

Eternal Helcaraxe

"Echoes Through Our Blood"

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As I place the bloodied sword, once again by my side.
I watch as the life leaves, my enemies eyes.
His body falls limp, He gasps his last breath.
He fought a good fight, he earned his soldiers death.

My body feels broken, defeated, weak and sore.
And my fighting spirit, wishes for no more.

But for the blood I have lost, both families and friends.
There can be no forgiveness, there will be no end.

I look across the battlefield, my brother's dying for
which they stand.
To protect their families bloodline, To defend their
fathers land.
I have to question for what we fight, Is it worth the
blood spilt.
Then I picture my dead loved ones, Then the rage in
me ceases to quit.

My body may be broken, but my will is still my own.
For you to defeat me, you will have to tear the flesh
from my broken bones.
For that what keeps me going, keeps the fire in my
heart,
The thoughts of loosing loved ones, tearing my family
apart.
For each time I kill another, Someone's father,
Someone's son.
I look to the skies and question, what have I done?
But when I finally perish, meet the one who takes my
life.
Leave this broken body, sends my spirits to the sky.

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