

The Writ Of Sword

Crimfall

Can we truly claim that war isn't the heart unchained
The will and the action performed in their purest form
As reach of god's arm is always the blade of his followers
This was and ever shall be the writ of the sword

Hard is toll of life's decay,
with breaths withering we all shall pay,
see hoards run thinner by the day
wealth falls to dust on winding way

Why returns a man,
to field where he fell
barrows he fears less than a single farewell
Why kneels a man,
on ruins of one throne,
when blood of her sons did build it alone

First to reave, blood cleanse the grief
No dust drown the hate nor guilt shall relieve
Why then are my dreams of war
And war dreams of me

Witness, the writ of sword

In guise of man and his law
Redeem the road beneath us all

Banner clad spears in thousands wreath
Fallen seethe on hooves beneath
Horns blow the length of man's breath
Ride the path to gates of death
the writ of the sword