

# Home Of The Knave

Falconer

Once upon a time  
There was a restless king in charge.  
What could he contribute  
To write some history?  
Gold he had plenty of  
But plenty could be more  
So onwards he marched  
On reasons quite obscure.

With a blindfold and sword,  
Come deliver us from evil.

Great saviour of all,  
So honest and brave.  
Your land of the free  
Is the home of the knave.

Echoes of crusaders  
Were heard across the world  
As he fought against  
The legions sent from hell.  
Shadows of the templars  
Are yet again a fact:  
Creeds are cast aside  
Determination's still intact..