

Showdown

Ancient Bards

Shyly I think of my father
and the words that he used to say:
"Every fighter knows that he's stronger
when there's just peace to rule his mind."
Like a lightning passing through the sky
their true meaning is so clear right now.

Slowly I move in a circle,
while I search for
the balance in me.
In this state of stillness and blessing
I know who I am and what I can do.
In my hand the sword he gave to me,
this same hand will make him proud, you'll see.
In my mouth the bitter taste of blood,
I won't stop 'til he lies face in mud.

I saw you in the forest,
I heard you scream his name,
your stupid whining made me
sick and nervous.
I could have spared you the sight,
but why remove the fun?
You needed a true lesson
to become the man that you are now.

Sendor's face is rabid and tense,
it's as if his skin's electrically charged
for it sends sparks to the magic sword
in an endless cycle of energy.
His ever growing strength is far superior
than anything seen before!

You judge me, my pain you don't understand.
I told you, you will die like your dad.

Don't call his name, for him I will get revenge.
I'm here, ready, feel how sharp is my blade!
You had to use a dragon to have me killed
and since it failed can you do it yourself?

Aren't you tired of
the nonsense you say?
Your intimidations don't work with me.
One way or the other
I'm gonna see Surod anyway!

The rivals strike each other,
the silver blade prevails,
the crystal sword gets shattered into pieces.
So Daltor with a swift move,
no space for second thoughts,
shouts: "This is for my father!"
then he pierces Sendor through his heart.

Sendor's face is peaceful and calm,
it's as if all evil has left his soul
and though his eyes
were touched by the death
they sure look more human
and more alive.
His ever growing strength
was far superior
than anything seen before!