

Artist: noctes

Title: Attila

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A noble szejke born and bred
Full loftily I held my head

Great Attila my sire was he
As legend he left to me.

A dagger, battleaxe and spear.
A heart to whom unknown is fear
A potent arm which often has slain
The tartar for in fields and plains

The scourge of Attila the bold
Still hangs among us as of old
And when this lash we swing on high
Out enemies are forced to fly

The szekle proud then learned to know
And strived to become his foe
For blood of Huns runs in his warm
And will know to wield his arm.