

Iron of Death

Battlelore

It came from the skies
Iron of the Flaming Star
Remade in a time of sorrow
To cast the grief

I shall ablaze the skies
As I lay down my wrath
Upon your worthless lives
Pawns of the Gold-Worm

I wield the iron
Reforged for blood
I am not riding alone
Death is by my side
Black is the sword
For your filthy kin
Black is your final sight
Before you die

I wield the iron
There is nothing to lose
Thirst of my sword
Drives me forth
I wield the curse
Of death and tears
Ill is my fate
Until the end

It hungers glory
Hunt down the Golden
It yearns dragon's blood
Drink from its heart

It is prophesied
There will be a battle
Before the world's end
When the fallen heroes
Shall rise and breathe again
From the last dying light
And the Great Enemy
Faces the Iron of Death