

The 13th Warrior

Gothic Knights

Sailing on a sea of trouble, our backs are to the sun
The thickest fog we've ever seen fell without a sound
We're up against an ancient force that's never been brought down

A tired king, a desperate land, broken and burden bound

Forwarding into battle is when we come alive
Sharpened swords and eyes cold as ice
The fear we face we know we may not survive
Only death can stop the fire burning in our hearts

Stepping onto foreign sand
A naked child runs our way bringing blood upon his hands
An ancient evil that all men dread
We hope and pray for the angel of death

The night has come we lie in wait watching with all eyes
The silence of the midnight hour waiting for a sign
Shadows pass within the walls we never would have seen
If not for the chosen prince the man from the east

Caught out in the rain side by side we fight
Letting all the hate the fury rise
Driving hard as thunder cracks up in the sky
Only death can stop the fire burning in our hearts

Hunting down the enemy
Beyond the cliffs we find the lair, the home of the beasts
Walking in so silently
They had no clue we walked among them dead in their sleep

The light of day is here again
The curse is lifted, now we set our sails to the west
As we sail back home again
We see the king sitting on his throne with sword in his hand