## Lords

The Sword

The lords of the passes are arming their vassals You'll find no shelter that way
The conscripts they've taken have never returned And our hopes fade with each passing day

The gates of the keeps are all closing And broken men wander the road The farmers have fled to the forests Burning their fields as they go

The dukes of the marches have ordered their archers To shoot all outlanders on sight Turn back your horses before it's too late There'll be no safe crossing this night

Hear the horns, pounding hooves Visions of cities aflame Wailing cries, dawn of doom Die by the sword or in chains

Men kneel in temples of madness
False prophets spread discord and fear
Darkness descends once again
They say the lords of the last days rule here