

Hollenthon, Fire Upon The Blade

Fire upon the blade, sabers drawn
Legions daringly soar over moors
Well-turned horns, dust of stars at their feet
Unafraid brothers of empire's fight

Scent of smoke in the anguished surrounds
The hours that weave incantations
Escaped from the cauldron's mystical rim
Lost in the loom of the night of nights

The clashing of arms
Blood resting on leaf and on thorn
Farewell to the radiant dawn

Dust of stars, well-tuned horns
Fire upon the blade

Fire upon the blade