

# Ensiferum, Token of Time

Harvest the field of time  
with the old man's scythe  
The narrow path of the chosen one  
reaches beyond life

I set sails for the ageless winds  
No fear of dying or a thought of surrender  
I threaten every barrier on my way  
I am bound forever with Token of Time

Among the humble people  
Everything is torn apart  
but I'm blessed with faith  
and bravely I shall go on

Are thou the bringer of hope and joy  
that I've waited for years  
I shall fight to restore the moon  
Wisdoms of time are carved on the sacred wood

Do thou possess spiritual powers  
that would dispel all my fears  
I shall not die until the seal is broken  
Token of Time is trusted in the hands of the chosen one