

Eternal Helcaraxe

"Palest Kingdom"

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In the palest kingdom,
A landscape of snow,
Where no Life can triumph,
And rivers of ice flow.

Red stains the floor of white,
As the bitter-cold teases the pain,
Blood-red footsteps trail behind me,
I fear my enemies trail the same.

I hear the drums of the enemy,
And the ever infinite footsteps of hoards,
The sound heard before death of fallen brothers,
And the perish of my fallen lords.

Louder now are the footsteps,
The drums of the end beats fast,
I feel myself fading to darkness,
I know in my heart I will not last.

I fall to my knees with loved-ones in my thoughts,
Give me strength to fight in this my darkest hour.

Fathers of old guide me,
To the undying lands,
To the halls of my kings,
Where my kin is waiting.

I feel an unstoppable storm approaching,
There is no future, The path ahead is freezing,
I turn and draw my sword!
One last stand, one last battle, (For death and glory)
I run as if ten thousand kings run with me.

The next red dawn,
Shall be mine,
I shall sit with those who passed before me,
Till the ending of time.

With a burning fire of rage,
My time of judgement is here,

I run with the heart of a king,
And a man with no fear.

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