

Dark Chivalry

Howling Syn

We'll meet the beast with our hands on fire
The kingdom lays upon them
The winds will carry clouds and ships
But the crown stands on the force of our breath

On our curse lays our hope
On our spells lays our war
In our eyes flows our destiny
Your dark chivalry brings light to my soul

There is a spark in the eye of the beloved
And a becoming in their sword
But still the howling of the trees
Holds the gaze of the north wind's love

Evil curse, evil spells
Our destiny lies on dark chivalry

Run through the winter like a black wolf
But first cross the sins of the angels
And though the night is out of snow
There'll still be time for this cold blooming