

Slechtvalk, Consumed By Flames

Once upon a time, There was a majestic empire
The Empire of Darkness, ruled by the emperor, with powers so great
He tortured his slaves, and drank their blood to please his lust

With a blaze of holy light
A warrior entered the realms of night
Alone, unarmed he increased his pace
To meet the emperor face to face

But the emperor did not want to see this man
And send his loyal knights to seize this man
But their swords couldn't cut this man's flesh or bones
And with one look the man turned the knights into stone

The sight of defeat enraged the dark lord
He gathered his angels and raised his sword
But it was time to realize this battle could not be won
Yet the loss of his angels only increased his crimson thorn

With eyes of fire, the Emperor unleashed his cry
And heaved his sword, to make the warrior die
But his sword he clumsily lost
And he saw it vanish in a cloud of dust

And when the cloud of dust withdrew
He saw the face of the enemy he knew
Fear of death haunted his mind
but the victor was just too kind

Instead of killing him, He took away his pride
As he gathered his old slaves at his side
And he led them to the Kingdom of the Light
and freed them from captivity in the Empire of Night

With his departure He casted a blaze of fire
And sulfur and flames replaced the water of the mire
And the ones who stayed behind were consumed by flames
And the ones who were freed were called the saints

But the emperor has escaped a certain death
And now leads others to their eternal death