

Epiclore, They War The Fallen Lords

On the moors a new day has come
Marching forward - the Legion as one
Fighting for this great land with our toil
until the last of us sleep in the soil

Are we doomed to live...
(and Darkness reign)
or will we die defending the Light?
(and follow the freedom call)

Baptized in fire, blood and gore
heroes are born to fight and fall
Brought up by mourning souls who've
lost their loved ones to the war
Father and son, king and pawn
Each will succumb before the dawn
But until the curtain falls...
by God, They War the Fallen Lords

Long ago, a legend was born
into darkness, a world raped and torn
by the creatures that reigned in his age
He'd prevail in the war he would wage

And his deeds redeemed
(our barren land)
Then he died or vanished away
(soon to return again)

I recall the hero of the world
breaking the creatures' reign
...now I watch him lead the fallen lords
and destruction veils our kind again

Baptized in fire, blood and gore
heroes are born to fight and fall
Brought up by mourning souls who've
lost their loved ones to the war
Father and son, king and pawn
Each will succumb before the dawn
But until the curtain falls...
by God, They War the Fallen Lords

Are all our tries a real chance
to redeem this godforsaken land?
Are all our dreams mere reverie?

Baptized in fire, blood and gore
...lost to the war

Baptized in fire, blood and gore
heroes are born to fight and fall
Brought up by mourning souls who've
lost their loved ones to the war
Father and son, king and pawn
Each will succumb before the dawn
But until the curtain falls...
by God, They War the Fallen Lord