

# The Swordsmen

## Carpathian Forest

From the thunder and the storm  
Another winter has sneaked upon me again.  
There's something strange going on here  
on these great cold coastals lines.

The grim vision of Chaos  
upon mankind  
and life itself.  
Nights of black candles  
and gallons of strange old brew.  
Changing suit into gold.  
(Repear verse 1)  
The grip of frost  
and the winds from the north.  
Lurking beneath  
the surface of the coastal horizon.

Banners of War.  
Banners of the Apocalypse.  
Hatred towards mankind and life itself.  
Violence is fashion

The graveyard soil is changing to stone,  
so many of its deaths had been midwinter.  
The blinding snowdrifts.  
The subzero temperature.