

A Call In The Night

Slechtvalk

Cold sharp hail is blown into my face by a storming wind.
I take shelter in a small wooden church near the black woods.
A choir sings some songs of praise for their lord.
For I while it makes me forget the sorrow I am in.

'In distress we call to thee, we await thy return,
For the forces of evil are closing in upon us,
But with thy help we can live beyond our lives' end,
O Lord accept our gratitude for thy sacrifice.'

I hear a call in the distance, it startles me.
For it seems like the call of a dying man, I ascend my horse.
As we leave our shelter to challenge the raging storm.
I hear the shrieks of a falcon from within the fog ahead of us.
Amazed to hear a falcon's shriek in this time of year.
I ride towards the branch on which the falcon sits.
I feel a cold shiver as I enter the forest in search of this man.

With the falcon as my guide, and a bastard sword at my side.
A strange feeling that makes me a bit sick tells me I am near.
The source of the horrible scream, which I heard a short while ago.

The slain body of a warrior is what I find here.
It looks a bit familiar but I cannot seem to grasp it.

Death takes even the best of us.
Away from the world of the living.

I wonder what the cause was.

For the death of this man.

'Dost thou not see the war that plagues the land,
Our enemies gather before our beloved city?'

His face carries a strange expression.

He seems to have been content.

I wonder if there's more to it.

Is there a truth in the books of old?