

## 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.