

# War of Kings

## Europe

I am coming from the edge of madness  
A northern mourns the world of men  
Gonna drive them into exile  
Or never let them breathe again On that night under the raging northern sky  
The seeds of legend lie  
Swollen almost to a man  
The war of kings began In a land thrown into darkness  
An army would arise  
The heathens died laughing  
At the kings bent his bone high On that night under the raging northern sky  
The seeds of legend lie  
Swollen almost to a man  
The war of kings began

Songwriters

Larsson, Joakim / Cobb, David / Leven, John Published by

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