

## Defenders on the Wall

Folkodia

Ride out to meet them,  
Ride out with the dawn!  
Raise the battle standard,  
For all to behold  
And take up the cry:  
Stand by the king!

The Ottoman hordes,  
Before the Theodosian Wall  
Ravening for blood-  
Mongol mongrels begone  
When forth rides Constatine!

Giovanni musters his knights,  
Their armor catches the light  
As sliver their lances shine  
Undimmed by Death and Night!

Faces blazing like the sun  
No fear lurks in their hearts:  
See the last defenders stand  
Where hope is frail and wan  
With swords in their hands...

The line has to hold!  
Give them not an inch  
Of our ancestral land...  
The line has to hold!  
Push them back to Hell  
Back where they belong!

No foe can ever lay low  
What a proud heart owns;  
Though the wall is breeched  
The city's taken and the holiest  
Of holies defiled by brutes,  
See them stand in victory...