

Doomsword "Sacred Metal"

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I'm coming on the wind
To tell the story of two men
In the hands of a foreign king
They have been forced to sing
For a foreign god
Listen to the wind it tells the story
Of these men who fought
Chosen by the fate to bring
The signs of their king high
Searching for new places to fight
In the name of glory
They've been waiting for a long time
To wield their swords of doom
The gods have chosen them
To show the greatness of their faith
Tied tortured and beaten
Chosen to be proved or killed
But even in those days
They're not afraid to die because of
Sacred Metal are made our Swords

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