

## The Passing Of A Caesar

Folkodia

Poison in our hearts,  
Woe is the torque  
That snuffs the light  
From our eyes...  
Augustus has fallen,  
The might of the God-emperor  
Is, alas, no more!  
What shall become of his bright halls ?  
What fate grim shall befall  
All of his fair cities and lands ?  
Carved in marble he remains  
In the shade of the Pantheon,  
To watch over changing times,  
The decline of his empire...  
Mighty Caesar, empty lies  
Your throne of ivory and gold  
Alone stands the eagle  
Of Zeus power and thine...  
Who shall ride ahead of our legions  
Now that barbarians prowl the land ?  
Who shall now draw his sword in the morning light  
And first utter the battlecry: "Vae Victis!" ?