

Sound Of A Horn

Demether

With his eyes on the clouds
He prays to the Gods
To live next few moments well
To be worth his father`s name

Past time is on his mind
His first fight in the War
Bright was the day
And now the rain is pouring down

And when he falls,
Other men will take his place
To stand on wind and rain

On the hill he waits
For the sign of his king
To run to the valley to fight
Brave, young man
Take a sword in your hand
Hear a sound of a horn
And fight until the end