On Torrid Sand

SuidAkrA

Thousands of conquered lands
Shining under the imperial sun
We who are about to die
Won't salute you and no victis honor
To the fallen ones

A call for encore
From far away

O here we stand
Figures of a game on torrid sand
Gird yourself for the next round of battles
For the need of excitement
And another glorious parade
We lay here dying appealing our fate

Countless are the chosen few who stood fast
Concealing their fear in the great uproar of cheers
When the die is cast

There's a beast of cruelty creeping all over the land
Nameless are the ones who were
Begging to live begging to save their lives

In a futile dream of a noble state
For only power could conquer fate

All it leaves is blood and dust on the ground
Storm clouds thunder in unison with the crowd

A call for encore
From far away
Screaming for more
From far away

Oh here we stand
Figures of a game on torrid sand
Oh here we go torturing our souls
On torrid sand

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