



Roderick's Tale

"I have beheld the Saracens of Spain;
Covered with them, the mountains and the vales,
The wastes I saw, and all the farthest plains.
A muster great they've made, this people strange."

from The Song of Roland (11th Cent.)

Farewell (Roderick)

I bid farewell to you my friends
My ship is set, make no amends (for)
Hud'ling hearth, not heeding the call
I leave you all

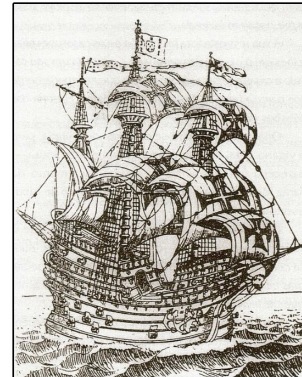
A caravel to seek Sir Prester John
To sail beyond the great beyond
To find a king and pledge my knife
To pledge my honor, to pledge my life
I leave home!

In my few years on this Earth
For my soul I vow to serve
Truce of God and chivalry
Charge I smite the enemy
Prester John, command me!

I go to duel the Saracen
And join a noble garrison
When I return a worthy knight
I'll bathe myself in heaven's light
ho!

Across the Sea (Spoken by a sailor)

"The noble born you seek can be found
Where the solstice sun rises from the ground"





Roderick's Tale (CONT'D)

ON THE ROAD FROM ACRE (RODERICK)

I LISTEN TO MY HORSE'S HOOVES ON THE DUSTY ROAD FROM ACRE,
A DRIER LAND THERE'LL NEVER BE, A DESERT FOR A SEA.
SILENCE BUT FOR WIND AND HOOF, A LONELY TRAVELER I,
UPON THE SAND I RIDE BENEATH A SANDY-COLORED SKY.

ONLY DAYS IN OUTREMER, A SOLITARY KNIGHT,
I LONG FOR NEWS OF VICTORY, OF GOOD AND NOBLE FIGHT,
EVENINGS I SHARP MY SWORD AND HONE MY HUNGRY KNIFE,
THEY DO NOT RUST, THEY DO NOT DULL, THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN LIFE.

DAYS DO PASS,
NIGHTS BETWEEN,
DISTANT HAZE,
DISTANT HAZE,
A SMOKY SCENE...



THE CARNAGE AT AL-SAMIJ (A SOLDIER)

CRUSH, KILL, MAIM AND TORTURE BRING THEM TO THEIR KNEES
SLIT THEIR THROATS, CUT THEIR HEARTS, THE CITY WE WILL SEIZE
WOMENS AND MASCOTS RULE THE DAY, THE INFIDEL MUST DIE.
FOLLOW CAPTAIN'S ORDERS WELL, TOGETHER WE WILL CRY:

DEUS LE VULT! DEUS LE VULT! DEUS LE VULT!

CRUSH, KILL, MAIM AND TORTURE, BRIGANDS IN THE NIGHT
SLAUGHTER ALL WITHOUT REGARD, INDULGENCE MAKES IT RIGHT.
HOLY ORDERS SLAY THE FIENDS, WE ONLY WIELD THE SWORD
ABSOLUTION FOR OUR SINS, FOR THE EVIL HORDE: HELL!

DEUS LE VULT! DEUS LE VULT! DEUS LE VULT!
DEUS LE VULT! DEUS LE VULT! DEUS LE VULT!



Roderick's Tale (CONT'D)

ON THE SILK ROAD TO BACTRIA (Roderick)

My horse and I walk side by side
On the Silk Road heading east,
He cannot bear my heavy load,
The noble falling beast.

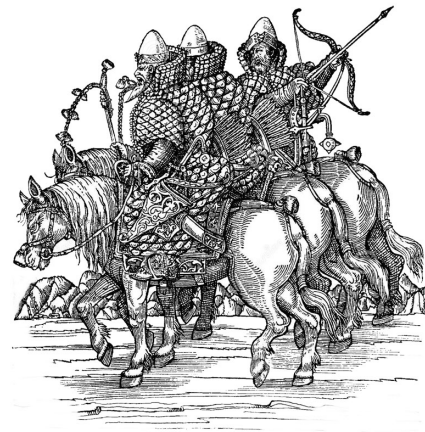
My knife remains within its sheathe,
As doubts pool in my mind.
We weren't to question our beliefs.
What did I hope to find?

Am I Really Wrong? (Roderick)

Is it really so?
How could I expect to know?
Is it really true?
My king could be so cruel
Taking every life
Even those without a knife

Am I really wrong?
My convictions were so strong
We thought that they were few,
But more than we every knew
Bactria is filled with grace;
A noble, kind and wondrous place

Am I really wrong?
Am I really wrong?
Am I really wrong?





Roderick's Tale (CONT'D)

A Good Man Goes Home (Roderick)

WHAT MAN CAN KNOW, AGAINST ALL THAT STANDS TO REASON
THAT HIS LORD IS BUT A MAN, AND IS NOT YOUR BETTER
YOUR LIFE'S YOUR OWN
AND NOT HIS THRONE

I WAS SEDUCED, BY A LONGING TO BELIEVE
IN MORALITY FROM A KING, BUT I SEE THAT I MUST
CHOOSE MY LIFE
TO LIVE MY LIFE

SO I SAY FIGHT IF YOU MUST, BUT TAKE NO JOY IN THE FIGHTING
KEEP THOSE WHO EARN YOUR TRUST, AND FORSAKE ALL THOSE WHO
CLAIM TO BE
BETTER THAN THEE

"ONLY THE KING SEES THE CROWN ON HIS HEAD.
DON'T TELL ME WHO I AM!"

WHEN I ARRIVED, I THOUGHT I'D SURVIVE
LITTLE DID I KNOW, SO MUCH I WOULD GROW
ACHIEVING LIFE, IS NOT MERELY FAILING TO DIE
TO AFFIRM AND NOT DENY: SELF

I LONGED TO BE A KNIGHT
NOT A PECKLESS ACOLITE
I SPURN MY QUEST
IT'S FOR THE BEST

AND A GOOD MAN GOES HOME
A GOOD MAN GOES HOME
A GOOD MAN GOES HOME

