

Holy Flower Of The North Star

Minsk

I won't take this chord from round my throat, and I can't promise you won't find a note. For our gallows still stand luminous and tall.

And they're calling to us even now.

I will make no sacred vow.

A kiss has seal these lips tonight, and tomorrow may never come for me.

But in this night we'll feast and we we'll fight and keep these fires burning until the dawn.

And if we make it to see the morning light, we'll sing an errant wanderer's song of hangmen, heroes, lovers, and pawns