

The Axewielder

Stormwarrior

Borne in a village far from the lighte
Declined by his father, the unwanted childe
An outcast from hell, a rebel at all
Wanted to live not to kneele to the false
Disowned by his comrades, standing alone
He was never a hero assigned for the throue
Deceived and betrayed, tread as a slave
The wilde bloody son was fighting his fate

Wielding the axe, vengeance in his veins
The bloody son hath return'd

The Axewielder
Back from the grave, he swore to fighte
The Axewielder
Withe fire in the eyes he's burning the nighte
The Axewielder
A warrior, breaking his chains
The Axewielder
He swore an oathe, it's the hour of the axe

Blinted by shadows in fear of his paste
Grown to a rock, the stone in his hearte
Walked through the graves, sawe the dust of his life
Struggled and bled, he foughte to survive
The wrathe in his bloode, the will to succeede
Decided to fighte, his fire to feede
The oathe hath been sworn, never to crawle
He follow'd his hearte, never kneele to the false

I see the darke of my childehoode
And I feele the hate in my eyes
I remember the bloode and the paine
But I won't surrender
I won't kneele to their falsenesse
Vengeance fills my veins
I will fighte...

Back from the grave, it's the hour of the axe...