

Slechtvalk, War Of The Ancients

The winter sun shines upon the path that lies before me.
It leads into the forests of the royal domains.
The smouldering ruins of the church, that has burned down.
I leave behind as I continue on my journey.
Screams that cut through my bones I hear, coming from the woods nearby.
Fear makes my strength disappear; my feet are frozen to the ground.
Hear the forest fall silent once the screams faded away.
I wonder what has happened over there.

Slowly I overcome my fear and once again I let myself be led by my curiosity
into the forest wondering what I'll find this time.
' The dark shadows, the sons of the dragon who had killed the saints,
were brutally slaughtered by the wild beasts that inhabit the forests.
Their corpses torn by claws and fangs,
a death so horrid as the one they brought to the king's men two nights before.'
A strange feeling of justice enters my mind,
as I see the remnants of the dragon's children.
The war of the ancients is at its peak.
It rages on in all lands, there is no escape from it.
A choice must be made for the ones that wander about.
Time passes quickly; soon the war will come to its end.
The window of opportunity is getting slim and soon it might be too late.