

Crystal Stilts

"The Last Axeman"

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[I.]

He was the chosen one,
Code of honour
Ruled in his life.
Shining axe was his sign
And sword -held high!
Gloves of metal!
Didn't die by the blade,
A treachery
Of mother earth,
Took him away tonight.
Prince of darkness,
Where is your blade!

[Ref.]

Ride, into glory!
The last axeman, left his shield
Eternal!
Immortal!
The Axeman!

My fallen brother!
Now his soul will ride with me
The warrior!
Avenger!
The Axeman!

[II.]

Now, on the battlefield
We stand without
Your battle cry.
Out fallen brother!
I took your axe,
And in your name
To the battle I ride!
I remember
Your blood and sweat.
Your axe is now held high,
Your flame will burn,
This is your blade!

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