

Brotherhood of the Fallen Knights

Septic Flesh

When alliance has the value
Of a broken royal seal,
Heroic is the denial to bent
To a flamboyant mighty siege.

Falcons are their arrows
Like a forest seem their sheilds.
Catapults are spitting wrath
Causing a waterfall of collapsing
Castle walls.

In anvils was methodicaly forged
A diplomacy of the sword
A plot has provided the rope
To hang the bloody flag of war.

"Vow that no truce will stop the conflict"
Fierce if a purpose born from greed.
Brotherhood of the fallen knights
With the emblem of the morning star

Justified all actions must be
For honnor to rest untained.
Tomorrow has to car the lessons
That will nourish the naire.

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