

On These Endless Fields

Haggard

Their horses heavy
In clad and chain armor
March into battle

Man against man
Sword against sword
Hammer and axe against shield

Let the banners fly high
Mortal screams pierce the cold air
As steel meets flesh and the strong rule the weak

And then, the great rains set in
And but for a moment it seemed
As if all the blood had been cleansed by the Gods