

Days Of High Adventure

DoomSword

Sword at side or pen to write
Our weapon in our heart more than in our hand

To fall in the line or stand back to sing
We witnessed the glory of many heroes' end

We've marched aside the greatest of all
Whoever that is only the soul can tell
We sang for those who could never rest
The Days of High Adventure
In our chests, will never end

Aeons long gone and places unseen...
Our life is lost between what will be and what has been

Commanding a fleet or sounding a charge
Our souls will fill with ecstasy when we draw our swords

We'll never forget when we reigned on Aquilonia
Or fought aside the Albino Prince
Wear the Ring, Ride the Dragon, draw the Sword out of the Stone
And blow your last breath into the Horn!

We've always been there
We are the Riders of Doom
One fate: Sword and Shield
In Days of High Adventure
We are born to die on the battlefield