

Battlelust

"The Sword Of Death"

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Here I stand in my tower, clothed in marble and ebony
And from my tower I behold my vast infinite kingdom
The shadows reveal flocks of wolves hunting in the
night
Warlords gather their armies of destruction and hate

My tower, my supreme black work of art
A gateway to the everlasting fields of eternity
Where forests stand proud and evergreen
Where the wolves join me for nocturnal hunt
Where the soil is untouched by holy hands
Where the mountains stand tall, pantheons as they are

The dark ocean reflects beams of moonlight
The night reveals memories of an ancient past
I travel with the wolves, I fly with the ravens
I gain ancient knowledge buried by time and dust

In the black mountain up ahead lies the dreaded caves
The caves which conceals the sword of death
Waiting for it's rightfull owner, waiting to be used in
war
I reach for the sword, my fingers clutches the swordhilt
As the ancient past opens up before my eyes

I return to my tower, in my hands lies the sword of
doom
The sword that means the death of the hordes of light
The sword that means the arrival of the dark age

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