# Wartunes

## SuidAkrA

Cold and lifeless lay the plains of lore
Until finally silently a spirit evoke
And timeless clansmen rose
By the sound of the old
Celtic tunes of warRise
And feel the deadly breeze
The scent of burning flesh
For my blade thirsts for
Another warCurse of the might to take
Oh it`s a human bane
To fan the fires
To cause an higher aimHere we stand
Brothers in war
From the four
Winds of the landHigh on the hills
We stay proud and brave
For Freedom is a right
And serfdom a graveDeath to our foes
War!Legions of greed
Of fire and light
A thousand pikes
Fight as one manStorm like enraged
They fight `till they die
The one to enthrall
The other to survive

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