Arghoslent, A Somber Warcry

The sword holds memories
The clash of armored men
Lands which bred bravery
Strange ways to entice them

Arsenal of glory
Unconquered soldiery

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Arsenal of glory
Unconquered soldiery
Profane century
Medieval victory

An honor that has been gone
I feel the scorn rush through me
The countless fallen heroes
Whom befouled their dignity

Profane century
Medieval century

Amongst the ruins of hoary castles
Powerful wreaths of incense rise
The wretched knights cull the emblems
To ride along their graceful mounts
Throughout the chamber the aura of hate
Habitually dispersed upon hammering steel
Their cascading blood ensured the kinship
Enthralled amid the somber warcry