

Abused Majesty

"The Fall Of Black Fortress"

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Look at walls of the Fortress of Ghosts
That has never been captured before
Look at sullen towers, sockets of windows,
At the gloomy air of walls made of stone

For the last time
Look at her majestic silhouette
Towering over the ancient oaks
She was the guardian of this land

But soon her yards
And nearby fields will be full of blood
Since our gods have forgotten
About their favourite people

It was too late
When we saw the hostile hordes
There had been something vicious
In the air for a long time

Insane old men
Were shouting out their prophecies
But no one
Wanted to believe them
Until now. Until this moment

And now
In front of us
There is the legion
Of warriors in full armour

The enemy began a long siege of the Black Fortress
But it's seasoned defenders turned out to be invincible
Afterwards the invader found the only effective way

He decided to make them starve
The time passed but brave warriors were invariably
invincible
The invader attacked defenders a few more times
But after every raid the invaders were coming back
terrified
Saying they don't want to be gobbled by spectres...

Dark silhouettes of naked warriors carrying enormous
swords
Were seen coming out of the mist
They were massacring the enemies roaring hoarsely,
Cutting them into pieces
Afterwards they were greedily drinking blood running
down their swords
Stuck in the hostile warriors' bodies

And here came the end
There are too few of us to resist any longer
We will not dishonour our land by giving up
Let's put the fortress on fire
And when the smoke reaches our enemy
The People of Mists will be there too

They say that spectres lead mists
But it is mists that will lead us
We will go at dusk
To seek death in the enemy's camp...

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