

First Lance of Spain

Dark Moor

On this letter
A great flood of tears will fall,
But it's better
A last farewell to recall.
It's been the sentence:
I'll be tomorrow shot down.
Feel no repentance
'Cause more courageous I've grown.
I'm out of breath,
There's no more time,
It's coming death
To pull the crime.
Unconcerned death, my dear wife,
Doesn't take out but gives more life.
Don't come to me or I shall break down
I must gain honour and renown
Forever, no matter the pain,
I'll be the first lance of Spain.
Till I die
My last sign
Is yours.
Just your vision
Would take my will power away,
My decision:
Together we mustn't stay.
My last endeavour:
Showing a still countenance,
Leads me forever
To be the Spanish first lance.
I'm out of breath,
There's no more time,
It's coming death
To pull the crime.
Unconcerned death, my dear wife,
Doesn't take out but gives more life.
Don't come to me or I shall break down
I must gain honour and renown
Forever, no matter the pain,
I'll be the first lance of Spain.
Yours till death,
My last breath.