

# The Capitulation of Vercingetorix

Folkodia

Proud warlord now kneel,  
Defeated, wan and in shame  
At the Caesar's sandaled feet...

All these valleys that once were thine  
Now, are stained with the blood  
Of the finest sons of Gaul...

All these hills that you once called home  
Are now shadowed by the emblem of Rome:  
The eagle perched atop an iron SPQR...

Proud warlord now crawl,  
Behind the chariot that drags thee  
Through the streets of Rome...

The howl of the crowd  
Rings like the curse of curses  
To thy once proud and noble ear...

Proud warlord now die...  
In agony and torment, die!  
Your blood doth stain the arena's sand...