

Yngwie Malmsteen, Wield My Sword

Crusade after crusade
Defending the faith and the holy light
I come to your aid
Fear not my fair maiden, fear not
I'm set to attack
No deamons or dragons
will hold me back
There's strenght in my sword
Fall into my arms and I'll take you back
When the cold wind starts to blow
Into battle I shall go
Any tower I will climb
I can fight you folded blind
I would die for my king and my land
But I must die
with my sword in my hand
Raise my cup in honour of the lord
Gives the power I need
to wield my sword
So much stronger than you
No power, no God cannot heed you
You're my sacrifice
You know in the end
you must pay the price
You are my Prey
I am the slayer, the predator
You'll never grow old
No armour or sword will save your soul
Clash of lance, clash of shield
In the end you must yield
You're a ghost inside my head
I will see you good and dead
I would die for my king and my land
But I must die
with my sword in my hand
Raise my cup in honour of the lord
Gives the power I need
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