He sees the night in fire Swords that cross in the wind His glance of eyes Empty, staring bright

The warrior is silent He's coming to return Always running straight Straight into the fight

His swords is at his side The power is born in the night Journey to hell will come

He doesn't know the word "to lose"
In war he has no friends
He has to reach his destination
All alone, he battles his way through

Heroes never die

Next day on the battlefield
The last enemies stand tall
But he has the power alone
He is ready to defeat them all
He sees the night in fire
Swords that cross in the wind
His glance of eyes
Empty, staring bright

His swords is at his side The power is born in the night Journey to hell will come

He doesn't know the word "to lose"
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