

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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