

Val Davis, Blacksmith's Fire

There is no luck
It's push and shove
You make your breaks
With sweat and blood
And some may bleed
Till banks run dry
To live again
Another Try

And through the fire and thunderous blows
We come to see we have no foes
And sparks do fly and the black smoke boils
As slag burns off onto the soil

First turned out then turned within
Five hundred times then turned again
Luminescence grows higher and higher

We are the steel of the Blacksmith's Fire

The hottest forge makes strongest steel
And every blow that does not kill
Creates a blade that's feared by kings
The truest strength the pounding brings

And though some sleep ten thousand years
They will awake give wings to fears
There comes a time for every sword
To be complete to leave the forge

First turned out then turned within
Five hundred times then turned again
Luminescence grows higher and higher

We are the steel of the Blacksmith's Fire