

## Warriors and Saints

Firewind

No agreements, or common grounds  
Just fallen empires, with broken crowns  
The streets are vacant, no life to be found.  
But what's the point to rule, when there's no one left around?

The tyranny of freedom, the choices all at hand  
Are left to be decided by the wealthy and the grand  
This reign of evil must soon be taken down

Justice soon will be done  
All forsaken must believe

Warriors and saints defending honor  
Fighting for the equity of man  
These warriors I follow with a blind faith  
Deep into the trenches of the final battle

Risen from the ashes, a man of mortal soul  
Has taken it upon himself to defend the young and old  
Their cries for guidance will not be overheard

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