

## How Heavy This Axe

## The Sword

So many men have fallen  
So many more must die  
Cut down like wheat beneath a scythe  
And though our limbs may weary  
Of ripping, slashing, cleaving blows  
We face an endless host of foes

How heavy this axe  
Burden carried from birth  
Wrought in stygian visions  
By the gods of the earth

Upon the hallowed mountain  
The gods convene  
To mourn the death of our ancient queen  
Keepers of sacred fire  
Awaken from your sleep  
Drink from the cup of memory

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