

Minstrels Of Mayhem

"Minstrel Boy"

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Well, I'll sing to the morning,
And I'll sing through the night,
And I'll sing to the swiftness of our swords,
And I'll pray for the comrades to stand strong before
the fight,
As they all march on so bravely off to war.

Our minds are on our sweethearts,
Our thoughts are with our friends,
In our hearts we feel so empty and alone.
And we think about our families, shall we ne'er see
them again,
And we dream about the day that we'll go home.

Chorus:

For I am not a soldier, I am just a minstrel boy,
And my duty to this army is to sing them songs of joy.
To keep their hearts in the battle,
To keep their minds from the fray,
And I'm not afraid to die, today.

And I see their burdens lighten,
I see their spirits lift
As I sing them songs of battles won before,
And I feel their muscles tighten and I sense their
feelings shift,
As they strive on to the struggle that's in store.

Well, the battle rages onward,
The fighting has begun,
And the men they show no mercy and no fear.
Now the darkness it surrounds us as the clouds pass
o'er the sun,
And in my death the minutes pass like years.

Chorus

And so now my strings are broken,
And my lute is torn in two,
And my honor and my duty to this army now are

through.

There'll be no more songs of laughter, no more time to
sit and play,

And I am afraid to die, today

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