

PowerSword, Halls Of Honour

Behold the mighty dragon-slayer, Lord of the Powersword
The mighty Rentoncelot, struck by misfortune and the cruelty of evil gods
His queen and kingdom taken from him

I ride away from my ancestral halls
Shamed and dishonored
Never to return

My kingdom and queen
Taken from me

But I will always remember
Those ancient halls of honor
Where my forebears
Forged their legacy

I will always remember
Those noble halls of honor
Wherein I reigned
For the greater glory

These ancestral halls, wherein my forefathers forged their legacy.
A monument of valor and glory!
Tears glisten on my cheeks as I bid the Halls of Honor farewell

Times have changed
Knights and swords
No longer in demand

I no longer ride
Into the west
My enemies vanquished and gone
Powersword thrown away

Mighty Rentoncelot, driven into exile
The Powersword taken from him.
Now a life of barbarian leather and forbidden pleasures await