

# Tub Ring, The Night Watch

Sure as the day will grow longer  
Sharp as the steel of my blade  
In the presence of me  
Most respectfully  
We'll speak of the tithe that you paid

Look as your guard walks among you  
Wave with a flag in your hand  
Good tidings to you  
In all that you do  
Good servants are still in demand

Walk soft as we are approaching  
This armor is not just for show  
The time has come  
To step to the sun  
All dressed up with no place to go