

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.