

Slechtvalk "Bewailed"

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The blood flowed from her wounds
As she was dragged by a chain through the woods.
She tried to resist, but his hatred was strong.
The more she fought, the greater his wrath.

She tried to remember the love from her youth.
Would he find her in this wilderness?
But as years passed she forgot to hope
And gave in to his lust.

He must have abandoned her
To the malice of her captor.
All that she longs for is death.
Misery is all what's left.

But then she saw as in a dream,
Her old love standing in between.
Has he come to free her at last
From the bonds in which she was cast?

A black dread filled her heart
As she found herself holding back his hand.
What drove her, she did not know.
The pain in his eyes cut through her soul.

Most destructive weapon of our enemy:
The black seed of his lies.
How I despise the deeds of my enemy,
Not worthy of respect.

The sound of horns and drums of war
Filled her heart with new despair.
For her captor the war turned ill,
She feared that she would join his fate

She dared not see her old love again,
Fearing the judgement by his hand,
She walked to the window of her room
About to jump to her doom

He must have abandoned her
To the malice of her captor.

All that she longs for is death.
Misery is all what's left.

Then she heard the falcon call.
Could he still love her after all?
But when she saw it in the air,
She knew her love was here.

Her heart leaped with joy again
As she ran down the stairs.
And there he waited with open arms
Her own old love, our King.

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