

Rustics To Remain

Forefather

Pestilence reigns over lord and the serf
Bones of the fallen lie deep in the earth
Acres lie bare now the ploughman is dead
Mutiny rises, the plague has been spread
Plea to the sovereign, unjust high esteem
Sacred divinity - blind villeins dream
Gift of fraternity on bended knee
New found belief with a promise deceived

Gesture for freedom, a brazen decree
Rise of a madness, a new potency

Panic is rising, the blaze has been set
One rebel army to fill them with dread
Menace united, a new show of force
Embers ignited, there'll be no remorse

Flagrant betrayal, an act of disdain
Flash of the blade and the rouser is slain
Spark for revulsion, the mass held at length
Tighten the shackles - a cruel show of strength

Facing the enemy, troops eye to eye
One wayward arrow - a turn of the tide?

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Watching in the rebel ranks
Archers incited now flex their bows
Power in their fingers, yearning to release
Spirits stirred by the words of the priest

Solo: Athelstan

Let fly your arrows and hold firm the line
This is your moment, now is the time

Panic is rising, the blaze has been set
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Embers ignited, there'll be no remorse

The vanquished march back to their pen
The sorry hearts of beaten men
A fading hope shot down in flames
Forever rustics to remain!