

Silver And Bones

Crimfall

Gone in all but gilded name
And line of sired kin
With bonds of honor, acceded claims
Inscribed to far more elder skin

Bred to war, like father like son
Revenge revived, we stand as one

Steep were the facades of fate
Retribution sought to invade
Like moths to flame, dull the blade
Against the walls assailed

Forage the fields
What blood they yield
Graves shall fall to seed
When done is my feast
God dines alone
On silver and bones

In defeat and loss, like father like son
None but strangers, you stand as one
Embalmed in silence, withdrawn...