

Crow Black Sky

"The Oppressor's Fortune"

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The Persians had one day arrived on our shores,
But swiftly their advance was repelled!
Their number was five times that of ours;
By fear of our lives we were held!

Amongst their ranks stood Hippias,
The tyrant whom we had exiled!
His was a sordid, disgraceful intent,
Dripping with hatred and guile!

Upon our bastions of hopeless defense,
Death watched in fervor unveiling a devilish smile!

Though gripped by the claws of despair,
And faced with the end of our lives,
We knew that the traitor was near,
And that soon he would meet his demise!
Many were slain on both sides,
As we withstood their attacks!
To death, we fought with pride,
As they were taken aback!

We confined their army to Marathon,
A perfect location to defend!
They came to terms with the stalemate,
Though sudden conflict did impend!

Abruptly they strode toward our lines,
Their arrows did promptly descend!
We marched in to meet them face to face;
Our flanks moved out to circumvent!

Our trump card was instantly brought into play:
Our hoplites were vastly superior, to the greatest
extent!

Though gripped by the claws of despair,
And faced with the end of our lives,
We knew that the traitor was near,
And that soon he would meet his demise!
Many were slain on both sides,
As we withstood their attacks!

To death, we fought with pride,
As they were taken aback!

None were relieved of their violent fate
With the exception of one:
The traitorous tyrant, Hippias,
Whose actions could not be undone!
The entire city of Athens cheered,
With the glorious sun overhead!
With the triumphant cries all around,
It was me who severed his head!

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