

Dark Moor

"The Sound Of The Blade"

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Lowering clouds in the sky aglow
Darken my shield of victory
Is my fate doomed to hell on earth?

A shift in the wind guides me to to home
I stare in the mirror now
Who is that under my bloody mail?

I bury my lance and I kneel on this field
I rend the air with my old sword
I commend my soul to God

I'm fatally hurt but not by a knight
When I hear the sound of the blade

I recall all the blood shed in vain

I bury my lance and I knell on this field
I rend the air with my old sword
I commend my soul...

Wherever I turn my eyes I only see the lives
I shattered and they'll never find the path of the sun
Wherever I turn my head I only see the dead
I left behind, they'll never find the path of the sun

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