Abused Majesty
"The Path Of Sword"

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Among the inaccessible hills, the land of the oldest people
In the fortified fortress, the temple of Stony Rings
Chosen sons of the Earth and it's defenders,
And the tree of life Ledian were prepared to fight

They died always in the same way
It was heroic death in battle
But among them there was one
Who was supposed to be a knight
He was called the Son of the Three
As no one knew his real parents
Being born with the birthmark
Of the Spirit of the World

Who died in the same day and in the same hour
He was taken away from his parents and given
To the three old men from the black mountain
His education was coming to an end

It was the day of duel
Four hundred of the temple's young defenders
Were fighting with the skilled warriors,
The invaders of their native land - now the prisoners
Kept and looked after for this time

Who were promised freedom if provided they won the duel
They faced the bloody test, shedding the blood on the battlefield
None of the captives regained freedom, none of them defeated
The young defender, the tree of life Ledian in a direct battle

Father, take this sacrifice from me, and if you do,
I will become your warrior for ages
Lead my mighty arm
To the glory of Ledian defenders

Ojcze przyjmij tÃª ofiarÃª ode mnie,
JeÂœeli jÂ¹ przyjmiesz, pozostanÃª na zawsze twym

sÂ³ugÂ¹

The Son of the Three's
Long sword firstly deprived
A young soldier's body of it's arm
Blood gushed profusely on the ground
Beneath the warriors' legs
The next blow separated
The head from the trunk
And it rolled on the battlefield

Marking it's trace with a bloody path, the young
barbarian lifted it
And holding it by it's hair, drunk the blood to quench
his thirst...
Later on he removed it's skin
Not being aware that the King of Snakes
Was born
In his soul