

The Ghost Sword (Attila)

Dark Moor

The moment came now
His brother died
And he became his people's guide
Though was suspicions
Of fratricide
Behind him they ride

They all know the legend
Who bears the ghost sword
Brings the world an age end
And must be it's lord
Thinks his feats the legend
In fire will record

Like a wild blasphemer
Out of all control
A little of a dreamer
A little a free soul
It's Rome his first goal

And then, a stranger
Came to the horde
Unafraid of sure danger
Gave the ghost sword
To the most adored

Recitation
He has come already
To the city gates
His decision's made
He's not to dissuade
But the Pope is ready
There to imprecate:
"Don't be so steady and capitulate!"

He how speaks of crudeness
Love and Jesus' sake
And he feels that goodness
Inside his awakes
To take what you wouldn't is
Always a mistake