

Thunder Of War

Slechtvalk

A thunder of war roared through the sky, as the armies ran towards each other.

Bone-breaking blows of warhammers.
Shields crushed, steel broke, flesh torn apart.
Gut-ripping strokes of foul swords fell.
Impaled by spears, blood spitting dying.

Pierced by arrows on the blood drenched fields.
The penetrating stench of death.

More enemy forces leapt out of the hills, overwhelming our flanks.
But then our captain rose the banner and screamed,
"you'll fight to the end, don't fear no defeat!"

And now new strength was found, the turn in the fight.
As a falcon shrieked and pierced the sky above.
Into amazement, the enemy fell.
Our flanks reformed and we fiercely charged again.

Yes, once again a furious warcry filled the sky.
The glorious falcon, our victory is near.
With our captain in the frontline, holding the banner of the falcon up high.

And so we charged on to fight,
With the swing of the blunt battle axes and the reaping halberds.
The terrifying screams of our enemies, now brutally slaughtered at will.
In the frenzy, fair young men left with shattered faces
And strong heroes' arms left dismembered.
That was the price of our victory.