

Spears of Faith

Forefather

Ye who seek my downfall, fingers locked in prayer, know my raging steel!

Though your hands be empty, god's will is your blade
I will slay you swiftly

Wails on the wind, striking at my soul
Swaying the threads of my fate
Their cowardly cries inspire my vengeance
Hope sundered, icons smashed

With your incantations you hurl spears of faith, slyly plot against me
In your pious raiment, virtue is your mail
But there's no salvation

Those who dare to hinder the lord of Degsa's stone
My ruthlessness will mute their whispered pleas
Hopelessly beseeching behind a feckless shield
Heaven's grace shall offer no reprieve