

Silver And Steel

Miracle Of Sound

Throughout the crooked kingdoms I watch the weather change
The clouds collide on either side As nations rearrange

A silver mane adorns me My steel is fluid and fast
They shun my ways, avoid my gaze A fugitive outcast

There is no pain I can feel True retribution I deal
Through silver and steel

Silver and steel

Deadly dark elixirs Caustic, curdled, sour Wound and weave and
carve and cleave Engulf my guts in power

By tome or trial I master The secrets of the beast
By trap or burst now be dispersed From torment be released

There is no pain I can feel True retribution I deal
Through silver and steel

Silver and steel

Better make way when the Witcher comes Srebro i stal
Better make way when the Witcher comes Srebro i stal

I bear no love for counts or kings Or nobles' taunts and tricks
I have no will to share their thrill For tiresome politics

I hunt my wayward memories For pieces of the past
As fragments fade I clutch my blade And visit visions vast

There is no pain I can feel True retribution I deal
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