

To the death - to the glory
And the fight for my sanity
It's a long, long ride back to my home
Ahead, I only see misadventure
A man who only sees death

A winding path to power
Is cobbled with indignities
A life turns to sour
The only crime is a poor pedigree

Feasting on flotsam
And now the crows clean your bones
Son of the father
As you follow your path
Into the unknown

Riding hard through an uncharted land
With treacherous travels
The sky filled with circling birds of prey
Am I unleashing the gates of hell

Headhunters and cannibals
Surrounding my steed
The stench of rot and sights of despair
I steady my step and take heed

I give attention
To what wrath may come my way
If I reach the edge of the island
I make camp at the end of the day