

# A Fine Day to Die

## Emperor

Orgy of silence  
Conspiracy of peace  
Only the sound  
Of the cold northern breeze  
Twinsun sink fading  
Behind the black lake  
Asleep is the mountains  
Yet the night is awake  
Strange is the night  
Now black stars rise  
And many moons circle  
Through silent the night  
Along the black mountainside I scattered  
By the campfires awaiting the dawn  
Two times a hundred men in battles  
Tried by the steel in the arrow, axe and the sword  
By battle worn, hunger torn, awaiting  
For the sun to break through the cold haze  
And for the banners of Ebal to appear  
On the hill in the sun's first warm rays  
The elder among the men looked deep  
Into the fire and spoke loud with pride  
Tomorrow is a fine day to die  
Morning advance from far east  
Now the sun breaks through dust clouds and haze  
Now a forest of spears appears on the hill  
And steel shines bright in the sun's first rays  
Die  
Die

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