

Ironsword

"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

Way of the barbarian
Way of the barbarian

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

Way of the barbarian
Way of the barbarian

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