

# Slechtvalk, The Dragon's Children

What have we done,  
us children of the ancient dragon whose lives ended by the scythe of death?  
Where are our earned virtue, the endless feast and women?  
We now only meet Darkness in these mists.  
Why have we fallen for the lies of the dragon,  
and condemned our souls into his void?  
Endless torture of our souls.  
Eternal despair has commenced.  
Our destiny, the flames around us lit it all.  
In the distance we one heard faint songs of praise.  
Coming from the King's court, where they knew no sorrow.  
But no one could deny the eternal screams of horror.  
What have we done, us children of the ancient dragon,  
misled by the many lies of the beast?  
Now we dwell, where we did not want to be.  
Insanity, despair, horror ever ongoing.