Aeneid 10.374-93

Aeneas' helmet blazed; flames from the crest gushed upward; the gold boss of his great shield shot out vast firelight, even as when blood-red, ill-omened, through transparent night a comet glows, or Sirius comes up, that burning star that brings drought and disease to ill mankind, and makes all heaven drear with baleful shining. Not for that did Turnus fail in audacity, in his confident hope to occupy the shore first and drive back the invadres from the beach. "Here is the chance you've prayed for: now to hack them up with swords! The battle is in your hands, men. Let each soldier think of his wife, his home; let each recall heroic actions, great feats of our father. Down to the surf we go, while they're in trouble, disembarking, losing heir footing. Fortune favors men who dare!"

Aeneid 10. 691-707

As he spoke he pressed with his left foot upon the dead and pulled away the massive weight of swordbelt graven with pictured crime: that company, Aegyptus' sons, killed by Danaus' daughters, young men murdered on one wedding night, their nuptial beds blood-stained...

Now Turnus gloried in it, in his winning. The minds of men are ignorant of fate and of their future lot, unskilled to keep due measure when some triumph sets them high. For Turnus there will come a time when he would give the world to see again an untouched Pallas, and will hate this day, hate that belt taken.

Aeneid 10.724-31

Pallas, Evander, all their history rose before Aeneas' eyes: the first feast he had come to as a stranger, the right hands joined in friendship. Now he took four sons of Sulmo, four more Ufens reared, took them alive to offer to the shades in sacrifice, wetting with captive blood the flame of Pallas' pyre...
Sighting him in the long battle-line, Aeneas made his way toward him. Mezentius stood fast, utterly fearless, biding his gallant foe, immobile, massive, measuring with his eye the distance needed for the throw.

... Aeneas in a flash drew sword from hip and closed with his shocked enemy. Now Lausus groaned at the sight for love of his dear father, and down his cheeks the tears rolled.

The city flourished, till an arrogant king Mezentius, ruled it barbarously by force. How shall I tell of carnage beyond telling, beastly crimes this tyrant carried out? Requite them, gods, on his own head and on his children! He would even couple carcases with living bodies as a form of torture. Hand to hand and face to face, he made them suffer corruption, oozing gore and slime in that wretched embrace, and a slow death. But at long last the townsmen, sickening of his unholy ways, took arms and laid siege to the madman and his house.

"Why this rush deathward, daring beyond your power? Filial piety makes you lose your head." ... Aeneas drove his tough sword through the young man's body up to the hilt—for it pierced the half-shield, light defense for one so menacing—and the shirt his mother had woven him, soft cloth of gold, so blood filled up the folds of it. His life now left his body for the air and went in sorrow to the shades. But seeing the look on the young man's face in death, a face so pale as to be awesome, then Anchises' son groaned in profound pity. He held out his hand as filial piety, mirrored here, wrung his own heart, and said: "O poor young soldier, how will Aeneas reward your splendid fight? How honor you, in keeping with your nature? Keep the arms you loved to use, for I return you to your forebears, ash and shades, if this concerns you now. Unlucky boy, one consolation for sad death is this: You die by the sword-thrust of great Aeneas."
Aeneas on the run came up, pulling his sword out of the sheath, stood over him and said: "Where is the fierce Mezentius now, and his bloodthirsty soul?"

... "Bitter as gall, my enemy, why pillory me and hold up death before me? Taking my life you do no wrong; I had no other expectation, coming to battle. Lausus, my son, made no compact with you that you should spare me. One request I'll make if conquered enemies may ask a favor: let my body be hid in earth. I know on every hand the hatred of my people. Fend off their fury and allow me room in the same grave with my son." This said, he faced with open eyes the sword's edge at his throat and poured his life out on his armored breast in waves of blood.