

Burying The Dead

Slechtvalk

When the fire finally extinguished in the morning sun.
I gathered the remnants from the choir, who were slain.
This cowardly slaughter I fail to grasp it all.
They could not even defend themselves.
What beasts were they, who did this to these saints?
The need for them to die, I wonder why.
'Dost thou not see the war that plagues the land;
The dragon's campaign to conquer his world?'
Seven bodies, seven graves I digged for them.
'For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'
Under the setting sun I buried the last one.
'My children now come to me.'
In these times of Darkness,
Where the Dragon attempts to overthrow the kingdom of light,
In secret the final defeat of the dragen is being prepared.