

Medieval Ways

Zandelle

Let's go

Long ago in distant lands ruled by kings and queens
Brave young men with sword at hand fought hard
Honour buried in their hearts, fighting to the death
Battle all the evil near and far

Battleaxe swinging through the air
In his eyes a death-like stare

Soldiers march through the woods ready for a fight
They can see their foes up ahead
Raise their swords in the air, hear the battle cry
Many brave young men march to their deaths

Battleaxe swinging through the air
In his eyes a death-like stare

Longbow firing arrows, blades that sever limbs
Bodies lying dead, it's looking grim
Longbows firing arrows, blades that sever limbs
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See the ground full of blood as corpses rot away
Many brave young men lose their lives
Swinging mace crushing skulls, swords split open vein
Soon you will be the one to die

Battleaxe swinging through the air
In his eyes a death-like stare

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