

## Fields in Flames

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They rode  
Those two hundred men  
Narrow roads  
Through this dark cold land  
They burnt all villages  
They raped and destroyed  
Took gold, silver and coins  
Taxes to King was their mission  
But pain and sorrow they left behind  
They drank all booze  
They stole and killed  
Fields in Flames and  
Families without homes  
Men with their golden swords  
Horses' armoured heads  
Iron harassed hard  
Blades of weapons slashed  
In silence the village lie down  
Hearts bleeding morbid sorrow  
One man of these men of the death  
One man, broke down  
Down he went with insanity  
Down man, lunatic  
He lit the fire under the house  
You could only see his feet  
He burnt away his insanity  
Burnt away those memories