

Glory Stainless Victories

Folkodia

Through crumbling castle walls....
The hinting moonlight serenades
Trapped in an eternal dance, it's course,
Imprisoned in the black night sky...

O Luna! Whisper unto me
Sing to me in motionless lips
And softly lull me to sleep,
So that I may dream as you bid
Of glory's stainless victories
That my people forged in ancient days...

As in a vision I see Marathon,
The armies amassed, eager to engage -
At Hastings the battle cries
Ring like ghastly bells to my ears;
The crusader king I see return
From holy lands, his armor drenched
In Arabian and Moorish blood...
The chill of the boreal wind
Pierces me even as I dream
And behold the churning sea
Spew Drakkars from the mist:
Dragon prows headed to the East...

I have passed the guards,
The gate, the wall;
I took the path of swords
Through foes, fire and all,
Just to see my castle fall
And sit in the debris
Where once I was king,
Now wan and of a pallid hue;
A shade that secretly dreams
Of glory's stainless victories.