Shadow Host, Magic Sword

hallowed be our lord eternal king in endless time keep away your throne from meanness, jealousy and lies

I'll overturn the page of time and I'll touch your crown flaring gold

through fog of centuries they hurried here to tell the story 'bout the magic sword which burned in still

britain dressed in gold a king of the folk ascends on a throne I feel...

when you have gone life erased by the time but I still deify you