

The Conflict of Toulouse

Lemuria

The Red Lion now made his last move
A new city was his dream and everything has to stand aside

Be gone you poor man
Tremble on your feet
A confrontation is at hand
And I will strike hard

Liberty is not a vain hope
A sudden fever has killed the pope
Listen well! A dulcimer calls
It is time to resist

I reclaimed my city
And help is on the way
Fortify the walls
And sharpen your sword

Years come and pass
But bravery will last
Our name shall write
The history of our time

Side by side we must take heart
Shining metal as far as the eye can see
One by one every man takes part
His power yields, hide your anxiety

In the distance he stood, the pinnacle of dread
His vision crossed by stiff resistance
A last assault had to make short work
Of the plotting of heretic and sword

Side by side we must take heart
Shining metal as far as the eye can see
One by one every man takes part
His power yields, hide your anxiety

Storm the city, head for the gates
Leave no man or woman alive
I called in reinforcements
This war has endured too long
Behold! My brother shot down
Now feel my cold revenge

"But just after he has spoken these words
He was killed by the troops on the wall"

The terror of the north
Stopped by a well aimed stone
His men fled, stroke astound

Cheer with me
"Lo loq es mort!"