

The Sword

Bathory

This sword of steel that I hold in my hand
Ore of this mountain. A sword of this land.
Made for a king when the elders were young.
To guard us and to guide us in an age since long gone.

A sword to protect the peace in troubled times.
A sword made to battle and to take a life.

This sword is the backbone of the life that I know.
Here among the mountains and snow.

This sword will be one with me. Body and soul.
All of me will be delivering each blow.
Slung on my back. Oh it's powers I feel.
I can hardly wait to try it's steel.

A sword to protect the peace in troubled times.
A sword made to battle and to take a life.

This sword is the backbone of the life that I know.
Here among the mountains and snow.

Behold it's sharp beauty. Just look at it's shine.
This sword was forged in fire and ice.

This sword is the backbone of the life that I know.
Here among the mountains and snow.

Now I am ready
To let this old sword sing again.

Atop a snowcovered hill...
Just before sunset...

["Waiting atop a snowcovered hill, the two standing silent, facing the
[sunset in the west. The one eyed old man mumbling strange words into
the]
[cold air. The haze spreading fast across the purple and blue vault.
The]
[winds taking up speed, bending the trees down the valley, throwing the
he snow]
[crystals up and against the mountainside into gigantic sparkling clouds]
[high in the sky. The voice of the one eyed old man becoming stronger
. The]
[words now spoken with increased intensity as if he was calling someone or
ne or]
[something. And so a hazy white figure appears on the horizon, blazing]
[across the sky with the speed of the winds... a part of the wind. A
horse]

[as white as snow, galloping across the mist, its eight hooves bliste
ring]
[like bolts of lightning. The one eyed old man crying out loud in the
blaze]
[to him, to take its reins and not to let go.]
[And thus he had been given The Stallion..."]