

Gary Hughes, Excalibur

[The Prologue]

Upon a Pagan land in darkness came
A black and heartless spawn of seed,
A cruel and wretched plague,
For in the mist of time a king lay slain
And left the vilest form of greed
With a crown to claim
They battle, heed no warning
Prattle as they feud their lives away
They drown in civil war; they bleed

And still your dreams chill the night
While the dead fill your head
Desperate scenes take the knife
Through your flesh to the bone
Such extremes shape this fight
Fire is fed; blood is shed
And the pleas to unite
Scream "Excalibur guide our way home"

A ray of hope emerging bright as day
Amidst the darkness hour, reveals
what is pre-ordained
To hold a sword of power the Gods have made
To temper lightning forged as steel
for its sacred blade
Strength, passion, hopes and glory
Balanced on the brink, no time to fail
This time the saviour must be real

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