The Warrior

Ryashon

And there, from infernal depths and life of slavery
From the scheming of the poisoned tree
The warrior returned and rose
With his heart's might and faith's conviction
He swore to be an orphan nevermore
And from this day onwards he shall be a blessing - illumination to this worldYou see it clearly now - you are the one
Your destiny, your will be done
Like clay you shape your own reality
You paint your own moon, stars and sun
This is the time in which you must decide
In servitude or life of pride
Thy name shall be henceforth ORwarriOR
And to the very few - Lochem ha'or
El Norra guide the ones who stand alone
The ones to be, the once before
You are the guiding path, ORwarriOR
The one foretold in days of yore
A shield against the Raging of the storm
A blade of truth forevermore

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