

## For Honour and Land

Adorned Brood

So I once rode  
with sword and shield  
the path of my fate  
destiny

upwards the rock of eternity  
with a countenance  
stiff from pain  
the summit seems far

yet is it  
no severe ride

The weaker I get, the louder my end's  
shouts grow  
The brave nag trotting  
leads me  
of this life, but  
where then to?  
The blood we let, makes our path  
divine