

# The Path Of Sword

## Abused Majesty

Among the inaccessible hills, the land of the oldest people  
In the fortified fortress, the temple of Stony Rings  
Chosen sons of the Earth and its defenders,  
and the tree of life Ledian were prepared to fight

They died always in the same way  
it was heroic death in battle  
But among them there was one  
who was supposed to be a knight  
He was called the Son of the Three  
as no one knew his real parents  
Being born with the birthmark  
of the Spirit of the World

Who died in the same day and in the same hour  
He was taken away from his parents and given  
to the three old men from the black mountain  
His education was coming to an end

It was the day of duel  
Four hundred of the temple's young defenders  
were fighting with the skilled warriors,  
The invaders of their native land - now the prisoners  
kept and looked after for this time

Who were promised freedom if provided they won the duel  
They faced the bloody test, shedding the blood on the battlefield

None of the captives regained freedom, none of them defeated  
The young defender, the tree of life Ledian in a direct battle

Father, take this sacrifice from me, and if you do,  
I will become your warrior for ages  
Lead my mighty arm  
To the glory of Ledian defenders

Ojcze przyjmij tę ofiarę ode mnie,  
jeżeli już przyjmiesz, pozostanę na zawsze twym sługą

The Son of the Three's  
long sword firstly deprived  
a young soldier's body of its arm  
Blood gushed profusely on the ground  
beneath the warriors' legs  
The next blow separated  
the head from the trunk  
and it rolled on the battlefield

Marking its trace with a bloody path, the young barbarian lifted it  
And holding it by its hair, drunk the blood to quench his thirst...  
later on he removed its skin  
Not being aware that the King of Snakes  
was born  
in his soul