

Nocturnal Rites, The King's Command

A knight is sworn to valour
And his heart knows only only virtue
His blade defends the helpless
And his might upholds the weak
Loyal to his kingdom
When the word of war goes out
Born to serve the noble
When Kings and Queens request

Mount horse and head away
Sharpened steel, crossing blades,
Before fear, do your work

The King's command
His word will be the law that we command
The King's command

Out into the battlefield
Whose blood will stain the ground?
Courage and our bravery
Protects the borderlines
Plunging our steel into the hearts of enemy
May our troops be many,
for the fight has just begun

Heed the command
Never surrender
Fight till the death
Never break the oath.