

Bloodthorn

"The Day Of Reckoning"

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They gathered in the morning twilight, ten thousand
mortal men
With banners held high to the sky, and eyes that
gleamed with pride
Their hail was carried through the air as the king
addressed the crowd
He spoke of the battle soon to come, and how the day
world end in glory
They all hearkened to his wisdom and in their souls a
hope was lit
And with his words still ringing in their ears they
marched... onwards into battle

The morning silence was broken by ten thousand
marching men
Unknowing of what the day might bring their hearts all
beat with strength
The day of reckoning was finally here, the slavery
would end
with dreams of freedom they rose their heads and
stared into the sun
A cold pale void on the freezing sky, bearly breaking
through the dust
High above it's fading light lead the way... onwards into
battle
Before them laid a cold grey desert, a landscape void
of life
The portal of the tower stared like the black eyes of the
night
The tower stood as a spike thrust straight in to the
heart of heaven
As struck down in to the mountain by giants of the past

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