

Fighting to the End

Gwydion

Keepers of the outer walls, hear my advice!
Nothing is permanent, or lasts by itself
Dormant frontiers, sharpen your senses
Don't rely, don't trust, on these still winds

Futile random happiness,
An engulfing optimism
Gives way to a blissful tranquility

War wit is consumed by excessive folly
It adorns once tireless warriors
With belly-shaped sympathy

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The shroud of peace induces a soft mentality
Encourages engaging flirts
Procreation and family

Men get sloppy, tend to overlook the rusty blades
Lower their guards imprudently

No more war wit, all is spirited folly
Futile happiness, blissful tranquility

A starving horse is coming to the gates
Its rider dragged beside
Daunting news are told
An army is heading this way

No more war wit, all is spirited folly
Futile happiness, blissful tranquility

I always knew that the nature of peace was temporary
So I never stopped my training,
These news were not difficult to foretell
For somewhere alter the dry summer
Messengers heading south never returned

Wary of this omen
I felt eerie silence infiltrate
It was just a question of time
To confirm my worst fears
And now it's just too fate...

Through the night a mist descends
Mischievous disguise for a thousand torches
We've been too passive
Our scouts slain or bribes accepted
And their shame won't help us today
Now we are doomed

We plan improvised resistance
A desperate attempt to hold

Women farewell to their child
And join together with daggers in hand

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We clash, a drop against a lake
Chopping limbs in our way
Granting death constantly

But vastly outnumbered, one by one we fell
My own hour arrived, cut and broken
I let darkness take me