Old Man's Child

In the mist of the morning light's shadows triumphant, he stands battered and proud in the dark of the morning light's shades the meadow is red, and the fallen lies dead tales of a menace, abandoned by god fierce is the wrath, and this is his land onto the gateways, kill and disarm this is his nation, surrender and die born on the fields, far and beyond raised by the ruler, like father, like son his talents unfold, the future is war wherever he rides, nothing will grow tribal reunion - ready for wars destroying the earth as they move on masses are fleeing, ready to die again they will conquer, conquer them all all ground pulsates, as the horsemen attack nothing remains, infernal is their path onward to glory, forever he rides the king o f the masses, forever in pride time has moved on, and the legacy is faint but words from a past are written in blood those who remember carry his words his blood they will bring, and this earth they will flood