

# Crusade

Voltaire

Long ago, I went to war  
To fight the scourge  
Of Christendom  
I held aloft my blessed sword  
And said,  
"By God,  
Let them come."

They said their eyes  
Are red as flame  
I heard it told  
From hell they came  
Their breath is fire  
Their tongues are forked  
Thus are the beasts  
Of Dragon's Gate.

I heard my father's words  
Deep in my heart  
"Son, know your enemy  
As I know my son."

The Fates were kind  
They let me in  
The dragon's lair  
The den of sin  
I placed my sword upon its heart and with a prayer  
I thrust it in.

The dragon fell  
Upon the ground  
Twas then I heard  
A whimpering sound  
A dragonling  
To his father clung  
Who only fought  
To protect his young

I heard my father's words  
Deep in my heart.  
"Son know your enemy  
As I know my son"

And now my son  
Is off to war  
To fight the new scourge  
Of Christendom  
He holds aloft his brazen sword  
And says  
"Dad,  
Let them come"

He swears their eyes  
are red as flame  
And heard it told  
From hell they came  
Their breath is fire

Their tongues are forked thus  
Are the men of Muslim faith

Son, hear you father clear  
deep in your heart  
"Son, know your enemy  
As I would have them know  
My son.