

Upon The Highlands I Fought

Deinonychus

Down from the hills, we came like wolves..
My blade sung for glory
Adrenaline coursing through my veins
My eyes shone bright in fury
Of the clans we numbered thousands
Our war-cry as one breath
Victory or death!

Throughout the battle my prowess grew
My steel tasted blood
Enemies cowered before me
And with my sword became as one
Until I felt a piercing in my chest
As my soul was claimed by death
Into nothingness!

Then I awoke
From a sleep of centuries
Nothing left
But some painful memories

The times I beheld with sword in hand are over
The times I walked the highlands are now gone
And now I long for those proud days more than ever.