

# The Bloody Meadow

## Seven Kingdoms

The Bloody Meadow

I am the king of rhymes  
I'll choose the songs you will hear tonight  
Just drink up your wine  
and think not of tomorrow's fight

So I take you far away  
to times of old  
and maidens fair as day  
and heroes legend told

In blood and steel you'll see  
Immortal songs of victory

I keep eternal life  
My songs will live on though I shall die  
So think not on strife  
or what may come at battlecry

When our eyes grow dim and pale  
The songs remain to tell the tale

So take up your sword in hand  
Even as the last man dies  
Cry loud and make your final stand  
and my song shall rise

And red the grass beneath his feet,  
and red his banners bright,  
and red the glow of setting sun  
that bathed him in its light.  
"Come on, come on" the great lord called,  
"my sword is hungry still."  
And with a cry of savage rage,  
They swarmed across the rill...

So I take you far away  
to times of old  
and maidens fair as day  
and heroes legend told

In blood and steel you'll see  
Immortal song your desinty

I sow the seed of song  
All hear the tales I tell of days by gone  
Of right and wrong  
And life and death under the sun

Now hear the legend and lore  
These songs live on forevermore

So take up your sword in hand  
Even as the last man dies  
Cry loud and make your final stand  
and my song shall rise

And red the grass beneath his feet,  
and red his banners bright,  
and red the glow of setting sun  
that bathed him in its light.  
"Come on, come on" the great lord called,  
"my sword is hungry still."  
And with a cry of savage rage,  
They swarmed across the rill...

And there he stood with sword in hand,  
the last of Darry's ten...

I sing your song this night  
A tale of rebellion's tragic end  
Like second sight  
Recall the day you fell again

Then you drew your final breath  
Immortal life given in death

And red the grass beneath his feet,  
and red his banners bright,  
and red the glow of setting sun  
that bathed him in its light.  
"Come on, come on" the great lord called,  
"my sword is hungry still."  
And with a cry of savage rage,  
They swarmed across the rill...