

## **River Of Change "Omen Of Knell"**

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Thunders and lightning all over the land  
The sword is tightly held in the hand  
The sight grew dim, the fog is strong  
So far away sounds a horn

Chill and mud into the surcoat  
It's just the fear that you still scorn  
Come on my braves, we'll write history  
What's fundamental is victory

Cuttin' blow gives me so much honor  
Hundred times my sword brings the death  
Deep in the wounds, I push the steel  
I gaze the ground, the warriors I kill

Using the blood of the enemy killed  
We'll get stronger each death we bring  
Come on my blade give me what I need  
The rage is on

Warriors and knights they're still fighting  
Villages in flames and women that cry  
Can you hear the stroke of the bell?  
Listen with care it is an omen of knell

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