

# Haggard, On These Endless Fields

Their horses heavy  
In clad and chain armor  
March into battle

Man against man  
Sword against sword  
Hammer and axe against shield

Let the banners fly high  
Mortal screams pierce the cold air  
As steel meets flesh and the strong rule the weak

And then, a great rains set in  
And but for a moment it seemed  
As if all the blood had been cleanse by the Gods