

# 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  
none outweighs

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