

Song Of The Black Sword

DoomSword

Against the horizon stands
The dark commander's shape
Detachedly he beholds
The army swarming on the low plateau

The shrieking note of his sword
Vibrates through dimensions and time
Impending the implacable fate
The blade rises, the end begins.

At his final sign - War shall be
Command of Death
Watch the blade rise - to the sky
The Sword of Doom!

Unbeknownst to them,
Soldiers are ordered to die
The wind reaps lives on the field
As the dark blade defies the sun

The world to and end
The blade slowly gets lowered
When you're Fate's Eyes and Voice,
The bearing the Sword is not a choice.

At his final sign - War has been
Command of Death
The blade now forced into the ground
The Sword Of Doom!