

Out of the fires of brimstone and hell,

Came the sword of old for heaven to dwell;

The steaming singe from the red hot quench,

Here in the world to relieve sin's death stench.

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It was forged from metal of the magic kind,

Refined of brilliant steel and special kind;

It's blade so sharp to cut through mesh,

Or chain and plate mail, leather and flesh.

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It gleamed like lightning in every swing,

Flashing and dancing as a breathing thing;

It was designed to serve but knew one master,

To protect from danger the maiden he was after.

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Lost in a world of eternal wilderness,

Rises the wielder in infinite holiness;

As the dragon inhaled to blast his breath,

He's pierced through the side to his final death.

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Many a man who sought such mortal tale,

Lost as fable was told, in stories on mountain vale;

Now the truth revealed through years of cold,

God holds high triumphantly the sword of old.

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Good speed my man in which you fight,

The battle you fought the right for light;

As they all rose to meet heaven forever,

The sword of truth the judgment whether.

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Signed,

The hilt of jewels.