

## The Enemy Called Death by Kyppyn Kirkcaldy

Hear the sounds of battle, they take us far from home.  
We shed our blood for honor, our fathers name be known  
To kill for King and country, our shield will save the weak  
Defenders of the church and state our prayers do we speak  
So, come and join the battle , you know what's at stake  
Let our rivals face the truth, to fight is their mistake

And He comes for my kinfolk and He comes for my horse  
He comes to take my sword away and I'll greet Him with force  
For my soul still shines brightly and I'll wait with baited breathe  
For the last foe, a soldier has, is the enemy called Death

The King has come for my father he asks of sword and spear  
My heart shall beat the answer, I swallow away my fear  
I stand by my father, his Knightly show of grace  
He stands loyally by the King, no fear upon his face  
The clash of swords and agony, surround us this very night  
I watch the greatest warriors give their everything to fight

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Oh my father has seen his last sunrise, he calls me to his side.  
He passes the oath of duty unto a son of pride.  
Find your King and place your sword on the ground to his right,  
and ask to stand in my place as a noble Knight.  
"I join you my kinsman!", he cried into the night,  
for I leave the earth this winter day and join our Father's light.

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I pick up my fathers sword, wipe the blade so clean  
I stand behind my King, in his shadow I will gleam  
I pledge my sword and shield, to my King at his side.  
I will honor my father and help to turn the tide.  
For who can say what day that Death will visit instead.  
I'll make my life worth something and fight until I'm dead.

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