

# Emilie Autumn, By the Sword

Days of old, I tell my restless mind  
Searching mountains, fields, and meadows green  
What is it my heart can hope to find  
All I long for I have never seen  
Tales of glory written in the dust  
Tapestries of deepest purple gold  
Legends carved in stone tell me I must  
Journey through the mist and bitter cold  
Seeking in the corners of the earth  
My companions I have never known  
Blindly running forth, is honor worth  
Endless hours of silence spent alone?

But in this brotherhood I still believe  
And for the ones we've lost my soul will grieve  
Yet through the world alone I wander for I know somewhere  
I will find my brothers, by the sword I swear

In my memory awakening  
Like a dream too sweet to cast away  
Shadows of the past begin to sing  
Calling out to me in their gallant way  
Come away with us brother in arms  
Through the seas of silver, fields of gold  
Join us as we battle those who harm  
And fight with valour as in days of old

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Rescue damsels fine and maidens fair  
Free the noble who have done no wrong  
Though it seems the world may little care  
Some are left that to the Round belong  
Chorus But in this brotherhood we still believe  
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We will find our brothers, by the sword we swear

By the sword I swear  
I will find my brothers  
I will find my sisters  
I will find my brothers  
I will find my sisters  
By the sword I swear