

Falconer, Mountain Men

Taxes raised by the union king,
a blockade in his back for the days of the wars.
-No importation and no exportation is making the nation bleed.
Yet the bailiffs demand their gold,
the uprising is growing for every day.
-The threatening, the torture, the killing of men
is a plague that must now come to end, once and for all.

Mountain men
hear the call now!
Fight tyranny's cold hand.
Mountain men
from the harsh land!
Cast of your chains and the burnings shackles.

Fortress they took one by one,
with success came support from the highborn class.
-We grant you aid to dethrone our king for financial prosperity.
The crown forced to negotiate,
so they called for a council of all four estates.
-Now we elect you captain of the realm,
so pull back your forces and return home.

Old and worn, to be forgotten.
Misled to the shade of stage
but with a plan, he will return.

Halfway to the council of the realm,
ambushed by rivals in disguise he met his demise.
By the blade of greed he fell down.

Mountain men
heard the call and
fought tyranny's cold hand.
Mountain men
from the harsh land
cast of their chains and the burnings shackles.

The king was dethroned and fled head over heels
and he ended his life in disgrace,
in piracy.