

# Sorcerer, War Sower

Buried beneath forsaken graves in sooth  
In the silence of darkness in the soil of hoarfrost  
I am still waiting and dreaming  
Dreaming about forgotten battles  
Night, through forest of frost and snow  
Burning sun in the embrace of night's ascension, where souls were raised  
Lust and fury, the soul I wanted to see  
I am the war's red dew on the sword  
I am the army that covers  
I am the arm of warriors and gods  
I am the heart of battle  
Awaiting my time, time of return  
The battlefield in dozens everywhere  
When the horns call for war  
I will be always near  
Gods' time come to feed until disturbed  
Nine thousand fifty four I kill in entrance fights  
I hear slight crawling  
Nations are calling  
Through the flame in the heart again  
I rise, my rise  
I am the war's red dew on the sword  
I am the army that covers  
I am the arm of warriors and gods  
I am the heart of battle  
There is war inside of men  
Weary from the fight between the blood of giants  
The spirit of the gods  
To deny the cycle, deny the men  
Those who deny men  
Shall not be called by the steel  
I am the war's red dew on the sword  
I am the army that covers  
I am the arm of warriors and gods  
I am the heart of battle  
I am the arm of warriors and gods  
I am the heart of battle...