

## The Wanderer

Battleroar

No feast at the table  
My master and brothers are all lost  
No one left able  
To toast to the gods  
Remember thy father  
My sword will aveng him at all costs  
Doomed to wonder this age of chaos

Watch well what your tongue speaks  
When making an oath unto the gods  
Be prepared to bleed  
All lies have their cost  
I sail the seven seas  
In search of the dreams that have been lost  
Cursed to wander this age of chaos

Each night I do ponder  
I gaze at the stars and sing my song  
Destined to wander  
This age of chaos