

Moonsorrow "Warrior's Grave"

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Amongst such ravage he arrived,
to a village once so calm.
Rooftops glowing the colours of flame
and the blood of the beloved on the ground.

Such anger did it raise to echo through all skies.
To beyond so many may have travelled
but not yet they were to take him along.

'though gathering his forces from those nearly
defeated,
alone it was his rage that shook the cruel enemy.
Hundreds of corpses he trampled underfoot,
his axe on their necks as a display of mercy.

"Blades of your swords shall be set free,

iron so cold shall now redden!
Grant them a glimpse of your hatred,
drown them into the streams of gore!"

"Behind your shields you shall now hide,
all you cowards better flee!
Should you past us desire to walk,
our last man standing you must strike to the ground!"

Very few were spared to tell this story,
so immensely the blood took to flowing.
And so the time of the warrior did come
with an embroidered blade in its hand
(but a man unyielding with his brothers by his side
as a legend he lives forever).

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