

Shadow Host, Magic Sword

hallowed be our lord
eternal king in endless time
keep away your throne
from meanness, jealousy and lies

I'll overturn the page of time
and I'll touch your crown flaring gold

through fog of centuries
they hurried here
to tell the story
'bout the magic sword
which burned in still

britain dressed in gold
a king of the folk
ascends on a throne
I feel...

when you have gone
life erased by the time
but I still deify you