

## The Sound of the Blade

Dark Moor

Lowering clouds in the sky aglow  
Darken my shield of victory  
Is my fate doomed to hell on earth?  
A shift in the wind guides me to to home  
I stare in the mirror now  
Who is that under my bloody mail?  
I bury my lance and I kneel on this field  
I rend the air with my old sword  
I commend my soul to God  
I?m fatally hurt but not by a knight  
When I hear the sound of the blade  
I recall all the blood shed in vain  
I bury my lance and I knell on this field  
I rend the air with my old sword  
I commend my soul...  
Wherever I turn my eyes I only see the lives  
I shattered and they'll never find the path of the sun  
Wherever I turn my head I only see the dead  
I left behind, they'll never find the path of the sun