

## Compiègne

Eloy

A fatal plan emerges  
Still held in secrecy  
The army, now disbanded  
By strict royal decree

We all are disappointed  
We wonder what goes on  
The royal dispositions  
Are hard to understand

We're on our own  
We're left alone  
In a tempest of time  
Our destination so far  
Becoming shady, bizarre  
In ambiguity

The king, complacently  
Amid of adulation  
Surrounded by  
Hypocritical nobility

While he enjoys his leisure  
Appointed confidants  
Negotiate infamously  
With fraudulent burgundians

In these turbulent times  
Filled with misery and crime  
Uncared-for victims of war  
Machinations, obscured  
Corruption prevails  
In a political game

Jeanne, isolated now  
From now on, on her own  
Without any command  
In the care of La Tremoille

He is a devious person  
But royal chamberlain  
She is afraid of treason  
By this insidious man

She foresees disaster  
But yet she's marching on  
Towards the enemies  
To combat them at Compiègne

Only a tiny army  
Is still there at here side  
Despite we bravely battled  
No chance to win the fight

Meanwhile we were surrounded  
Lost in an awful state  
By a superior army

Beside the bridgehead gate

Helpless, we saw dismayed  
How Jeanne was taken captive  
And in the fatal hands  
Of our enemies