

# Vengeance Of A Scorned King

Slechtvalk

Be on your guard, the enemy is drawing near.  
Restrain yourself! First we'll test their strength.  
Draw your swords and ready your shields.  
On my signal we attack!

Remember your oaths,  
Vengeance is mine!  
Follow my lead,  
Now it's the time!

I saw how my sons drive the swords I forged, through the hearts  
of their first kill.  
My strength truly flows through their veins, it makes me proud  
to see my sons and I fight as one.

Our main host is hiding in the far woods, ready to flank them.  
On my signal we'll crush them as between anvil and hammer.

Sound the retreat! Let them think they gain the upper hand.  
Fall back to the trees! There we will make our stand.  
In the shadows of the trees we hide, when they've passed we'll  
block their retreat

Reform the line! Let no one pass the shafts of our spears!  
Stand your ground! Let them break on the wall of our shields!  
Wave after wave crushed in on our shields, but they were too weak  
to penetrate our ranks.

No more victory for the liar and all of his host,  
We will wipe out the fruits of his reign, taking down all he has  
sowed  
With furious rage we'll wield our swords destroying the enemy like  
a fire through dry reed.  
Until the memory of all he has done will be erased.

A heavy blow shattered my spear, but with my battered shield I  
knocked him to the ground.  
I drew my blade to finish him off, as my eyes searched the field  
for a glimpse of their 'king'.

I fought my way through the ranks of his men, the ground felt  
slippery of blood  
Just a few more stand in my way, but they cannot stop my wrath.  
And now I finally meet him on the field, I feel the vengeance fuel  
my heart.  
I parried his blow with my sword and shoved my shield into his  
throat.

Once again my enemy cowers before me for his miserable life,  
But now I'll finish him once and for all. A determined thrust o  
f my blade hastened his death.