

Nikolo Kotzev, The Eagle

"Before the war comes
The wall will fall
The Great one to death
To sudden and lamented
Born imperfect
The greater part,
The guards will swim in blood
Down by the river bed
The King will lose his head"

Out of the bloodied soil of France
Will grow a most flamboyant tree
From a different branch grafted
At the throne of liberty

In fully bloom with it's banner
And manners
Across the river of Rhine
The code of one with a heart of stone
See how his standards shine
One of three sisters of fate
Will cost his empire dearly
He was found less prince than a butcher
Even among his friends
The eagle, who's power will rise
Is a devil in disguise
A mean killing machine
Lost in a Caesar's dream

Power, be his passion
Till death do them apart
Showing no compassion
The new Charlemagne

(No compassion - He's got a troubled heart)

He'll be running a race against humanity
But the World must set a frame to his insanity

"The Eagle drifting in her cloud of flags
By other birds of pray
Soon to be chased away
And from the land so waste
Through winter cold shall be a drag
The scorched earth policy
Will fail his luck, you see"

Pay Nay Loron, more of fire than the blood
To be grilled on a barbecue
An iron duke from across the sea
His crown to spear at Waterloo
The golden bee will not sting
With no scepter left to swing
His first violin will lose
Another fiddlers string

Power, be his passion
Till death do them apart
Given no compassion
The new Charlemagne

(No compassion - He's got a troubled heart)

He's larger than life he has a taste for infinity

But the World must set a frame to his insanity
He is a chess master, who's opponent happens
To be the rest of humanity

A man like me has little regard
For the death of a million men ...
Shall I be blamed for my ambition ?

I felt in his soul cold steel
I felt in his mind a deep irony

A man ought to fulfill his destinies
This is my grand doctrine
So, let mine also be accomplished

Power, he loves the feeling
No emotion of heart could ever reach
His frozen soul

Power, be his passion
Till death do them apart
Given no compassion

And his name is Bonaparte
His name is Bonaparte