

Hear my words Earl of Gwent
I am the fatherless one
Drain the lake and rouse the dragons
Take my blood
Yon stronghold will never stand

For the hour of doom is rung
See the dragons rise into the air
They'll be fighting sore and long
For a wise man will come to take the crown

When even the house
Of romulus fell
His final fate
No seer can foretell

There's a greater place
Beyond the realms of lethe
There's a flaming trace in our heart
When a memory becomes myth