

War of Kings (Live at Wacken 2015)

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

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Published by
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