

Folkearth, The Crimson Wine of Battle

Pallid dawn arrives,
Sets a sickly sun alight
As we march in line
'Ere we embrace the fight!

Caught in our shields the light
Flashes a death's head white -
The enemy yonder is a shiver
With the cruel spell of fear!

A bitter taste's on my tongue,
A blackness pounds in my heart:
Revenge!

Wrought by sword, axe and spear,
Steeped in the havoc that is to come:
Revenge!

And when I vest my flashing sword
And my hand on judgment takes hold,
Warlord in the brooding sky above -
Count me among thy heroes of old!

"Battle-frenzy serves the brave
In skull-hewn cups of frothing red
The crimson wine of battle, the draught
Of immortality from the vineyards of war!"