

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