

The Last of Stands

Crimfall

Banners flying on burning shade
The bones have been cast
Trenches dug on decayed
On borders never meant to blast

By the time the bell tolls
New names engraved to the story
Faces carved to hollow halls
Pride that outlives the glory

Rivers bleed memories
Victory or death!

Rivers bleed memories
to ravaged shore
Driest dust holds crests
of thousand monarchs
But my roots are too shallow to bore
Through iron crust men left
with their march

Not for the king but for a throne
Not for the land but for a home
My cause is just hate as pure
Thus godgiven lust keeps our aim sure

If we are to die tonight
Would grave be our pretense
If we are to fall from sight
Martyrs left unavenged

What worth in war waged
Vengeance and hate assuaged
What worth in life wasted
Freedom to the brightest cage
What answers give the lion
When prey calls for judgement
True nature of mankind's scion
As child inherits the scent