

For Those Who Died With Sword In Hand

DoomSword

I look to my land this one,
The last time should be a desperate deed
I will mire my blood with sand,
The steel is now in me this cold blade
That gives me death
And all I see is the blood
From my wounds,
Blinding me,
The death which I will have
Should grant me the glory I sought
For my breed shall proclaim
How glorious was their elder one,
This is my end
I proudly mix my blood with sand...
No! Do not crave for those
Who died with sword in hand,
I look to my land this one,
The last time should be a desperatate deed
I will mix my blood with sand
My battle ends here
Every one witnessed I had no fear
With honour I fought
Don't cry for those who died this way,
The death which I will have
Should grant me the glory I sought
For my breed shall proclaim
How glorious was their elder one,
This is my end
I proudly mix my blood with sand,
No! Do not crave for those
Who died with sword in hand.