Emerald

Skyclad

Down from the glen came the marching men
With their shields and their swords
To fight the fight they believed to be right
To overthrow the overlords.To the towns where there was plenty
They brought plunder, swords and flame
When they left the town was empty
And the children would never play again.From the graves I heard the fallen
Above the battle cry
By the bridge near the border
There were many born to dieThen onward over the mountain
And outward toward the sea
They come to claim the Emerald
Without it they could not leave.

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