

He'd been hiding behind those walls
So safe, riding out the storm
They swallowed his lies, while dropping like flies
Shown no sympathy
Then...Thrown down from his high damn horse
Blue blood could not break the fall
A fancy veneer, crackled by fear
His crown lost all it's might

Caught in the onslaught
1349
Would they all perish?
A vengeance divine?

Streets foul with human remains
All deprived of their dignity
God turned his back
They faded to black under his shadow
Deep down in the hole that he'd dug
Lay his pride and greed in the mud
Reality struck, infection came knocking on his door

Yersinia Pestis raved lands to west from east
The charnel houses filled up, rats enjoyed the feast
Far from it's former glory, the kingdom fell apart
A humiliated king drove the scepter through his heart

There laid by the cold stone walls
Eyes all teary in a hollow stare
And as darkness descended around him
All but solemnly, the end of his despair

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