

# Song Of The Black Sword

DoomSword

Against the horizon stands  
The dark commander's shape  
Detachedly he beholds  
The army swarming on the low plateau

The shrieking note of his sword  
Vibrates through dimensions and time  
Impending the implacable fate  
The blade rises, the end begins.

At his final sign - War shall be  
Command of Death  
Watch the blade rise - to the sky  
The Sword of Doom!

Unbeknownst to them,  
Soldiers are ordered to die  
The wind reaps lives on the field  
As the dark blade defies the sun

The world to and end  
The blade slowly gets lowered  
When you're Fate's Eyes and Voice,  
The bearing the Sword is not a choice.

At his final sign - War has been  
Command of Death  
The blade now forced into the ground  
The Sword Of Doom!