

Wings Of Thunder

Crystallion

(Raynald of Chatillon)
Now the stars are shining
On my way
A sword of steel makes my day
Saladin the Great One
Bloody liar
Burn, burn, burn in fire

And we ride and we ride and we ride and we ride
For the glory, the king and the pride
Oh how we ride, my duty's calling me to seize the day

In the night we're searching
Lying in wait
Don't run away its too late
Kill the Islam fever
Stop this lie
Deus lo vults our battle cry

And I know and I know and I know you will go
Into the fire with your soul
Hungry for gold, regain whats good and right for heavens sake

On wings of thunder made of steel
We could fly away to the sky someday
Calling the god of victory
He will show us now in a dream somehow
That the evil among us we'll meet on the field
'Cause the truce that we've made our fall it has sealed
Why does no-one believe no-one open their eyes
Why does everyone trust in their lies

Now the knights are on my side again
We ride for glory, fame and pride, the end
Is near, we heed the call of duty
Fight for heaven thats our fate
Strike them down with your hate
Till death appears in all its beauty
Like a screaming symphony
What a sweet melody

"When Raynald of Chatillon repeatedly plundered Muslim traders caravans who relied on the uneasy truce of the early and mid 1180s, Saladin decided to assemble his army and venture a direct confrontation with the Crusaders in July 1187. The shameful defeat at the Battle of Montgisard (1177) in mind, Saladin's forces began their march, determined to crush their Christian opponents once and for all. "