

# Waylander, With Veins Afire

A brooch upon his ample chest  
Bedecked in simple splendour  
Glistening fear upon his brow  
His mouth as dry as bone  
Sharpened sword his father bore  
Strapped to his side so proud  
Virgin blood enters the fray  
onward to fatal embrace

And with a sound like the heavens bursting asunder

Shield upon shield  
Blade upon blade  
Flash of spear  
Lifeblood flowing  
And in the midst of it all  
Pungent stench of fear

With veins afire  
I will kill  
With veins afire  
I will maim  
With veins afire  
I exalt in the letting of blood  
With veins afire  
I revel in the crimson spray

The heart knows how it feels to beat wings like a bee  
Darkening mists which make it much clearer to see  
Nothing can halt the dance while he is in motion  
To overcome tastes to him sweeter than any potion

Glistening scarlet globules leaving trails upon the air  
Savage and unyielding, maim and overcome  
Grisly sense of satisfaction, my dark side reigns