on the ground
No one can help them,
To their destiny they're boundI think of my family, I think of my home
Interrupted by a fearful tone:
"We're practically dead, they'll slaughter us all!"
Through a cloud of dust I see our right wing fallThis cursed war will swallow us all
What will happen to our loved-ones,
The ones we're fighting for?
I will not stand and watch this army fall
We will fight back, hear us roarPull our lines together
Our fury is greater than the worst stormy weather
I grasp the sword in my hand, this is for my brothers,
This is for my land
With blood on my face to battle I ride
With dust in my eyes, with faith in my heart
Until death do us partFrom the skies a man came down to earth
He lead our way and rode first
How dark the night may seem
A new day always healsI stroll across the field, the morning has broken,
Our victory's been sealed
The hooves have plowed the ground to mud,
Familiar faces in ponds of blood
A snowflake lands on my face,
Melts and runs away
The sun rose red that day

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