

Slechtvalk

"And Thus It Burns"

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This man, once a warrior of great stature.
I cannot leave him behind, so I carefully lay him on the
back of my horse.
And then I notice the royal emblem.
With this knowledge I return, to the small wooden
church.
So he might be given the proper burial he deserves.
Then my senses pick up the stench of burning flesh.
I see a yellow glare ahead.
Screams that slowly fade away.
A nightmare has unfolded itself.
This horror can't be a coincidence.
And thus it burns, the church where I sheltered for the
hail, the doors seem locked.
The saints, whose songs soothed me, were killed by a
blazing fire.

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