

The Sound of the Blade

Dark Moor

Lowering clouds in the sky aglow
Darken my shield of victory
Is my fate doomed to hell on earth?
A shift in the wind guides me to to home
I stare in the mirror now
Who is that under my bloody mail?
I bury my lance and I kneel on this field
I rend the air with my old sword
I commend my soul to God
I?m fatally hurt but not by a knight
When I hear the sound of the blade
I recall all the blood shed in vain
I bury my lance and I knell on this field
I rend the air with my old sword
I commend my soul...
Wherever I turn my eyes I only see the lives
I shattered and they'll never find the path of the sun
Wherever I turn my head I only see the dead
I left behind, they'll never find the path of the sun