

The Passing Of A Caesar

Folkodia

Poison in our hearts,
Woe is the torque
That snuffs the light
From our eyes...
Augustus has fallen,
The might of the God-emperor
Is, alas, no more!
What shall become of his bright halls ?
What fate grim shall befall
All of his fair cities and lands ?
Carved in marble he remains
In the shade of the Pantheon,
To watch over changing times,
The decline of his empire...
Mighty Caesar, empty lies
Your throne of ivory and gold
Alone stands the eagle
Of Zeus power and thine...
Who shall ride ahead of our legions
Now that barbarians prowl the land ?
Who shall now draw his sword in the morning light
And first utter the battlecry: "Vae Victis!" ?