The Night Watch (Interlude)

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 paidLook 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 demandWalk 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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