

Warriors Of Claymore

The Claymore

Used to be deprived, their promise now revoked.
These are short-lived, senses now provoked...

Only one, they say, survived,
In his home heralds have arrived.
A hope they brought, revived,
A plot has been contrived!

When darkness sweeps the land,
He has the weapon in the hand.
Now he stands!

Two yellow roses everyone's received
For their mothers that once felt grieved.
To raise the pride with laugh that hollows
And tear the fear that follows,

He brings sorrow to these lands
And leads the enemies of our ancestor's wants!
He is coming to disturb the piece,
Bestow honors on these.

Coming from behind,
Fall with you into disgrace,
This is how he ran his race!
As a nightmare of ice,
Despiteful believed forgotten lies, lies, lies...

I can feel the poison climbing though his veins
And that's all that remains for his disdains.

To raise the pride with laugh that hollows
And tear the fear,
I bow my head with love that shallows
But don't raise a tear...

Hidden beneath the march of shadows
I cry! He came to die, hear my cry!

After darkness swept the land,
He lost the weapon in the sand,
So now he cannot stand!
We'll stand!

Glumness lost inside a flower,
Gnarled face I see every hour...
Prophecies clash...

I fall to kiss the land
Of my ancestors - the warriors of claymore!

Ugly trees, bleed for these,
There was not a gentle breeze!
In that shivering cold by a sage old
I was told he was sold!
And I fold, I fall

To kiss the land of my ancestors,
The warrior's descendants.