

A Dead Man's Tale

Coronatus

Bring me my bow, bring my arrows
Bring me my spear, clouds unfold...
Bring my chariot of fire, my sword of desire,
eternity grows old

nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
until my spirit is veiled on one cold winter's dream,
and my breath will withstand

Over and over I feel the silence
memories passing away
Whispering voices, they guide my blindness
Going astray

Through the wind and the fire, we're fighting, together
My longing for battle has guided my way
Now I feel like I'm stranded, I'm lost here forever
My longing for battle is passing away

While we're flying along with our shadows,
the whispers of brave start to fade
Speak to me your last words, even though it will hurt, just before
it is too late

In my life, I have seen good and bad times
In the end it's all up to the brave
Where the kings and the horses, the knights and wild forces will
rest in their graves

Trace in the snow, signs of shining presence
Secrets are lost in the haze
Dark mystic dreams rouse around my absence
eon outweighs

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