

We Do not Sow (The Legacy of Black Harren, Part I)

Seven Kingdoms

Black ships are sailing in the night
I'm drunk and looking for a fight
A distant light appears as the dark waves turn
Let's steal their lives and watch the village burn!

Sail the stormy sea
Stand proud and free
claiming meat and mead
I'll take the shores
And salt wife whores
Never ending, I need more

We're Ironborn, we rape, we reave and carve out our kingdoms
on distant shores
Black Harren's longships sailing out taking rewards
we do not sow

My axe lusts for bone and gore
Just as the Iron Men of yore
The Drowned God made us to be strong
We write our names in blood, fire and song!

What is dead may never die...

Let your servant be born again from the sea, as you were
Bless him with salt
Bless him with stone
Bless him with steel
What is dead may never die, but rises again, harder and stronge
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So we sail for morning sun
Toward future conquests to be won
Our mighty race shall reign on high
We'll rule until the whole world dies!