

Funeral For A Friend

"Checkmate In Blood"

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Hear the call of battle-horns
The ones that warn of dark crusades
Charms of strength and standards of war
The night has blessed our mithril blades

And my restless soul that yearns for melee
Shall conquer the minions of lesser known lands
Bloodlust and frenzy as I wield my sword
The blood of the ages stains my hands

Out in the darkness there's so much rage
Valhalla awaits for I've proven myself
When the battle ends on the blighted plains
The call is heard on the ancient hills

Checkmate my friend
The day is mine
The king now rots face down in the mud
The game is done
Victory is mine
Checkmate my friend, checkmate in blood

A clash of steel, a splash of blood
Soak the ground with crimson floods
Enemies die, victory calls
Where will the king in battle fall

Upon my steed when all is done
I say farewell to absent friends
So bravely they fought and died
Now onto bigger wars
Where a second game begins

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