

[The saga of Attila the Hun (circa 406-53)]

My rage of mystery and terror raped the empire of Rome
On the fringes of the empire I will arrive
I serve the book of blood
The monster from darkness, a murderer with joy
I am the scourge of the gods, I am the King of Huns
With the imperial sword of doom I enjoy in terror
I am the plague of the thousand burning cities
With lust I eat the flesh of my enemies
Slaying my enemies I delight in war
Their blood gives me strength to slay the forces of Rome
We ride our war horses out of the great steppes of Asia
We bring the scourge of death upon the city of Naissus
King of Huns, terror of Rome
I am Attila, known as the scourge of God
Slay the defeated, chop off their heads
Of the parasites of the Great Hungarian Plain
We do not undeserve the reputation of cruelty
Devastating the city of Naissus
Gutters filled with blood
We are the mounted breath from hell
Blazing through the city as the prophecy of death
Their carcasses will be consumed to feast on our victory
I am the one you fear
I pave your path to hell with the skulls of Rome
I curse the temple of Jupiter
I smash the face of Mars