Broken Sword

Bathory

A veil of mist, a foreign coast
The calm before their battle cry
Steel drawn, the line of shields must hold
Through mist, the first arrow, it flies

Battle, hold firm the line in battle

Shoulder by shoulder, brothers at side
We may stand victorious or fall
This fine day, a fine day to die
We shall fight and may die by the sword

Cutting through flesh and bone, your sword
My brother, our father taught you well
But from behind the unseen blow
Mortally wounded, down you tell

Battle, hold firm the line in battle

Shoulder by shoulder, brothers at side
Silent by my side you did fall
This was a fine day a fine day to die
Brother, I'll keep your broken sword

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