Lords

The Sword

The lords of the passes are arming their vassals
You'll find no shelter that way
The conscripts they've taken have never returned
And our hopes fade with each passing dayThe gates of the keeps are all closing
And broken men wander the roads
The farmers have fled to the forests
Burning their fields as they goThe dukes of the marches have ordered their archers
To shoot all outlanders on sight
Turn back your horses before it's too late
There'll be no safe crossing this nightHear the horns, pounding hooves
Visions of cities aflame
Wailing cries, dawn of doom
Die by the sword or in chainsMen kneel in temples of madness
False prophets spread discord and fear
Darkness descends once again
They take the royals of last days to rule here

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