

Call To Arms

Slechtvalk

And now we've gathered for the battles that lie ahead.
Rumours of war have reached the borders of our lands.

From the northern lands our army of the falcon hailed.
We pledged our sword to our noble King, to whom our banner we raised.

He has amassed a great force of such vastness the world has not seen in all times.
For a great threat has come to us, the black armies of the Lord of Death.

As we hailed our old brethren from the western shores, the eastern horse riders arrived.
But we saw no sign of our southern kin, we wondered if they already died.

All captains have joined the King in his pavilion to discuss the war at hand.
The light of early dawn already broke the night,
When our captain informed us we were going south.

"Last night a falcon arrived with a message from the southern army,
It seems their retreat has been cut off, they now stand with their backs against the wall.
If we do not act quickly they will soon be defeated, we must hurry before it's too late.

If not for them, we would long be dead, now it's time to repay our ancestor's debts."

If only half of the rumours were true, that would mean we would be sent to a slaughter.
Although we don't fear death, we don't want to die in vain.

"We'll face a great host of enemy soldiers, but don't despair, My noble men, for we don't go to war alone.
Our King has a great army coming from the east, we'll meet them along the way."

We've heard of such an army, but we thought it was just a phantom story,
Told by crazed old men who lost their wits.
But if it's true then victory would be ours for the taking.
Now we just wonder, what are we still doing here?