

The Wanderer

Battleroar

No feast at the table
My master and brothers are all lost
No one left able
To toast to the gods
Remember thy father
My sword will aveng him at all costs
Doomed to wonder this age of chaos

Watch well what your tongue speaks
When making an oath unto the gods
Be prepared to bleed
All lies have their cost
I sail the seven seas
In search of the dreams that have been lost
Cursed to wander this age of chaos

Each night I do ponder
I gaze at the stars and sing my song
Destined to wander
This age of chaos