

# Heather Dale, War Between Brothers

This one's a nobleman, this one's a squire  
One man will sing in the heavenly choir  
One will descend into hell's licking fire  
But to tell which is which would take better than I

This one's a father, and this one's a son  
One man was right and the other was wrong  
But both of them died in the maddening throng  
Carry them home, boys, to where they belong

War between brothers  
Sire fighting son  
Only division where once there was one  
War between brothers  
Son fighting sire  
Kin laid with kin in the funeral pyre

These two were blinded by jealousy's flame  
One pointing fingers the other to blame  
One lived in rage and the other in shame  
But which was the better of what they became?

War between brothers  
Sire fighting son  
Only division where once there was one  
War between brothers  
Son fighting sire  
Kin laid with kin in the funeral pyre

This one's a bastard, and this one's a king  
Both fought for power and what it would bring  
But fighting each other they lost everything