

Crumbsuckers "Charge"

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Eighteen and eight was the date
That the match was to begin
The king had said, "The princess will wed
The worthy knight that wins"
Yes, a princess, a virgin maid,
One day she will be queen
And now two men chance to join her
As others only dream
Both know the risk at hand;
Both men feel it's worth the prize
To join the creed which rules the land
And claim the beauty as their bride

Horns shall sound, hooves will pound
Fear fills each man's head
"Triumph mine or I may wind
Yes, I may wind up dead!"

I'm the master of a fine brigade
Hoping to join the noble line
One day spread joy through this land
And detach what is malign
And the other man thinks to himself
"It is I who shall reign today,
Smite the king, take his seat
And forever have my way"

Horns shall sound, hooves will pound
Fear fills each man's head
"Triumph mine or I may wind
Yes, I may wind up dead!"

Charge - the time's at hand
I've the chance to rule the land
Charge - Reward of power
Outcome known within the hour
Charge - The crowd shall see
I will gain nobility
Charge - The lance shall tell
Potentate or bid farewell

A thrust in fury

Determination mixed with fear
A lunge too far to the left
The lance slices the air

Relief dwells upon each man
Sweat drips 'neath steel armature
There is no doubt the match goes on
Hooves shall fly once more

Charge!

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