

Born for War

Onslaught

I was a child
when they took me away from my family
I remember long and frosty winter
and people looking hopelessly for food
from this ancient time
our cruel lord ordered us
to look as dogs eat christian children
we were standing together and
cold wind was freezing our faces
our blood was hot
we learned to worship death
we were the children of his favourite herd
future warriors, future wolves
our cruel lord ordered us to drink human blood
ordered us to eat human flesh
I got my first sword
I couldnt take it up easy
But i had to take it up
because I would be meat for dogs
I know the true code of life
spartan way of life, and draconian laws
I've grown as a warrior
close to nature, close to roots
now i'm the cruel
the last of the cruel lords herd
When i was a child, i knew the cruelty
I learned to hate everything I loved.

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