

Falconer

"Dark Ages"

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Years of famine and years of sigh
Reaps our land that fell from crest.
Creatures, serfs and men hanged high
Yet no remedy.

What will ever please our Gods?
Gather the chiefs and sages.
What will save the tomorrow
From these Dark Ages.

Slay and sacrifice our king,
Coat the statues with noble blood.
Intensify the holy smoke
With a royal lamb.

Now neither your braves, your wise nor gold
So far renowned
Will be of aid now as the doomsday call.
Now you must rise up to show the steel
Courage of your heart,
And soon you'll raise your horn in Valhalla's hall.

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