

I Deny

Keep of Kalessin

(Dedicated to the men of honour,
who bravely fought the servants of Christ)Facing down into
The blood-soaked soil
The prong pierces my neck
As it's only a sword's length away
From the years to come
My words are dripping red
I drink my pride
As I shall close my eyes
No more
The prong twists in the gap of flesh
Facing down into
The blood-soaked soil
I swear to all of which I possess
And I swear to all of which I am
To abhor the fear
I deny
And the years to come
Are only a sword's length away
I deny

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