

With Fire And Sword

Summoning

Only the weak believe,
that what they do in battle,
is who the are as men

Far in the north neath hills of stone
in caverns black there was a throne,
by flame encircled there the smoke
in coiling collumns rose to choke.

Slowly his shadow like a cloud
rode from the north and on the proud
that would not yield his vengance fell;
to death or thraldom under hell

With fire and sword his ruin red
and all that would not bow the head
like lightning fell the northern land
lay groaning neath his ghastly hand.