

Rare Bird, Hammerhead

The horses rear, the banners wave
the skies forsee the fearless rage of war.
Their heads held high the knights await
for the sun to shed its light upon the moor.

Wipe the sleep from out your eyes, the sun begins to climb the sky today
ten thousand men will fight, for king and god and all thats right today.

The Hammerhead has thrust his sword
the strife is o'er, the battle won again.
And now his bloody work is done
the women rush to greet their lord and men.

Wipe the sleep from out your eyes, the sun begins to climb the skies today
ten thousand men have fought, for Hammerhead that noble lord today.