(Dedicated to the men of honour, who bravely fought the servants of christ)

Facing down into The blood-soaked soil The prong pierces my neck As it's only a swords length away From the years to come My words are dripping red I drink my pride As I shall close my eyes No more The prong twists in the gap of flesh Facing down into The blood-soaked soil I swear to all of which I possess And I swear to all of which I am To abhor the fear I deny And the years to come Are only a swords length away I deny