

# Falconer, Under The Sword

They burst through the gates  
with swords in hand they made their way  
cross the hall of the high lord.

[Erik:]

-As long as that man lives  
peace will never propagate  
between me and my brothers here  
so yield yourself to your fate!

The king stood still in the back,  
grey in face and without will  
not knowing wrong from right.

[Torgil:]

-You have brought shame and disgrace  
to soil your fathers' name  
and heaven will not easily  
forget the game you've played.

The limbs of the lord was chained,  
he was bound to a horse then they rode away  
through a cold winter storm.  
Travelling night and day  
through a kingdom of snow  
and finally arriving at  
the castle of his foes.

He was shackled to the wall,  
in the tower high above the ground  
he was kept like a common thief.  
And meanwhile the brothers three  
feasted into the night  
and toasted time after time  
until the morning light.

He was sentenced to death by the blade.  
In the name of high treason  
he died under the sword.

[Birger:]

-We have harvested the crops  
of the evil seed  
that grew between you and me  
but now united we'll lead!