

"The last bastion, the last icon of resistance has fallen.
In the ten months of siege the small garrison never stood a chance.
And shorthanded, hungry and numb with cold, their surrender was
close at hand. Yet clemency was given to all those who renounced
their beliefs. For the others a fiery fate awaited them.
An armistice of fourteen days was granted to convince them
of the one true faith."

And the omens were right
For king and for God
The eagles nest suppressed
A victory born in pain
The war now finished at last
By the powers from above
Undisturbed, determined, undaunted
For the cross and the crusade

I had to give up for my people
Hunger and thirst forced me to surrender
My fortress was a refuge for the good
But with the treason of Toulouse, we never stood a chance

It was beyond my power
Their intolerant policy
For indulgence and tyranny
Blood of child and woman sticks to their hands

Oh lord, we'll meet you soon
Dispelled by defenders of the flesh
But never have we sighed in the face of death
With hand on the heart we'll meet our end

Never!
Never!
Shall we surrender to a wrong god!
Ever!
Forever!
The last step on the way home!

Now follow me my children
Don't fear the fire, don't linger, be brave
We have made a vow and can't go back
The mercy of God will guide us through

Look they're preparing the pyres
With straw and wood
Where our houses once stood
The blood of innocence sticks to their hands

Our spirits will be finally free
Back to the place where they belong
Have pity on them for they don't see
Trust our Father, he'll make us strong

Never!
Never!
Shall we surrender to a wrong god!

Ever!
Forever!
The last step on the way home!

And on the 15th of March the catholic army
entered the fortress of Montségur and captured
the inhabitant heretics. The morning after
they were led downhill and executed. The quiet
Murmuring of their prayers was drown out by
the igniting fire beneath their feet. And then,
no sound was heard but tears and sorrow.
By then, resistance had fallen, but a small group had escaped the enclosure
of Montségur,
carrying with them the heretic treasure. They
Fled to the surrounding woods, hid in caves
and traveled by night. Their only assignment,
to find a safe haven for their secret and forbidden words."

Never!
Never!
Shall we surrender to a wrong god!
Ever!
Forever!
The last step on the way home!