

Centuries Of Chaos

The Claymore

We flee in terror and the wind dismays
For soon will bring us to the end of days!
Tinkle near, the dead, they scout about.
To put them to rout I went full tear!

Sprinkle fear and seeds will pout!
And the winds will fray when the trees around array,
Glowing stars and loneliness, abandonment, despair...
Like all the rage in it's acridness

Beats the heart of one who is brave to declare he was there!
Shiver the ones who care beneath the thunder's blare to err!
But beats the heart of ones who never have been enslaved!

Brawling streams of blood
Have covered all the mud
Near the brook around the castle,
Build by terror-stricken vassals.

About the hassle there were books...
But no one cares look these that no one read.
Their might and glory won't be spread!
Forever dead!

Boring noises the gates open,
New order has begun!
When the fallen died there,
Cried the ones who dare!

Unleash the chain,
I never saw their eyes complain!
No prayer saved
The loss of hollows here engraved.

I am the new heir,
The fallen never shall forget!
I am the new heir!
The fallen never shall forget!
It's time and we have already met!

I threw the forgotten old book,
That no one came closer with dread to look.
I drew a sigh, my composure shook,
As I threw the forgotten old book near the brook!
Glowing stars and loneliness, abandonment, despair...
Like all the rain in this bitterness
Beats my heart for I am the one that is brave to declare I was there!
I am dead!

I flee in terror, the wind dismays
And it had brought me to the end of days.
Tinkle near, the dead, I scout about.
To put them to rout I went full tear,
I sprinkle fear, I seethe and pout!