

Bloodthorn, Scarred Lands

The night all winds were still
And silence lay weightly on the soil
By a water sat a voiceless man
Alone by the moonlit mirror
He looked to the horizon with a mournful heart
In remembrance of what had been
Still he could sense the smoke
Of the countless pyres by the stone
He let his hands caress the black ground
Among this urn's' dark ashes lies memories of past times hidden
Ruins of the times gone by
Once all this was his...
His name had been carved in stone
His image bore into battle
But his men were defeated
And his temple burned...
This mournful man keep silent
For the faith in him is gone
And the land he fought to defend
Has withered in his absence
But still some hearts burn with rage
For the desecration of this land
Some praise his name at night,
Some hail his image high...
And the man knows:
No lost battle will be forgotten
In this timeless war
His name had been carved in stone
His image bore into battle
But his men were defeated
And his temple burned...
This mournful man keep silent
For the faith in him is gone
And the land he fought to defend
Has withered in his absence