

Mistweaver

"Wanders Of The Battlefield"

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We stand alone in the battlefield
Our banners wave proud at the chilling wind
With fear we fight there're tears in our eyes
Awaiting a faith that scares- we cry

The flames from the hills and the smoke in the air
Are shaking our hearts we're waiting for death
No hope remains, our lives are condemned
Doomed to perish forgotten 'till death

There's nothing to fight for, there's nothing to do
The voices of pain will silence our brains
Echoes through the valleys, echoes through the nights
A lost call for help of a horn that fell

A song will be written, a song will be sung
Telling the story, forgetting the names
The memories of those ones whose facts will survive
Eternally deep in the hearts with thee

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