

Deeds Of Flesh "Hammer-Forged Blade"

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Born of power and steel
With the anger and will of many men
Fighting for his kind from power within
With death's cold waiting hands

Forged long ago
Wrapped around in swirling flames
Hardened by my enemies' blood
Wealth shaped by my swinging blade
The battle-forged grip of a seafarer
Risen from the darkness of war
Dripping with my enemies blood
Glory cut by my mighty sword
And the shining iron edge's might

My Hammer-Forged blade
Bloodthirsty and ready for battle
Striking fear over my enemy's spear
I tear the life from their bodies
My bladework, they'll never forget

My bladework, they'll never forget
And death's cold grip
Dragging them in a corpse-like way

When the battle horn sounds
With an angry sword
I beat back the enemy horde
Towards death's cold waiting hands

My weapon and its fury, its precision
An extension of my person
Barbaric rage fuels the might
From which it's driven
Mauling all before its path

Weary of their vanishing lives
My iron hacks through the air
Chopping with my hammer-forged blade
Ending their lives
Their heads roll at my side
I tear the life from their bodies

With an angry sword
Driven into oblivion
None survive

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