

Fire + Ice, Gaze Of The Proud

Stolen from the hearth at morning break
Pulled across the threshold half awake
Led into the darkness and underneath the Earth
Three forsaken evens for wisdom's sake
Pure of heart, sound of limb
Safe without, secure within
But where is the balance
If not on the outside
And who meets the gaze of the proud
If not Paladin?
Painted down the limbs when moon was dark
Branded 'tween the fingers in Meister's hark
Greeted into torchlight and shown the secret sign
Sleeping under heaven with hempen sark
Pure of heart, sound of limb
Safe without, secure within
But where is the balance
If not on the outside
And who meets the gaze of the proud
If not Paladin?
Cast aside the silver to guard the soul
Keep the spirit pure and the body whole
Walk towards the altar and all that this contains
Gird your loins for battle and take control