

# 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