

Doomsword

"Days Of High Adventure"

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Sword at side or pen to write
Our weapon in our heart more than in our hand.

To fall in the line or stand back to sing
We witnessed the glory of many heroes' end.

We've marched aside the greatest of all,
Whoever that is only the soul can tell.
We sang for those who could never rest
The Days of High Adventure,
In our chests, will never end.

Aeons long gone and places unseen...
Our life is lost between what will be and what has been.

Commanding a fleet or sounding a charge
Our souls will fill with ecstasy when we draw our
Swords

We'll never forget when we reigned on Aquilonia,
Or fought aside the Albino Prince,
Wear the Ring, Ride the Dragon, draw the Sword out of
The Stone
And blow your last breath into the Horn!

Days - of - high - adventure (x2)

We've always been there
We are the Riders of Doom
One fate: Sword and Shield
In Days of High Adventure
We are born to die on the battlefield.

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