

In Triumph

Adamantra

Don't ask questions
you don't want answered
cry out to your Gods
cry out in pain

Pray for the Angel Of Death
to take your soul
and carry it home
far away

And now in the darkness
as life escapes your body
you will die in honor
and journey home in triumph
upon your shield

In silent motion
you gasp your final breath
no need to struggle
to stay calm

Ancestors coming for you
to claim your vows
making you fall asleep
in placid dreams

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