

# The Sound of the Blade

## Dark Moor

Lowering clouds in the sky aglow  
Darken my shield of victory  
Is my fate doomed to hell on earth? A shift in the wind guides me to home  
I am staring in the mirror now  
Who is that under my bloody mail? I bury my lance and I kneel on this field  
I rend the air with my old sword  
I commend my soul to God? I'm fatally hurt but not by a knight  
When I hear the sound of the blade  
I recall all the blood shed in vain I bury my lance and I kneel on this field  
I rend the air with my old sword  
I commend my soul... Wherever I turn my eyes I only see the lives  
I shattered and they'll never find the path of the sun  
Wherever I turn my head I only see the dead  
I left behind, they'll never find the path of the sun

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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