How Heavy This Axe

The Sword

So many men have fallen
So many more must die
Cut down like wheat beneath a scythe
And though our limbs may weary
Of ripping, slashing, cleaving blows
We face an endless host of foes

How heavy this axe
Burden carried from birth
Wrought in stygian visions
By the gods of the earth

Upon the hallowed mountain
The gods convene
To mourn the death of our ancient queen
Keepers of sacred fire
Awaken from your sleep
Drink from the cup of memory

How heavy this axe
Burden carried from birth
Wrought in stygian visions
By the gods of the earth

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