

# Shadows of the Dead

Forefather

The heart hangs heavy of a warrior overcome  
Twigs break beneath my feet as I make the long way home  
When the time for duty came the fear was clear in their eyes  
Their painful howls will ring when they see just I survive  
My kinsmen lay behind me, prostrate in open graves  
Cold and still, bereft of life, the field-of-slaughter's prey  
As daylight wanes and birdsong fades I ponder what befell  
Laid back on my bed of leaves I curse that I still dwell

Shadows of the dead bathe the field at sunset  
Echoes of the slain haunt the dawn at daybreak

As dawn's embrace approaches and breaks my somber dreams  
I call to mind our falling flag, my brethren's final screams  
The harrowing sounds of conquest still pierce my troubled soul  
As bent beneath the weight of grief I grimly wander on

Some are born to thrive, others doomed to die  
As fate decrees, the threads proclaim  
The path an arrow flies, a spear-thrust parried or true  
A kingdom saved, or a tribe enslaved  
The web that wyrd will weave, the outcome fortune deems  
Joys unbound, or a burial mound  
Courage that lasts or fails, the wind on hostile sails  
Sorrow's tears or blissful cheers