

The Warriors Prayer

Manowar

Grandfather, tell my a story!
Alright, go and get your storybook.
No, No, not one of those, a real story!
A real story?
Yes, tell me about when you were a boy.
Well, then, I shall have to take you back with me,
a long way in time...
It was my thirteenth year on a cold winter's day,
as I walked through the enchanted forest,
I heard the sound of horses and men at arms,
I felt compelled to walk on
and find the place of these sounds,
and when the forest did clear
I was standing on a hill
before me was a great plain
upon it the armies of the worlds
standing, waiting.
I thought to myself,
for whom or for what are they waiting?
Suddenly a gust of wind came up from the North,
there appeared a lone rider,
holding a sword of steel,
then from the south came another bearing a battle ax,
from the east came a third holding a spiked club,
and finally from the west a rider who wielded a great hammer of war.
With them came their soldiers of death,
followed by an Army of Immortals.
They were few in number
but the look in their eyes told all who beheld them
that they would leave this day only in victory or death.
And there was a great silence...
My heart began to pound,
storm clouds filled the sky with darkness,
rain came and the four winds blew with such anger
that I held fast to a tree.
I watched the four riders raise their weapons into the air.
Without warning, screaming their war cry
they led the attack,
down to the battle they rode,
they met the armies of the world with a mighty clash!
I could feel the ground shake,
the earth drank much blood that day.

Each of the four, was unto himself,
a whirlwind of doom!
When the smoke did clear,
many thousands were dead.
There was much blood and gore.
Their bodies lay broken
and scattered across the battlefield
like brown leaves blown by the wind.
And I saw the four ride together to the top of the hill,
while below them the soldiers of death assembled,
all those who would now swear allegiance to them.
And the four spoke the words of the Warrior's Prayer.
Gods of war I call you,
My sword is by my side.
I seek a life of honor,
free from all false pride.
I will crack the whip with a bold mighty hail.
Cover me with death if I should ever fail.
Glory, Majesty, Unity
Hail, Hail, Hail.
And as I stood and looked on,
I heard the Armies of the world
hail them without end
and their voices of victory
carried long and far throughout the land!
Well, that's it, did you like the story?
Yeah, it was great!
Oh good, I'm glad. Now off to bed with you.
Grandfather?
Yes?
Who were those four men?
Who were they?
They were the metal kings!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>