Katana

Enforcer

A full plate armour with no man nor soul inside*
Corroding in the poisoned air within his shogunate
Yet, after ageless wait fire's buckled from inside
By a man of arms reaching like serpents into empires at all sidesThe divine winds carries him like an arrow to its goal
Unwavering, laughing but without comedy
In the face of enemies and bloody tragedy
Mounted on horse back to deliver the Bushido's master strokeKatana, Katana
When it leaves your side to reap
Katana, Katana
Bringing rivers of blood to weep
The dew on the trees of Shiroyama
Has the color of your sun
Ancient wisdom springs from his noble court
A wheel of wheels partaking in millennial codes
The quill is easily, eagerly replaced
Around steel the grip is firmer
Your convictions mirrored in the bladeKatana, Katana
When it leaves your side to reap
Katana, Katana
Bringing rivers of blood to weep
The dew on the trees of Shiroyama
Has the color of your sun
Unsheathe the longer and the shorter swords
Embrace fate and see the light of another day
Your time here depens on those before and those to come
Honour then and become the wind that slowly sweeps the dunes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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