Falconer, The Priory

The mist carried tidings of fire and blood.
On northern waves the dragons ride.
Heaven shall mourn what darkness will scorn
on the day when prayers die.

The omens spoke of a rising beast
that sailed out from the eastern shores.
Brethren will cry and angels will sigh
on the day of the fiendish force.

Aaaah the priory burned.
Aaaah aflame and ablaze.

The heathen horde struck from the sea
like a cut from a tempered blade.
In black the bay was hung by the foreign dragons' tongue
on the bay of the sinister raid.

A plundered parish by a pagan plague
perished under the autumn clouds.
Their embers went cold as fate did unfold
and wrapped them in a solacing shroud.

Aaaah the priory burned.
Aaaah aflame and ablaze.