

## Fire Upon The Blade

Hollenthon

Fire upon the blade, sabers drawn  
Legions daringly soar over moors  
Well-turned horns, dust of stars at their feet  
Unafraid brothers of empire's fight

Scent of smoke in the anguished surrounds  
The hours that weave incantations  
Escaped from the cauldron's mystical rim  
Lost in the loom of the night of nights

The clashing of arms  
Blood resting on leaf and on thorn  
Farewell to the radiant dawn

Dust of stars, well-tuned horns  
Fire upon the blade

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