

Falconer, Dreams And Pyres

It's the darkened years,
superstition's flying high.
There is pain, there is fear
in the poverty's sigh.

Preachers on a frightening spree,
of demons and hell's fire.
Warning of the devil's decree
in all sinful disires.

A boy have just arrived,
an orphan he's become
from adultery and incest and witchery.
to the seething alleys
of quarrels and discord,
a storm cloud has finally gathered.

Discussions long into the night,
about the dark one's diabolical scheme.
Children they listen and they dream
well-fed nightmares of similar theme.

Imaginations out of control.
For each morning they tell more and more.
-Summon the new boy for a watch
he have seen the signs of evil before.

-There is the devil's bride,
rode on the goat astride.
God save us from satan's firm hand!
There is the torture witch,
poked us with glowing sticks.
God save us from satan's allies.

-In the name of our lord I'm harmless.
-Confess your sins to our christ!
-I can't confess to what children dream.
Prejudiced tongues has twisted
their minds before your eyes.
-Silence, you whore of the dark one,
save your soul and repent what you've done

Accuse the poor
and get a tap on the head
-You truley are a blessed child,
she will burn in iron upon the stake.
Accuse the countess
and get a slap in the face.
-You aught to know a noble's rang,
she's too venerable for you poor fool.

-Speed up the pace.
Chanting the praise
ever higher.
Hysteric ball:
-Sentence them all to the fire!

One day the boy confessed his lies.
-I know nothing about
the witche's ways.
One after one they all came forth.
-Rather informers than burn
at the end of the day.

-There is the wicked tongue,
from indolence it sprung.
God save us from sinister minds!
There is the fiendish flock,
all limbs are chained and locked.
God save us from sinister minds!

There is the serpent's fang,
from where the evil sprang.
God save him from the dark of hell!
There is the boy aflame
ending his fancied game.
God save him from satan's demons!