

# The Ghost Sword (Attila)

Dark Moor

The moment came now  
His brother died  
And he became his people's guide  
Though was suspicions  
Of fratricide  
Behind him they ride

They all know the legend  
Who bears the ghost sword  
Brings the world an age end  
And must be it's lord  
Thinks his feats the legend  
In fire will record

Like a wild blasphemer  
Out of all control  
A little of a dreamer  
A little a free soul  
It's Rome his first goal

And then, a stranger  
Came to the horde  
Unafraid of sure danger  
Gave the ghost sword  
To the most adored

Recitation  
He has come already  
To the city gates  
His decision's made  
He's not to dissuade  
But the Pope is ready  
There to imprecate:  
"Don't be so steady and capitulate!"

He how speaks of crudeness  
Love and Jesus' sake  
And he feels that goodness  
Inside his awakes  
To take what you wouldn't is  
Always a mistake