Ironik "Way Of The Barbarian"

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Cimmerian, son of Crom
Last one standing of a noble race
Free barbarian that knows no master
Trust the sword as his only faith

Way of the barbarian Way of the barbarian

He has no gods to worship No maid to comfort on his arms Like the wolf who licks his wounds Feelings gone ripped from his heart

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Oh the path isn't always clear Learnt to change not the past Nothing gained without pain A bright future will rise at last

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