

My king, my king, how was I supposed to know  
Everyone will falter when you die  
And as we speak the army of our enemies  
Is approaching our gates, we cannot fly

Behold, my son  
There's a way to save you all  
Don't you despair, don't be petrified  
There is an armor  
Ancient magic made it strong  
And you shall wear it when you face the fight

This harness will guide us through dangerous night  
It humbles the foe with its grace  
The thornmail will help us prevail and survive  
Our deadliest fate we embrace

Well done, my son, it's the way to save you all  
But don't you think the realm's been purified  
Creatures of darkness are still longing for your fall  
Keep them in thrall, it's time to smite and ignite

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My son, smite them all!