Warlord

Stormwitch

Flashes of lightning
Destroyin' the peace of the night
On the horizon
There are great flames shining brightHe's armed, he's ready and willing
To stand and fight 'till the end
He's used to blood-shed and killing
Black Death is his best friendPain and torture, flames and slaughter
The smell of blood everywhere
Bleeding warriors, blood-stained armours
Dying fighters
When the Warlord's hot breath
Burns the airHe rules with terror
Mercy's a word he does not know
Wherever he stays
The sands of time are running lowHis mother was a volcano
She spat him out in a stormy night
His father was the rolling thunder
He taught him
"Son, you're born to fight"Pain and torture.....

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