

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...