

Forefather "Cween Of The Mark"

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Warrior maiden, blood of the kings
Our brave and glorious cween
Lead us into victorious times
When we will reign supreme
For far too long they've soiled our land
But now the tides have changed
We will have our just revenge
When by our steel they're slain

As we prepare for the battle
The lady's our beacon of light
Their bodies will break on our blades
With the Cween of the Mark at our Side

Golden hair frames her solemn face
High up on her steed
Beneath the banner of the mark
Fluttering in the breeze
For far too long they've soiled our land
But now the tides have changed

We will have our just revenge
When by our steel they're slain

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