

The Night Watch

Tub Ring

Sure as the day will grow longer
Sharp as the steel of my blade
In the presence of me
Most respectfully

We'll speak of the tithe that you paid Look as your guard walks among you

Wave with a flag in your hand
Good tidings to you
In all that you do

Good servants are still in demand Walk soft as we are approaching

This armor is not just for show
The time has come
To step to the sun

All dressed up with no place to go

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