

## Folk Implosion

### "The Forlorn Knight"

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Following Avon's crystal path  
I pass'd by Warwick by chance  
Where I came across a mansion  
Standing gauntly on a low bluff...

He was brave and he was bold  
He was in love with the daughter of his lord  
She would not have him  
She would not care  
So he went afar to win her hand...

Germania's rose he set free  
And put Saracens to the sword  
He laid low monstrous beasts  
Yet love he did not win...

He faced the Danes  
And saved the day-King Athelstan  
Did praise his name...

But bereft of love  
He turned to god  
And shut himself away from men...

Then I awoke and realized  
I had slept in his death-bed...

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