

# The End of a Reign

Lemuria

The city awakens in silence  
Morning is breaking  
Before the rooster crows  
Rising unrest sets in  
South of Toulouse  
On the plains of Muret  
Under an imminent threat  
People have fled in dismay  
Afar the riders appear  
Raising clouds of dust  
Snorting horses  
Are coming this way

The hills are over flown  
By a mass of gold, red and blue  
The armies of the south at last  
United by a common foe  
Amidst the closing horde  
A rider shines in daybreak's light  
He is known as the warrior-king  
Who has never lost a fight

Trapped in safety  
Behind the castle gate  
Surrounded by thousands  
Awaiting their fate

The soldiers of the cross  
Are forced to an act of desperation

About to risk their lives in open field  
They prepare for battle knowing their foes will never yield  
Their force divine grows stronger and stronger  
As they confess their sins and pray for their lives

For God and glory  
We shall prevail this day  
Show no mercy for those who stand in our way

The Red Lion's forces  
Storm out through the gates  
On a course towards triumph  
Or a deadly fate  
The alliance of the South  
Is caught by surprise  
No time to brace themselves  
For the ultimate impending carnage

As knights spurred on and horses made speed  
The earth started trembling under their feet  
Driven by bravery and focused by fear  
Time slows down as their judgement draws near

Riders and horses  
Cut down from below  
Like the sound of a forest  
Struck down in one blow

Shattering armour  
Clatter of steel  
Two armies colliding  
A bloodbath surreal

Making their ways towards the royal arms  
The crusaders regroup for a second charge  
The fictitious king does not stand a chance  
He's cast from his saddle by the blow of a lance  
With one strike of a sword he falls down

This is no king this is merely a liege  
These are not the skills of royal prestige  
We've been tricked by these mongrels  
Had by those fools  
Bring me this coward and  
I'll dig him a tomb

I am the king

You bastard, where are you  
You'll rot where you stand  
Show me your face  
You will die by my hand

Come closer you scoundrel  
Let's finish this strife  
This foolish bravado  
Will cost you your life

"Alain de Roucy, who'd sworn to strike down the warrior-king, emerged from the chaos of shattered shields and fallen heroes. The king and his men were soon surrounded. In the desperate struggle that followed, de Roucy managed to single out and disarm Peter of Aragon and with a well-aimed blow of his sword he made an end to his reign"

Unaware of their brethren's fate  
Raymond's troops held back 'till it was too late  
Heavily bleeding, barely alive  
The final few brought the news of their king's demise

Skulls cracked by maces  
And warrior's slain  
Men trampled by horses  
And screaming in pain  
Harnesses covered  
In sanguine rain  
For those who will stand  
Only darkness remains

Pushed to the stream  
By crusaders depraved  
Driving them  
Into a watery grave  
The unearthly silence  
As spirits transcend  
When all comes to an end