

Elder

"Riddle Of Steel"

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The standard of the cult
And snakes of Thulsa doom
In the spirit of vengeance
I strike into the womb

If the wolves will not stop me
If the mountains are tame
Then who will stop my quest
For fortune and for fame?

To the temple of flesh
To the priests of false light
In bereavement of strength
In perversion of might

The tree of wisdom
I spill my blood upon
Crucified for vengeance
And the spirit of Crom

Sworn to fight and die for he
Who taught the riddle of steel to me
For Crom I light the pyre
And cast my enemies into the fire

Time may swallow victory
What matters not as trees grow tall
So raise your swords, today we fight
Standing proud few against all

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