

# On These Endless Fields

Haggard

Their horses heavy in clad and chain armor march into battle  
Man against man, sword against sword  
Hammer and axe against shieldLet the banners fly high  
Mortal screams pierce the cold air  
As steel meets flesh and the strong rule the weakAnd then the great rains set in  
And but for a moment it seemed  
As if all the blood had been cleansed by the gods

Songwriters

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