

Demether, Sound Of A Horn

With his eyes on the clouds
He prays to the Gods
To live next few moments well
To be worth his father`s name
Past time is on his mind
His first fight in the War
Bright was the day
And now the rain is pouring down
And when he falls,
Other men will take his place
To stand on wind and rain
On the hill he waits
For the sign of his king
To run to the valley to fight
Brave, young man
Take a sword in your hand
Hear a sound of a horn
And fight until the end