

## **Elder**

# **"Riddle Of Steel Part 2"**

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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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