

Hold The Sword

Whispered

Behold the signs of the never-ending war,
the furious screams of the gods
As the nightfall sets to the distance,
the blood of the warriors light the sky
This moment is ready to be ruined,
by those who dishonor the blade
As he looks into their eyes he sees fear;
the bleeding wounds are no excuse

No Excuse!

Even those who lead the way,
show fear in their hearts
Time has come for the One to rise
to show where courage is, when it can't be found

The birth of the child of war,
the one who will define the way,
for those who shall be carrying the blade till the end of days

Fate only smiles to the wise,
who put themselves aside
Who are ready to die, embrace the form
of honor in its purest form,
the honor of dying,
as you're holding the sword

Fight!
Like the last man in the night,
holding the front alone, and the
Fear!
Shall be no more if the one's prepared
to hold the sword
Hold the sword!

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Tales shall be written in his honor, his
cause will define a man. The strongest of all
will bow to him, the child of the god of war.