

Manowar, The Warrior's Prayer

- Grandfather, tell me a story !
- Alright, go and get your storybook
- No, no, not one of those, a real story !
- A real story ?
- Yes, tell me about when you were a boy.
- Well, then I shall have to take you back
With me, a long way in time...

It was my thirteenth year on a cold winter's
Day, as I walked through the enchanted forest,
I heard the sound of horses and men at arms,
I felt compelled to walk on and find the place
Of these sounds, and when the forest did clear
I was standing, waiting. I thought to myself,
For whom or for what are they waiting ?
Suddenly a gust of wind came up from the north.
There appeared a lone rider, holding a sword
Of steel. Then from the south came another,
Bearing a battle ax. From the east came a third,
Holding a spiked club. And finally, from the west,
A rider who wielded a great hammer of war.
With them came their soldiers of death, followed
By an army of immortals. They were few in number,
But the look in their eyes told all who beheld
Them that they would leave this day only in
Victory or death. And there was a great silence...

My heart began to pound, storm clouds filled
The sky with darkness, rain came, and the four
Winds blew with such anger that I held fast to
A tree. I watched the four riders raise their
Weapons into the air. Without warning, screaming
Their war cry. They led the attack, down to
The battle they rode. They met the armies of
The world with a mighty clash ! I could feel
The ground shake, the earth drank much blood
That day ! Each of the four, was unto himself,
A whirlwind of doom !!!!!!!!!!!
When the smoke did clear, many thousands
Were dead. There was much blood and gore.
Their bodies lay broken and scattered across
The battlefield, like brown leaves blown by
The wind. And I saw the four ride together
To the top of the hill, while below them the
Soldiers of death assembled, all those who
Would now swear allegiance to them. And the
Four spoke the words of the warriors prayer:

Gods of war I call You. My sword is by my side.
I seek a life of honor, free from all false pride.
I will crack the whip with a bold mighty hail.
Cover me with death if I should ever fail.

Glory, Majesty, Unity
Hail, Hail, Hail

And as I stood and looked on, I heard the
Armies of the world hail them without end, and
Their voices of victory carried long and far
Throughout the land !

- Well that's it. Did you like the story ?
- Yeah, it was great !
- Oh Good, I'm glad. Now off to bed with you.

- Grandfather ?
- Yes ?
- Who were those four men ?
- Who were they ? They were the Metal Kings !!!!!