

Arkngthand

"The Woods of Whisper"

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My name is spelled fear and dismay
The rack and ruin we bring
At these walls of Riverrun we lay
In name of Joffrey the King

The woods were full of whispers
A snow Shriek called his trill
Suddenly a tall knight sat on his stallion
Where her son had been waiting
Not a stranger to her after all
Her men had always made her
Would that change on this nightfall?

So this is what death sounds like
As harsh the situation, as silent will be the strike

So this is what death sounds like
In this chorus of silence, every voice is so alike

Ride with me
Down the Line
See me fore the storm
And behold the tall young knight
in whom I was transformed

Ride with me
Down the line!
Fight with me
And Riverrun will be thine

The woods were full of whispers
A snow Shriek called his thrill
Suddenly a tall knight sat (there) on his stallion
Where her son had been waiting
Not a stranger to her after all
Her men had always made her

Would that change in this nightfall?

Here in the woods of whisper he glanced back one more time

Here called the Warhorn of Mormont

Fear the brave men screaming Riverrun, Tully and Winterfell!

Echoing so far beyond!

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