Kingsword

Heather Dale

The kingsword will stand.
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The kingsword will stand in it's scabbard of granite.
The quicksilver forged in the pools of the sky.
A rumour explained by the one who began it.
A boy's hand will grasp it, a man's raise it high.

Son of the dragon,
Of night and the slaughter.
Who's wisdom his unshaven youth will belie
Will wake from her slumber
The lake's only daughter,
To answer the calling she cannot deny.

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Brought by a queen for the hand of the chosen.
From fish scale and currants and winter's reply.
Brought from the deep by a prophet who knows
In the arms of the water again it will lie.

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Lyrics submitted by Isy.

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