

Gothic Knights, Song of Roland

Twenty thousand Frenchmen lying in the valley
Rear guard to king Charlamagne
The great one among them Roland was his name
Nephew of the Christian king
But sad is the story that falls on this day
For treason is at hand
As Ganelon plots conspiracy
A true evil man

War is at hand
Plotted by an evil man
One who paid tribute to King Charlamagne
Roland how sad
Crossed by his own man
Honor lies dead on the blood soaked land

The Spanish come to ambush
With soldiers left behind
Come in masses unfortold
One hundred thousand cross the line
Death falls upon the Frenchmen
A massacre of twenty thousand men
Blood stains the ground
And the entire land

Roland sounds the oliphant calling out the armies
That lie some time away
The great king hears the echo
So he sends his knights back to Spain

The vast and the powerful armies
That were made of gold and steel
Run back with honor in their hearts
To the mighty King Charlamagne

When he gets back to the valley
He knows it's all in vain
For Roland lies on the ground
With a large wound in his head
The great king weeps in agony
For the death of his warrior
But now the wrath of vengeance
Will take its final toll

Munjoie is cried out as the army closes in
Out to spill the blood of the Spanish king
Munjoie is cried out as the army closes in
To avenge the death and pay homage to their king

Standing at the battlefield the King attacks Belignat
Ripping his heart and skin
The battle ends in glory as it was said in prophesy
The trial of the wicked is at hand
The most sinful crime of the land
So death is the verdict's punishment
And Ganelon pays for his sins