

To Kill And Be King

The Gates of Slumber

At long last now I know that though I've had victory over
every foe the hard price of power was yet to be paid.
Patient hands of fate, they can't be stayed.
War and lust are all I've known; men felled like wheat
when the heather is sewn.

Merlin! Call your dragon to weave me a mist.
I cannot fall like this gutted as a pig in the mud.
None shall wield Excalibur, none but me.
I've driven the blade, that bites to the bone.
To kill and be king and to die all alone.

Uther, you learned too late.
Your lust undid you.
And what was borne of it's mine.
The King and land are one.
You learned too late.
You were only a butcher.