# How Heavy This Axe

## The Sword

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

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