

Falconer, Scoundrel and the Squire

Reaper and the hangman
together hand in hand.
Their hungry eyes are prowling
across this our virgin land.

Monger and the black sheep
Bonded in heresy.
Ruling from shadows behind the stage
In this sinful symphony.
Thief and the enticer.
Brothers side by side
panning the rivers for traces of gold
with starry eyes so blind.

The scoundrel and the squire
in hidden infamy
Are clad in a robe of glory's glare
by light of false chivalry.

Tempter and the weak man
for whom tomorrow mourn.
Are sowing the seed for the future grief
as told in the script of the scorn.
Master and the slave now
choking by their own hands.
The treasures slipping through their fingers like sand
in their victory quite not to grand.

The scoundrel and the squire
In hidden infamy
are clad in a robe of glory's glare
by light of false chivalry.
(x2)