

Doomsword "The Great Horn"

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From my infinite journey I, at last, return
To my native lands, of the ancient gods of old

Under a boulder I found the legendary great horn
The moment is here to fight for the harp of gold.

Warriors
From all of the nation come to answer the call
Warriors
The moment of truth is here, the nation calls.

It's magical power I will release onto the land
And summon the army at my father's command.

Foes as black as bog oak and brown as wet sand
The nation arises once again, a proud last stand.

Warriors
From all of the nation come to answer the call
Warriors
The moment of truth is here, the nation calls.

And what I thought was destined to remain a memory
Before my eyes became splendid truth

All the heroes of the tales of old are now gathered
By the sound of the Great Horn.

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