

Blood covers your face

Started life as a peasant in these mountains remote
From a town with starvation and a populace without hope
Your parents they loved you, but they could not provide for you
So you were sent to a castle as a servant for a better life
The position extended by a travelling Nobleman

He offered to serve as your guide
(A protector)
The title was only a mask, a fucking fallacy
His armour hid his true nature and on this path his patience wears thin

Filled with desire and lust he takes you into the carriage
You're overwhelmed by his size, his weight and his grasp
Submitting, praying that this day would become your last, but a stranger appears suddenly, behind the Nobleman's back
His sword was withdrawn

His sway of the blade severs the Nobleman's ear

His sword was withdrawn
Witness the falcon

Blood covers your face and your adrenaline increases to a climax

So you lifted the sword and you drove it through his chest without looking back
(Looking back)
You made your choice, no looking back

(Marked a falcon the day, defined by the kill)

A new leader, by the sword you're
(Fulfilled)
Following the man who showed you free will

Marked a falcon defined by the kill
Open eyes, no disguise, no lies, only left with reality

You made your choice, no looking back
You made your choice, no looking back