

# Bred for War

## Dismember

Three hundred years has passed  
Time is ripe for return  
Back to the holy lands  
Where our souls yearn  
Across the barren waste  
Through the mists of space  
From sun to sun  
Who will win the race  
We are bred for war  
Heed the crusader call  
To claim the sacred prize  
The cradle of us all  
Like a sword we cut  
Through occupied lands  
Bringing justice and order  
To a lesser race  
We shall conquer you all  
And rule with an iron hand  
And then came the day  
Of cursed [unverified]  
Where seven was gathered  
Against a greater white  
Only one met success  
Through the firestorm  
We are bred for war  
Hear the Ghost bear roar  
We are bred for supremacy  
Fear the jaguar claws  
We breed to improve  
Feel the Jade falcons wrath  
We are bred for war  
We are bred for death

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