

# Song Of Roland

## Gothic Knights

Twenty thousand Frenchmen lying in the valley  
Rear guard to King Charlamagne  
The great one among them Roland was his name  
Nephew of the Christian King  
But sad is the story that falls on this day  
For treason is at hand  
As Ganelon plots conspiracy  
A true evil man

War is at hand  
Plotted by an evil man  
One who paid tribute to King Charlamagne  
Roland how sad  
Crossed by his own man  
Honor lies dead on the blood soaked land

The Spanish come to ambush  
With soldiers left behind  
Come in masses unforetold  
One hundred thousand cross the line  
Death falls upon the Frenchmen  
A massacre of twenty thousand men  
Blood stains the ground  
And the entire land

Roland sounds the oliphant calling out the armies  
That lie some time away  
The Great King hears the echo  
So he sends his knights back to Spain

The vast and the powerful armies  
That were made of gold and steel  
Run back with honor in their hearts  
To the mighty King Charlamagne

When he gets back to the valley  
He knows it's all in vain  
For Roland lies on the ground  
With a large wound in his head  
The Great King weeps in agony  
For the death of his warrior  
But now the wrath of vengeance  
Will take its final toll

Munjoie is cried out as the army closes in  
Out to spill the blood of the Spanish King  
Munjoie is cried out as the army closes in  
To avenge the death and pay homage to their King

Standing at the battlefield the King attacks Belignat  
Ripping his heart and skin  
The battle ends in glory as it was said in prophecy  
The trial of the wicked is at hand  
The most sinful crime of the land  
So death is the verdict's punishment  
And Ganelon pays for his sins