

To the Castle!



In awesome sight by firelight:
The one hundred knights whose swords he'd made,
Came to Albion now with a solemn vow,
That blood would stain, like wine, each blade.

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Hearts did pound, tho' there wasn't a sound,
As they mounted their horses two by two.
With Albion ahead, brave Paladin led,
Giving signal; then, toward the castle they flew.

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The sky was black and lightning did crack,
As they rode thru the wind and rain.
Hooves beating ground made thund'rous sound
Rolling swiftly across the plain.