

Meadows End, Soulslain

So counter-racial, a swirling dance of demonbattered hands and human will of treachery.
Singing blades of battle scourge the lands.

An elven nation, a woodland deceived in shades of this heathen lord.
A trustworthy loyal race burned with deceit.
An alternation staged by the gods of this horn-crowned fiend.
They yearn for the aid of the trees.

Soulslain!
Unreached, flourished dreams.
Slavechained!
Heritage repealed.
Soulslain!
Prosterity, soulheirblown.
Slavechained!
Unprotected an fragile.

So in this fight I feel his sword troughout my spine.
The seer was warning me...
I saw the end, bore the burden for the cause to save the elven dreams.
But how I found, in these greenclothed woods a blooded blade so darkgod made...
Bore by the dark, forged in hell, he aimed at me to stop my killing spree

The soulwarden drained me my soul!
This craftsmanship opened my deatdoor call.
He released me my anger set free, draped in a curtain of frostclad tears...