

Home Of The Knave

Falconer

Once upon a time
There was a restless king in charge.
What could he contribute
To write some history?
Gold he had plenty of
But plenty could be more
So onwards he marched
On reasons quite obscure.

With a blindfold and sword,
Come deliver us from evil.

Great saviour of all,
So honest and brave.
Your land of the free
Is the home of the knave.

Echoes of crusaders
Were heard across the world
As he fought against
The legions sent from hell.
Shadows of the templars
Are yet again a fact:
Creeds are cast aside
Determination's still intact..