

The End of a Reign

Lemuria

The city awakens in silence
Morning is breaking
Before the rooster crows
Rising unrest sets in
South of Toulouse
On the plains of Muret
Under an imminent threat
People have fled in dismay
Afar the riders appear
Raising clouds of dust
Snorting horses
Are coming this way

The hills are over flown
By a mass of gold, red and blue
The armies of the south at last
United by a common foe
Amidst the closing horde
A rider shines in daybreak's light
He is known as the warrior-king
Who has never lost a fight

Trapped in safety
Behind the castle gate
Surrounded by thousands
Awaiting their fate

The soldiers of the cross
Are forced to an act of desperation

About to risk their lives in open field
They prepare for battle knowing their foes will never yield
Their force divine grows stronger and stronger
As they confess their sins and pray for their lives

For God and glory
We shall prevail this day
Show no mercy for those who stand in our way

The Red Lion's forces
Storm out through the gates
On a course towards triumph
Or a deadly fate
The alliance of the South
Is caught by surprise
No time to brace themselves
For the ultimate impending carnage

As knights spurred on and horses made speed
The earth started trembling under their feet
Driven by bravery and focused by fear
Time slows down as their judgement draws near

Riders and horses
Cut down from below
Like the sound of a forest
Struck down in one blow

Shattering armour
Clatter of steel
Two armies colliding
A bloodbath surreal

Making their ways towards the royal arms
The crusaders regroup for a second charge
The fictitious king does not stand a chance
He's cast from his saddle by the blow of a lance
With one strike of a sword he falls down

This is no king this is merely a liege
These are not the skills of royal prestige
We've been tricked by these mongrels
Had by those fools
Bring me this coward and
I'll dig him a tomb

I am the king

You bastard, where are you
You'll rot where you stand
Show me your face
You will die by my hand

Come closer you scoundrel
Let's finish this strife
This foolish bravado
Will cost you your life

"Alain de Roucy, who'd sworn to strike down the warrior-king, emerged from the chaos of shattered shields and fallen heroes. The king and his men were soon surrounded. In the desperate struggle that followed, de Roucy managed to single out and disarm Peter of Aragon and with a well-aimed blow of his sword he made an end to his reign"

Unaware of their brethren's fate
Raymond's troops held back 'till it was too late
Heavily bleeding, barely alive
The final few brought the news of their king's demise

Skulls cracked by maces
And warrior's slain
Men trampled by horses
And screaming in pain
Harnesses covered
In sanguine rain
For those who will stand
Only darkness remains

Pushed to the stream
By crusaders depraved
Driving them
Into a watery grave
The unearthly silence
As spirits transcend
When all comes to an end