

Darkwell

"On The Top Of The Falconhill"

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On the top of the Falconhill...
I was standing surrounded by solitude
Evening breeze as my only friend
It was a beautiful dusk of November
Darkness wrapping around the hills where paths end
To my eyes reflected a distant fire
A fire from far away
A sign our enemy is approaching
From the land beyond the bay
Beyond the mist covered forest on the river I saw
Three dozen ships with crosses on sails
Soon everywhere burnt fires
Mine among the others
From the village a horde was marching
Till death or fame!
To my eyes reflected a distant fire
A fire from far away
A sign our enemy is approaching
From the land beyond the bay
By the time the sun was about to rise above the skyline
The army of the cross and heathen hordes collided
By the time the sun was lurking high behind a cloud
Only the heathen swords were held against the sky
They were slaughtered and vanished for now
But they will return to spread their word and kill
It was a god-against-god-battle I saw
On the top of the Falconhill
(Music: Joun
Words: Teemu)

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