

Flight Of The Warrior

The Riot

Thundering down, from the mountain you ride
Clutching a sword made of steel
The ones you call friends, they all left you for dead
Alone on the battlefield

Many were at your command
Renegade souls on the run
Holding each life in your hand
Living for all and for one

Shining, into the night you are riding
Through the darkness and light you are flying
With the wind in your hair
The flight of the warrior

Drunk with revenge from which on one can hide
Into their midst you will run
A face from the grave is the last thing they'll see
And die with your name on their tongues

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