

Fields of Aeveron

Aeveron

Years have passed away - still his soul's condemned.
Haunted by remembrance ever till the end.
Blood on his hands
he can't wash away. Marching through the fields of death.
Blood is dripping down onto the ground.
Kill to live and live to kill.
Slaves of war - slaves of themselves. Scenes of battle, caught in torture,
death and terror ruled the land.
Orders led their way - no return.
Most of them they went there last,
but how to die when life has just begun?
Play fate's game to live,
or stay on Fields of Aeveron. He looks right into his eyes, looks beyond his self-disguise.
Closes his eyes but he can't hide the tears.
Blood on his hands
he can't wash away. Marching through the fields of death.
Blood is dripping down onto the ground.
Kill to live and live to kill.
Slaves of war - slaves of themselves. And the sand runs way too fast,
way too fast out of my hands.
Tell me! Is it worth winning a
fight and therefore losing life?

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