

Slechtvalk, My Last Call

Silence!
The screams that haunted me have returned.
Crawling.
I feel their claws scratching my brain.
Destiny.
Final Death awaits.
Coming.
I see Grim Reaper's face.
A freezing wind cuts through my wounds like sharp razors.
The pain it inflicts is making me go insane.

Even now moments before my death, evil tries to lead me astray.
Making me false promises in the hope I fall for his ways.
I feel an infection coming in through my wounds;
the end has begun for me.
There is little hope for me to survive my great demise.
Again I hear the voice, which calls me his son.
But then the screams that haunted me returned again.

'It is time, to accept what you are,
nothing more than a sinful creature who is afraid of the night.
Salvation of death, it's just a lie you believe in,
to make it easier to face the unknown.
Now in the cold-blooded snow I lie trembling with fear of my death.
Death approaches me with a scythe in his hand.
Waiting for the moment to harvest his crop.
I sent my falcon away to get some help.
But I already knew it would come too late.

Things are seldom what they seem, the end is in fact just a beginning.
For my spirit has become immortal.
Through the blood of he who was slain before me.
The fire in my eyes is extinguished slowly,
my life is at an end, my death is at hand.
I have lost all feeling, my wounds stopped bleeding,
my flesh is frozen by the wind.
Memories from times long ago are passing by,
my father, my liege I think I must cry.
For my heart is faltering, my spirit is leaving;
with my dying breath I make my last call.