

Publicerad 2011-11-25 23:59 av Zac Fransson

And so I am become a knight of the kingdom of dreams and shadow. - Mark Twain

Son's of the Kingdom of Heaven

I was born in the shine of the brightest star

My childhood was loving and could brighten up the darkest of hours

My fader was a humble loving and strong man

My mother, like the most beautiful healthy rose, thus she was

The kingdom of heaven surrounded me and my parents

The metal clothed men with their mighty spears and swords

Punished were those who stole from the innocent

By death you'll be punished for killing a fellow brethren'

The adult living, called by the kings royal guards themself's

A sword I shall bear, and this cape that brings me honor from my land

The sword shall pierce those who think different from that of our loving king

Their house's shall burn from the might of the kingdom I represent

And their cattle sha'll be slain in the field's of clover

Their ruler shall be dragged through the streets of the loving kingdom

And shame shall bring him to an end

And thus I live my life in honour and glory

My dad, mad from the things I have done

My mother, crying from the fact that she has lost the brightest star she once knew

However I do not cry from the fact that my father looks down on me

I have earned the blessing of the king

And I shall die with the sword firmly in my hand

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