

How Heavy This Axe

The Sword

So many men have fallen
So many more must die
Cut down like wheat beneath a scythe And though our limbs maybe weary
Of ripping, slashing, cleaving blows
We face an endless host of foes How heavy this axe
Burden carried from birth
Wrought in Stygian visions
By the gods of the earth Upon the hallowed mountain
The gods convene
To mourn the death of our ancient queen Keepers of sacred fire
Awaken from your sleep
Drink from the cup of memory How heavy this axe
Burden carried from birth
Wrought in Stygian visions
By the gods of the earth

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