

Wrath of a Warchild

Altaria

From a land of frozen hearts
The messenger arrived
To tell them tears had turned to steel
And all the dreams had turned to dustThen came the drums of thunder
With pain and despair
And after it all was over
Something remainedThe name of the game is warThe wrath of a warchild
The anger inside keeps calling thee
The wrath of a warchild
The lord of the dark will set you freeDeep in the shadows of the night
The forces will hide out
Until it's time to lose control
Of the burning flame insideSwords made of glowing metal
Striking the cross
At the throne of an evil nation
Nothing is lost

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