

The King Is Dead

Ultima Thule

Running through the ages
Into a time which now is the past
Beheld to forces fighting (?)
This day would be his last

Through walls of fire walking
A king amongst his men
Through walls of fire walking
This journey had no end

The skies are ripped asunder
By the gunfire from below
A visit to the frontline
For the king a place to go

November night is calling
In the wind is word of death
A bullet out of nowhere
Silent was he dying red