

Cold Is the Blade (And the Heart That Wields It)

Jag Panzer

On the battlefield we fight with all our might
Valor and honor is our right
The bloody battlefield where men and sons have tried
To stand for what is good and what is right

Only the steel will win the day
Cold sword of the brave (Cold is the blade)
Pure hearts bring us to truth
Is it the heart of the brave or the cold of the blade

The hand of death has choked me many times
I've denied the reaper of this prize
The chill of death freezes me at night
I entrust the mighty steel held high

I've stood upon the moors, looked over many lands
That were conquered by the brave and their might
Searching for the answer, the riddle of the steel
What will win the day and take the fight

The power within us stronger than any steel
Wages battle and brings us peace
Souls of our fathers, their blood we carry on
We meet again our final release