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

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