

The Capitulation of Vercingetorix

Folkodia

Proud warlord now kneel,
Defeated, wan and in shame
At the Caesar's sandaled feet...

All these valleys that once were thine
Now, are stained with the blood
Of the finest sons of Gaul...

All these hills that you once called home
Are now shadowed by the emblem of Rome:
The eagle perched atop an iron SPQR...

Proud warlord now crawl,
Behind the chariot that drags thee
Through the streets of Rome...

The howl of the crowd
Rings like the curse of curses
To thy once proud and noble ear...

Proud warlord now die...
In agony and torment, die!
Your blood doth stain the arena's sand...