

Boiling Led

Falconer

Early Morning
It's cold and the snow is whirling
Like a warning, a promising fate
But the king rests in peace on his sled
Hooves are pounding
So many thoughts in his head
All around him
What if he knows
He will never again go to bed Find him
Run for your life
Only promise you'll find him
Throw him in boiling led Nail down the traitor
Cross over the ice
Through the wind blows and the hate grows
Your thoughts will suffice On the runner
Steering the sled and the mare
The assassin, full of suspense
With the king resting under the hide
Like a gunner
Hiding the axe in his coat
Our dinner, planning the deed
And he knows he must follow his guide One hit,
One slash, one single blow.
The king,
The pain, the blood, the snow. Hooves are pounding
So many thoughts in their heads
Out to find him, sure to succeed
For their king and their leader is dead.

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