

Doomsword, For Those Who Died With Sword In

I look to my land this one,
the last time should be a desperate deed
I will mire my blood with sand,
the steel is now in me this cold blade
that gives me death
and all I see is the blood
from my wounds,
blinding me,
the death which I will have
should grant me the glory I sought
for my breed shall proclaim
how glorious was their elder one,
this is my end
I proudly mix my blood with sand...
No! Do not crave for those
who died with sword in hand,
I look to my land this one,
the last time should be a desperate deed
I will mix my blood with sand
my battle ends here
every one witnessed I had no fear
with honour I fought
don't cry for those who died this way,
the death which I will have
should grant me the glory I sought
for my breed shall proclaim
how glorious was their elder one,
this is my end
I proudly mix my blood with sand,
No! Do not crave for those
who died with sword in hand.