

Moonsorrow

"Field Of The Devil"

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Where might be the one who sold his village,
lead the enemy for a strike?
Where might be the one who by his feet
shed the blood of his own brother?

Who might be the one with no courage,
once with heart of a warrior?
Who might he be with no honour,
burnt by the flame of embitterment?

Did he not hear those to be slaughtered,
cursing his own weakness?
Did he receive a pay for his deeds,
ran away with the burden of wealth?
The way of a traitor underneath the darkest sky,
caves of the wolves offer no shelter.
A flight through forever, nothing else you see,
the way of a traitor so desperate.

And know that those eyes are watching every hasty
step,
the less the ground is hunting the hungrier it grows.
So easy it is to drown a roamer and a heavy load
at the expense of a firm grasp seeking a burial place.

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