

Thalarion

"The Way Of King"

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Gleaming shell of an autumn lie
Fable of right divine
You gained your crowns by heritage
But blood was the price of mine

The throne that I won by blood and sweat
By Perun, I will not sell
For promise of valleys filled with gold
Or threat of the halls of hell

When I was a fighting man
The kettle-drums they beat
The people scattered gold dust
Before my horse's feet

The way of the king

But now I am a great king
The people hound my track
With poison in my wine-cup
And dagger at my back

The way of the king

What do I know of cultured ways
The guilt, the craft and the lie?
I, who was born in a naked land
And bred in the open sky

The subtle tongue, the sophist guile
They fail when the broadswords sing
Rush in and die, dogs,
I was a man before I was a king

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