

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