

Ensiferum, One Man Army

This lifeless soil
Barren of good thoughts
Scorched By grudge and grief
Doomed to linger on
Wandered aimlessly
Blinded By their lies
Now I raise my head And sword
When shadows steal the light

Fire
Desire
Denial
In my heart
Burning
Yearning
Discerning
I see it now

You call it cruelty
I call it strength
I am cursed to be
A one man Army
You call me inhumane
I call this life regained
I am blessed to be
A one man Army

I will take the Lives of Many enemies
Yet still this battle feels like a defeat to me
Death or victory, only emptiness I feel
The spring of hope runs dry
Because i'm already dead inside