

The Kingsword will stand...  
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The Kingsword will stand in its scabbard of granite  
The quicksilver forged in the pools of the sky  
A rumour explained by the one who began it  
A boy's hand will grasp it, a man's raise it high...

Son of the dragon, of night and the slaughter  
Whose wisdom his unshaven youth will belie  
Will wake from her slumber the lake's only daughter  
To answer the calling she cannot deny

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Wrought by a queen for the hand of the chosen  
From fishscale and currents and winter's reply  
Brought from the deep by a prophet who knows  
In the arms of the water again it will lie

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