

Hammers Of Misfortune "You Should Have Slain Me"

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To die you left me
You should have slain me
I stand before you
Now you shall face me

I am the bastard
Of your carousing
I am the true heir
And your undoing

Father your henchmen
And lackeys surround me
Cast not the first stone and you
Shall be saved

Lies! You foul wretch!
For I have no heir
What I do by night
Is my affair!

From your words
It's clear that you're insane
Now! For your life
You must prove your claim

Round the fires the Thralls
Pursue their folly
Prophecies and foolish tales of old
Of an ax the elders tell a story

When the Ax is freed from hell
A single stroke shall break the spell
When the Ax is free again
A brutal reign shall meet its end

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