Enforcer "Katana"

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A full plate armour with no man nor soul inside Corroding in the poisoned air within his shogunate Yet, after ageless wait fire's buckled from inside By a man of arms reaching like serpents into empires at

All sides

The divine winds carries him like an arrow to it's goal Unwavering, laughing but without comedy In the face of enemies and bloody tragedy Mounted on horse back to deliver the Bushido's master Stroke

Katana, Katana When it leaves your side to reap Katana, Katana Bringing rivers of blood to weep The dew on the trees of Shiroyama Has the color of your sun

Ancient wisdom springs from his noble court A wheel of wheels partaking in millennial codes The quill is easily, eagerly replaced Around steel the grip is firmer Your convictions mirrored in the blade

Katana, Katana When it leaves your side to reap Katana, Katana Bringing rivers of blood to weep The dew on the trees of Shiroyama Has the color of your sun

Unsheathe the longer and the shorter swords Embrace fate and see the light of another day Your time here depens on those before and those to come

Honour then and become the wind that slowly sweeps the

Dunes

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