

Dance of Axes and Swords

Graveland

From inside a large plan glade
From where seems the sun to rise
Echoed tunes of songs of battle
Which lull thousand weapons in air
And dance axes and swords

Rumble the tinkling of blades
Roar a pandemonium of voices
Warriors shout outcries on winds
Exult their immortal olden prides
And dance axes and swords

Blood rain from their bodies
As the dance involves
Grass turns from green to red
Sun is gone, shines bloody the moon
And dance axes and swords

Wolves observe, waiting a prey
Ravens above, flying in circles
Horns sound from the top of hill
Victorious warriors rejoice and march
It's ended the dance of axes and swords