

Slechtvalk, And Thus It Burns

This man, once a warrior of great stature.
I cannot leave him behind, so I carefully lay him on the back of my horse.
And then I notice the royal emblem.
With this knowledge I return, to the small wooden church.
So he might be given the proper burial he deserves.
Then my senses pick up the stench of burning flesh.
I see a yellow glare ahead.
Screams that slowly fade away.
A nightmare has unfolded itself.
This horror can't be a coincidence.
And thus it burns, the church where I sheltered for the hail, the doors seem locked.
The saints, whose songs soothed me, were killed by a blazing fire.