

Last Crusade

Nomans Land

When the wind is gone motherlands away
When the sound of waves is sung the song
The heart prays coming back if you may
To the Gods severe in winter strong

Forward there're many great battles and fights
There is else along crusade
It will be not one last time
Every year so it will be made

The heart believes the fame you find
The blood rages on excitement
You will be winner as your mind
You pierce chain armor by an arrow

Drops roll down the sail
In the face there are tears of rain
Not all gone with worthiness
We're warriors, we're taken by force
Taking life of steel
In the sword blood flow down
I must survive and feel the dream
But the arrow's broken into... (my heart)