

# The Duelist

Sabatón

Son of swordsman, born a warrior  
Insubordinate tempting fate  
And in the shadow of the rising sun  
He would duel with the great

From the master to the temple  
Where this boy would come of age  
In the forest he would hone his skills  
And the trunks would feel his rage

Earth, knowing the small, by way of the great  
One goes from shallow to the deep  
Water conforms, into the shape  
Shape of the vessel, square or round

Fight or die  
Immortal Ronin and Samurai  
Into battle his blade held high  
See your demise, you can see it in his eyes  
Will you fight or die  
Immortal Ronin and Samurai  
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See your demise, you can see it in his eyes

Left his village and his kinsmen  
Walked along the path of war  
Challenged several times and answered all  
Something never seen before

Draw the blade, adopt the stance  
It's a swift and deadly dance  
And his foes who promised certain doom  
Really never had a chance

Fire, matters of war, scale large to small  
Careful consideration  
Wind, schools of martial arts, strive on your path  
Point of view of the straight and true

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The way, he would follow the way of the warrior  
In the school of two swords he would triumph  
Away, from the battlefield on to a lonely cave  
Where the book of five rings would be written

The void, hard to define, the inner depths  
Terms of the surface entryway  
Having attained, rhythm of war  
When the time comes to strike and score

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