

Keep Of Kalessin, I Deny

Facing down into
The blood-soaked soil
The prong pierces my neck
As it's only a swords length away...
From the years to come

My words are dripping red
I drink my pride
As I shall close my eyes
No more
The prong twists in the gap of flesh
Facing down into
The blood-soaked soil

I swear to all of which I possess
And I swear to all of which I am
To abhor the fear
I deny...

And the years to come
Are only a swords length away
I deny...