

Still the Pipes Are Calling

Suidakra

[Music by Arkadius, Marcel; Lyric by Marcel][A nameless warrior:]

So long he is gone

With a pale servile face

His way led him through

A cold bloody hazeHis yell pierced the cold ghastly morning

As he raised his sword to fight evilSo like millions before

He died in his gore

And those who survived

Died in their minds

For those who failed to care

Were dead before

Who loves his sword even loves warFour children he left behind

With a mournin`mother

All their dreams return nevermore

Their world got lost - killed in warThere on the field, with dew on his eyes

His empty face stared up to the sky

One final breath curses his foes

No blessing for his beloved ones

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>