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The fallen warrior

With eyes of sadness and tears of pain
I'm standing here alone in the rain.
Humming a song from a distant time
a hymn about bravery a tale in rhyme.
A story about a warrior both bold and strong
who walked the path of righteousness even though it was long.
He fought with justice he fought with might
he slew his enemies fight after fight.
He conquered lands he cheated death
until he became old and gave up his breath.
Never more will this legend be told
about this warrior with a heart so cold.
For he lived in madness and died alone
everything was an illusion with a fading tone.
I am he and he am I

Now we're only a memory who will slowly die.

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