

Battle of Retaliation

Aeveron

Clouds of smoke are rising up to the skies.
They extinguish their fires and stride along into the night.
For the time has come to face injustice.
Side by side, with swords ready to fight.
And the nightly gale is blowing in their faces.

Beyond the valley the enemy is slumbering in deceptive security
,
not able to foresee what is going to happen in this night.
The stranger leads the troops towards the evil castle
and their courage is stronger than any solid masonry.
Side by side, with swords ready to fight.

A signal tears the veil of dawn.
A horn is blown - the battle begins.
There's no escape, no turning back.
With a wild resoluteness they attack the castle.
The sleeping adversary is befallen with the voracity of a hellish tempest.
Swords are clinging and arrows cut through the thick fog.

They are storming onward, staring forward, never turning back,
with strained expressions and a gloomy look.

They have sworn: victory or death!
They are fighting the battle for freedom.
They are fighting the battle for honour.
They are fighting the battle of their lives.
They are fighting the BATTLE OF RETALIATION!

The draw bridge falls down as they attack the gate.
The first defence lines are overrun.
The enemy is rearing - a thunderous fight starts.
Casualties occur on both sides but the end is coming closer.
Eventually, the enemy is lying on the ground.
A last rearing and then it is accomplished.

The enemy is defeated, the battle is over.
Exhausted but satisfied, for now they are free,
they raise their flags and deep into the night
their chants can be heard,
bringing victory to their fatherland.