

Under The Sword

Falconer

They burst through the gates
with swords in hand they made their way
cross the hall of the high lord.

-As long as that man lives
peace will never propagate
between me and my brothers here
so yield yourself to your fate!

The king stood still in the back,
grey in face and without will
not knowing wrong from right.

-You have brought shame and disgrace
to soil your fathers' name
and heaven will not easily
forget the game you've played.

The limbs of the lord was chained,
he was bound to a horse then they rode away
through a cold winter storm.
Travelling night and day
through a kingdom of snow
and finally arriving at
the castle of his foes.

He was shackled to the wall,
in the tower high above the ground
he was kept like a common thief.
And meanwhile the brothers three
feasted into the night
and toasted time after time
until the morning light.

He was sentenced to death by the blade.
In the name of high treason
he died under the sword.

-We have harvested the crops
of the evil seed
that grew between you and me
but now united we'll lead!