

# Old Man's Child, The Crimson Meadows

In the mist of the morning light's shadows  
Triumphant, he stands battered and proud  
In the dark of the morning light's shades  
The meadow is red, and the fallen lies dead  
Tales of a menace, abandoned by god  
Fierce is the wrath, and this is his land  
Onto the gateways, kill and disarm  
This is his nation, surrender and die  
Born on the fields, far and beyond  
Raised by the ruler, like father, like son  
His talents unfold, the future is war  
Wherever he rides, nothing will grow  
Tribal reunion - ready for wars  
Destroying the earth as they move on  
Masses are fleeing, ready to die  
Again they will conquer, conquer them all  
All ground pulsates, as the horsemen attack  
Nothing remains, infernal is their path  
Onward to glory, forever he rides  
The king of the masses, forever in pride  
Time has moved on, and the legacy is faint  
But words from a past are written in blood  
Those who remember carry his words  
His blood they will bring, and this earth they will flood