

Folkearth, Wallachian Warlord

The land beyond the forest
Where rusalky and domovye lurk
Is held under the spell
Of Vlad's sovereign stare...

Vampiric dusk now bleeds the sky
And the virgin dawn aghast will find
The boyer traitors impaled on a spike
In the shadow of Targoviste's spires...

Stand fast - their hordes are come!
Bound to the dragon by oath of blood
Sword unsheathed, forth rode the prince
To drive the Ottoman wolves to the sea!
Broadwords of scimitars
The wild music of steel on steel
Yet Targoviste falls - alas!
60000 dogs prowl the land

A curse on Corvinus, the sultan and Radu
Who thought that prison walls could keep a hero bound

In 1476 Wallachia welcomed backed her son
Placing on his shoulders the royal mantle of black legacy!
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