

# Falconer, Boiling Led

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  
though 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 dunner, 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.