

## Cween of the Mark

Forefather

Warrior maiden, blood of the kings  
Our brave and glorious cween  
Lead us into victorious times  
When we will reign supreme  
For far too long they've soiled our land  
But now the tides have changed  
We will have our just revenge  
When by our steel they're slain

As we prepare for the battle  
The lady's our beacon of light  
Their bodies will break on our blades  
With the cween of the Mark at our side

Golden hair frames her solemn face  
High up on her steed  
Beneath the banner of the Mark  
Fluttering in the breeze  
For far too long they've soiled our land  
But now the tides have changed

We will have our just revenge  
When by our steel they're slain