

## The Fall Of Tara

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I heard it from the coldest gale  
perpetually the kingdoms fail  
I tried to smile on this rebirth  
Oh purile sons of mother earth

Shining pikes on a foggy brae  
The morning dew waits to shroud  
Each tear in their bloody eyes  
When the foe of the land dies

Clarion pipes , proudly marching men  
Thousands hum to the battle drum  
(Forward! For the king and the crown!)

A legend for each men who falls to the ground  
For each standing one a low lullaby  
Desperation wields the sword , under a gonfalon of fear  
A glimpse of glorious days shine in a widowed tear

I've been called to fight for my royalty  
For my king at his right hand  
Be a matter to my country  
I spill my blood out on this land

And if I should die in this battle  
It's a noble thing I do  
And if I should be a hero  
Then I will return to you

The grace gave me my kingdom  
My only royalty  
Now to raise my sword against  
A lord to protect my family

So I'll fight for them tomorrow  
March in the name of Tara  
To see their children - parished  
By an enthralled soldiers sword