

Battle

Besatt

Wind carries the stench of fear
Frayed banners flutter lazy
Fighting horses instinctly feel
Anxiety and aura of death

Sparks from sharpened swords
Fall slowly on sweat soaked ground

The dawn has came and overcame darkness
The stench of smoke from extinguished bonfires
It's time to fasten the armor
And make weapon ready for taste of blood

The last gulps of sweet wine
For reassurance before the battle

Two armies are ready to fight
Commanders speak their fighting speeches
Wind covers shiny armors
And time for the last command

Attack!!!!

Roar of crushing steel from everywhere
Blood mixed with sweat and dust
Screams of pain and fury of battle
Swords and axes give the death

Death - triumphs over heads
Blood - makes unknown picture
Ravens - feasting between the bodies
Night - covers with the black shroud