The Final War

Axegrinder

Finally their time has come
Face to face on the battlefield
The king's here to judge the deceiverOpen wounds, no riot shield
The seed of hate is bearing fruit
Grapes of wraths of evil rootBlood against blood, black against white
Dark hanging clouds time's running out
Blood against blood, mingling stream
Fate will decide who has to dieWar was their life, traces of pain
All for the reign, the final war
Spirit of life fading away
The final day, the final war
The final warThe king stabs the deceiver
His blood drips down the spear
Warning all the power hungryThe last things he could do
With Morganne crossing the sea
In Avalon he may find peaceBlood against blood, black against white
Dark hanging clouds time's running out
Blood against blood, mingling stream
Fate will decide who has to dieWar was their life, traces of pain
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