

Slechtvalk, Of Slumber And Death

We are called upon to go to war.
Our banners raised high, we march on.
Our Steel glinting in the setting sun,
death can't stop us from achieving victory.
When we finished to set up our encampment,
I was appointed to be the first to guard.
As my men closed their eyes to sleep, I warmed myself at a small fire.
Then a deep sleep - overwhelmed me.
'He tried so hard to fight it, but he failed.'
And then - our enemies approached.
But no one noticed them, for all were asleep.
Silently they slit their throats, leaving one alive;
their captain was spared for another day.

Suddenly I awaken from my sleep.
I call my men for the morning has come.
But when I look around me I see them.
All slaughtered but I am still alive.
I wander between the corpses of my men.
Abhorred by this carnage I ask myself.
What has happened to my men?

Slowly I return to where the castle is, of the king, whom I must tell,
of my failure, the death of his men.
I fear the judgement that awaits me.