

# The Sword "Lords"

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The lords of the passes are arming their vassals  
You'll find no shelter that way  
The conscripts they've taken have never returned  
And our hopes fade with each passing day

The gates of the keeps are all closing  
And broken men wander the roads  
The farmers have fled to the forests  
Burning their fields as they go

The dukes of the marches have ordered their archers  
To shoot all outlanders on sight  
Turn back your horses before it's too late  
There'll be no safe crossing this night

Hear the horns, pounding hooves  
Visions of cities aflame  
Wailing cries, dawn of doom  
Die by the sword or in chains

Men kneel in temples of madness  
False prophets spread discord and fear  
Darkness descends once again  
They take the royals of last days to rule here

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