

Heather Dale, Kingsword

The Kingsword will stand... the Kingsword will stand

The Kingsword will stand in its scabbard of granite
The quicksilver forged in the pools of the sky
A rumour explained by the one who began it
A boy's hand will grasp it, a man's raise it high

Son of the dragon, of night and the slaughter
Whose wisdom his unshaven youth will belie
Will wake from her slumber the lake's only daughter
To answer the calling she cannot deny

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Wrought by a queen for the hand of the chosen
From fishscale and currents and winter's reply
Brought from the deep by a prophet who knows
In the arms of the water again it will lie

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