

3 Inches Of Blood "Swordmaster"

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Born with shining steel in hand, fighting's all you know
Mastering the blade, to kill those who betray
With skill and deadly grace, severed heads erase
A wrong that has been done, only death can overcome

Master of the blade, wielder of the steel
With iron fury, killer fire and speed
With his mighty sword he reaps his vengeance
Coming from the depths to right a wrong
From the depths of Hell
To deal his wrath

Swordmaster, bounty hunter for the damned

Stand and Fight - Kill or Die

His blade is gleaming and from it blood is streaming

None shall survive beyond the light of dawn
None shall survive beyond morning light

Vengeance served with cold delight, bodies split in two
Bone and sinew spray for debts that come to be repaid
Bloodlust in your mind, the painful truth is what they'll
find
The course is at an end, to Hell is where he sends you

Swordmaster, bounty hunter for the damned

Stand and Fight - Kill or Die

The master moves on, keeping the balance of the
world
Crusher of souls and ruler of Hell

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