

Falconer, Fields Of Sorrow

The memory lingers on of the arrival of dawn.
They saw the beacon aflame,
burning with sorrow for the lives that would be lost.
And the troops went ashore,
sounds of drums filled the air.
Towards the city they marched.

Called all the young ones, called the old.
Summoned the people to stand up and be bold.

Fight a superior force for high society.
Sheltred behind the walls,
holding the riches that forever could be lost.
Outside the city gates
the peasant army fights on
towards their imminent doom.

Cross the field of sorrow children's souls still cry
as an echo from the blackened day.
Cross the field of sorrow
there are whispers and sighs
from burning anguish of dismay.

From the protection of walls
beheld the blood stained plains
reeking of sacrifice's shame.
Children and cripples of the battle that was lost.
Trembling hands open the gates
for the extortion of fire,
as they had nowhere to hide.

-Fill up the barrels and chests with all your gold.
Build me a throne to rest upon.
Fear not the fate of the fallen,
hear not the cries of the crows.

And so they sailed off with the gold.

In the midst of the sea
they were caught by a storm.
Both booty and crew's lying deep.