

# Soulbound Symphony

Ancient Bards

We're close, where the end crawls, where the end crawls  
The two sides cross swords

Underneath the blood red sky,  
As tension rises high,  
soldiers ignited by stellar beams,  
march to summon forth their violent dreams.

Drums resound, Lork dons his shield  
and scans the shadowed field  
seeking his foe, Eirene, sword in grasp,  
Their eyes meet with an unspoken clasp.

Here comes the showdown, hymns of destruction incite with fury the ride into battle

The medallions on their chest,  
twin symbols of their quest  
Into the heat they merge, morph and shine,  
A true testament of sign divine.

As Malaureum's force compels,  
the crystal sword excels  
each kill now captures the fallen's soul,  
as it reaps the grim war's dire toll.

Here comes the showdown, hymns of destruction incite with fury the ride into battle

Can't you hear me play this soulbound symphony?  
every swing is like a saving note soaring free  
hear the chords progress, a waltz of jubilee  
my baton's a crystal crafting pure harmony

No longer a weapon  
an urn full of pain  
the keeper of memories  
of spirits it chains  
with every soul imbibed  
the white crystal sword is  
slowly turning black

Eaons of darkness tethered to the sword  
this is your prison finely forged by light

Can't you hear me play this soulbound symphony?  
every swing is like a saving note soaring free  
hear the chords progress, a waltz of jubilee  
my baton's a crystal crafting pure harmony

No longer a weapon  
an urn full of pain  
the keeper of memories  
of spirits it chains  
powered by souls imbibed

the black sword is charged  
and reaching the last movement of this sonata  
our triumphant choir will rise