

Sword of Crom

Battleroar

Quenched in a mound of snow
Double edged slayer of steel
Brazen skulls of sacred Elks
Horned cross guards, leather wrapped hilt
Metal masters
Ancient bladesmiths
Stole the secrets
Giants beheld
Realms of legend
Where the ice dwells
There was crafted
Mighty father's sword

Oh, Suffer no guilt,
Ye who wield this in the name of Crom!

Gleaming kingdoms he commands
Roaring lions on his banners
Savage pleasures, burning pain
But always there remained
The discipline of steel!

Gladiator,
Seaside raider
Mercenary,
Thief and killer
Sworn to tread
Hyborian empires
Under the heels
Of his sandaled feet

Oh, Suffer no guilt,
Ye who wield this in the name of Crom!

Kneel to the sword of Crom!

Oh, Suffer no guilt,
Ye who wield this in the name of Crom!
Suffer no guilt, he who wields thee
In the name of Crom!