

# The Warrior's Prayer

## Manowar

Grand father, tell me a story!  
All right, go and get your storybook  
No, no, not one of those, a real story  
A real story?  
Yes! Tell me about when you were a boy  
Well, then, I shall have to take you back with me  
A long way in time It was my thirteenth year on a cold winter's day  
As I walked through the enchanted forest  
I heard the sounds of horses and men at arms  
I felt compelled to walk on and find the place of these sounds  
And when the forest did clear I was standing on a hill  
Before me there was a great plane  
Atoned the armies of the world, standing, waiting  
I thought to myself, for whom or for what are they waiting? Suddenly a gust of wind come up from the north  
There appeared a lone rider, holding a sword of steel  
Then from the south came another, bearing a battle axe  
From the east came a third, holding a spiked club  
And finally, from the west a rider  
Who wielded a great hammer of war, with them came their  
Soldiers of death, followed by an army of immortals  
They were few in number But the look in their eyes told all who beheld them  
That they would leave this day only in victory or death  
And there was a great silence  
My heart began to pound, storm clouds filled the sky with darkness  
Rain came and four winds blew with such anger  
That I held fast to a tree  
I watched the four riders raise their weapons into the air  
Without warning, screaming their war cry they led the attack Down to the battle they rode  
They met the armies of the world with a mighty clash  
I could feel the groundshake, the earth drank much blood that day  
Each of the four, was into himself a whirlwind of doom  
When the smoke did clear, many thousands were dead  
There was much blood and gore  
Their bodies lay broken and scattered across the battle field  
Like brown leaves blown by the wind And I saw the four ride together to the top of the hill  
While below them the soldiers of death assembled  
All those who would now swear allegiance to them  
And the four spoke the words of the warriors prayer  
Gods of war I call you, my sword is by my side

I seek a life of honor free from all false pride  
I will crack the whip with a bold mighty hail  
Cover me with death if I should ever fail  
Glory, majesty, unity, hail, hail, hail And as I stood and looked on, I heard the armies of the world  
Hail them without end, and their voices of victory  
Carried long and far throughout the land Well, That's it, did you like the story?  
Yeah, it was great!  
Oh, good, I'm glad, now off to bed with you  
Grandfather?  
Yes?  
Who were those four men?  
Who were they? They were the Metal Kings

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