

## Last Crusade

Nomans Land

When the wind is gone motherlands away  
When the sound of waves is sung the song  
The heart prays coming back if you may  
To the Gods severe in winter strong

Forward there're many great battles and fights  
There is else along crusade  
It will be not one last time  
Every year so it will be made

The heart believes the fame you find  
The blood rages on excitement  
You will be winner as your mind  
You pierce chain armor by an arrow

Drops roll down the sail  
In the face there are tears of rain  
Not all gone with worthiness  
We're warriors, we're taken by force  
Taking life of steel  
In the sword blood flow down  
I must survive and feel the dream  
But the arrow's broken into... (my heart)