

# Under Siege

## Witchking

Outside the walls  
An army awaits  
But in these halls  
We feel safe

Countless attacks  
We have repelled  
They won't turn back  
They cannot be quelled

Supplies are running low  
Starvation now awaits  
Reinforcements will not show  
They day is much too late

Broken and weak  
Never give in  
Prospects are bleak  
We can't win

There is no hope  
No time for lament  
End of the rope  
Our lives are spent

We have held out for months  
Hoping for relief  
Our fortress now our tomb  
And salvation now our grief  
We have held out for months  
Waiting for relief  
Our fortune's now our own  
This is destiny

Supplies are running low  
Starvation now awaits  
Reinforcements never showed  
As daylight starts to fade  
There's nothing left to lose  
We have run out of time

There is nothing left to chose  
Except how we shell die

Open the gates!  
Now we attack!  
Ride into fate!

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