

# The Conflict of Toulouse

Lemuria

The Red Lion now made his last move  
A new city was his dream and everything has to stand aside

Be gone you poor man  
Tremble on your feet  
A confrontation is at hand  
And I will strike hard

Liberty is not a vain hope  
A sudden fever has killed the pope  
Listen well! A dulcimer calls  
It is time to resist

I reclaimed my city  
And help is on the way  
Fortify the walls  
And sharpen your sword

Years come and pass  
But bravery will last  
Our name shall write  
The history of our time

Side by side we must take heart  
Shining metal as far as the eye can see  
One by one every man takes part  
His power yields, hide your anxiety

In the distance he stood, the pinnacle of dread  
His vision crossed by stiff resistance  
A last assault had to make short work  
Of the plotting of heretic and sword

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Shining metal as far as the eye can see  
One by one every man takes part  
His power yields, hide your anxiety

Storm the city, head for the gates  
Leave no man or woman alive  
I called in reinforcements  
This war has endured too long  
Behold! My brother shot down  
Now feel my cold revenge

"But just after he has spoken these words  
He was killed by the troops on the wall"

The terror of the north  
Stopped by a well aimed stone  
His men fled, stroke astound

Cheer with me  
"Lo loq es mort!"