

## Ulfhethnar

### "The King Is Dead"

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Running through the ages  
Into a time which now is the past  
Beheld to forces fighting (?)  
This day would be his last

Through walls of fire walking  
A king amongst his men  
Through walls of fire walking  
This journey had no end

The skies are ripped asunder  
By the gunfire from below  
A visit to the frontline  
For the king a place to go

November night is calling  
In the wind is word of death  
A bullet out of nowhere  
Silent was he dying red

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