

# Bloodthorn, The Day Of Reckoning

They gathered in the morning twilight, ten thousand mortal men  
With banners held high to the sky, and eyes that gleamed with pride  
Their hail was carried through the air as the king addressed the crowd  
He spoke of the battle soon to come, and how the day would end in glory  
They all hearkened to his wisdom and in their souls a hope was lit  
And with his words still ringing in their ears they marched... onwards into battle

The morning silence was broken by ten thousand marching men  
Unknowing of what the day might bring their hearts all beat with strength  
The day of reckoning was finally here, the slavery would end  
with dreams of freedom they rose their heads and stared into the sun  
A cold pale void on the freezing sky, barely breaking through the dust  
High above it's fading light lead the way... onwards into battle

Before them laid a cold grey desert, a landscape void of life  
The portal of the tower stared like the black eyes of the night  
The tower stood as a spike thrust straight in to the heart of heaven  
As struck down in to the mountain by giants of the past