

**DamilNR09**

### **A Knight's Elegy**

Their metallic armored bodies dropped to the cold, muddy ground. I fixed my eyes on the mountains of corpses surrounding the borders of the city, crumpled together like hordes of sacrificed animals.

"Ser Kyne," whispered a soldier behind my ears. "The noblemen and their army have been annihilated. We have won the war."

I nodded, taking the golden helmet off my head, pressing it hard against my chest. I stared at the black smoke of victory coming from the city's mighty fortress, hearing the screams of men and women suffering at the hands of merciless soldiers. I wanted to run away from here, I couldn't bare to see the colors of death anymore. Thusly, I stepped deeper into the dark alleyways of the city, trying to escape the dull, grim scene.

I walked past a burning church, inhaling the scent of incense and putrid food mingled into a single smell. the small bodies of children lay dead down on the temple's wooden seats, firmly embracing the bodies of their murdered fathers and mothers. Shivers ran down my spine, knotting my lungs and heart with guilt and sorrow.

"It needed to be done," I muttered, feeling heavy and oddly defeated. My body slowly collapsed to the ground, unable to stand up on its own. I felt my heart thumping hard against the walls of my chest, crying along with me for the great sin I had committed.

"It needed to be done... this was the king's desire. I shall be loyal, and embrace his decision with all my might.

I... I--"

My voice broke, and tears suddenly burst out my wrinkled, old eyes. I lifted my head up to the sky, feeling the gentle breeze of winter caress the lines of my old skin. I was told

to never question king Elario's orders... however, this time everything seemed wrong.

Since I was just a boy, all I wanted to do was to protect the innocent from men who rape and kill. Now, I had become one of them, and it happened so quickly that I failed to notice it. I was no different from the rest, as much as I tried to be on the last forty years of my knighthood. I wept to the sky, and screamed my lungs out to the world.

I despised the king. I wanted him to drop dead from the golden throne supporting his fat, cowardly ass. I wanted him to drown in his own blood, for the great crime he had committed.

I wanted -I wanted everything to end. However, it was too late for redemption, I had come this far on my journey, and there was no turning back. Mother and father would've been both proud and disappointed if they ever saw me like this. Their victorious son had accomplished the annihilation of an entire city that was not at fault for the mistakes of its leaders. His precious child had murdered women and children, slaying them like pigs before a feast.

In the king's eyes, everyone needed to pay. It was a lesson for future generations to come, and history to be written in seals and books. A moment to be remembered for those who opposed the "Will of God".

Bullshit.

I stood up, unsheathing my sword from my scabbard. I buried it deep into the ground, standing in front of hundreds of dead people that would've been alive if it wasn't for me, and my blinded loyalty. The sword shuttered, weeping along the cold northern winds.

It's over.

I didn't deserve to be called a hero, much less a knight. Not now, not ever. War always brought endless amounts of suffering to the homes of men. And this wasn't the end of it.

