

Naked Steel

Bal-Sagoth

Legends etched into the ancient stone dolmens on the Dark Moors
...

THE ORACLE OF WAR: The crows will pick your bones clean...
Never sweet the kiss of cold steel.

THE EXULTATION OF BATTLE...

THE WARRIOR:

Blades aflame with witch-fire burning,
Bright swords blessed by nine king's blood,
The elf-witch weaves war-spells upon us,
Neath the wolf-moon's gaze we shall slake our steel!

THE WARRIOR: Battle Magic empowers my thews!

THE ORACLE OF WAR: The crows will pick your bones clean...

THE WARRIOR: Red-Tooth thirsts to smite and slaughter!

THE ORACLE OF WAR: Never sweet the kiss of cold steel...

THE SHAMAN'S DECREE:

Born beneath the thrice-
cursed cromlech (destined for deeds of greatness),
Three stars aligned to assuage thine newborn cries,
Foretold, the hilt of Red-
Tooth awaits thine hand (kingdoms shall fall before thee!),
And in the Nine Scrolls thine death prophesized.

THE WARRIOR:

The clarion of battle beckons me... Red-Tooth crackles with sea
ring spectral energy. Aye, emperors and kings shall perish bene
ath my blade! The head of the Eastern Chieftan adorns my spear.
.. I've a throne to usurp! INTO THE THICK OF THE FRAY!

THE SHAMAN'S DECREE:

This heart that pounds like a hammer,
This heart that pounds so strong,
This heart that pumps a great warrior's blood,
This heart will pound for half as long.

THE WARRIOR'S VOW:

By all the gods... I swear the ireful edge of dwarf-forged stee
l shall meet all who dare stand against me! My destiny awaits..
. I shall carve my path in carnage, and inscribe my saga upon t
he scrolls of legendry in the spilled blood of slaughtered king
s!

THE ORACLE OF WAR: Carnage! And the crows shall feast upon the
eyes of the slain!

The final dolmen of the Dark Moors is mysteriously missing, believed removed thousands of years ago by troll warbands as a trophy of battle...

Lyrics: Byron

Music: Jonny Maudling