

With Veins Afire

Waylander

A brooch upon his ample chest
Bedecked in simple splendour
Glistening fear upon his brow
His mouth as dry as bone
Sharpened sword his father bore
Strapped to his side so proud
Virgin blood enters the fray
Onward to fatal embrace

And with a sound like the heavens bursting asunder

Shield upon shield
Blade upon blade
Flash of spear
Lifeblood flowing
And in the midst of it all
Pungent stench of fear

With veins afire
I will kill
With veins afire
I will maim
With veins afire
I exalt in the letting of blood
With veins afire
I revel in the crimson spray

The heart knows how it feels to beat wings like a bee
Darkening mists which make it much clearer to see
Nothing can halt the dance while he is in motion
To overcome tastes to him sweeter than any potion

Glistening scarlet globules leaving trails upon the air
Savage and unyielding, maim and overcome
Grisly sense of satisfaction, my dark side reigns.