

# Funeral, Swords and Souls

## Old Man's Child

[Lyrics by Aldrahn]

[Main vocals by Grusom and Aldrahn] I proclaim the victim's fall

Now I shudder by the sight of you

Crucified by my nails

You hunger by my hammer Born in pity, so raised in pity

And grown to be what's weak

Suffering beneath my blade

As you bend your knees to the dust Voices, spirits and smoke

From the pyre up by the glistening

Never more was this seen

In happiness and joy Memorize the ash Beyond the shell

Of souls enfolded in blood

Raining flat, my hands

Sacramental juice from stabbed wounds Born in pity, so raised in pity

And grown to be what's weak

Suffering beneath my blade

As you bend your knees to the dust Voices spirits and smoke

From the pyre up by the glistening

Never more was this seen

In happiness and joy Despise it. I do

The rise of mankind

Seen by time, all the years that went by

The rumbling of the night-thunder

Witnessed the stoning

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