

Symphony In Peril

"Accolade Ii"

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On a cold and misty night,
A ring of torches light the hallowed ground

In the reflection of a sword
Where his father's laid to rest
He sees his destiny and he swears up to the sky -
"You will not have died in vain"

On the field - with sword and shield
Until only the righteous prevail
Amidst the din of dying man's wails
War is waged - and the battle will rage
From the shadows comes a man,

Returning to his land - Winds of change
Taint the sweet smell of home

And all around him, he can see
"I will stand and fight... Will you?"
The pain and misery

A heart of gold pumps within his metal skin
This tyrant's reign is through
A noble line he carries on
On the field - with sword and shield
Amidst the din of dying man's wails
War is waged - and the battle will rage

Until only the righteous prevail

I wish to stay... to be here with you
You were my strength... How can I go on?
On the field - with sword and shield

Amidst the din of dying man's wails
War is waged - and the battle will rage
Until only the righteous prevail

