Durendal

As the sinking sun

Is cloaked in black,

The time is near,

No turning back.

‍

The steel of legend

Bathed in red,

A mountain pass

Where heroes bled.

‍

A clash of words

Where shadows fight,

To hide the beard

Of snowy white.

‍

When azure skies

Reveal their hue,

The hidden truth

Shall come to view.

‍

- Voltaire