


The Falcon Throne

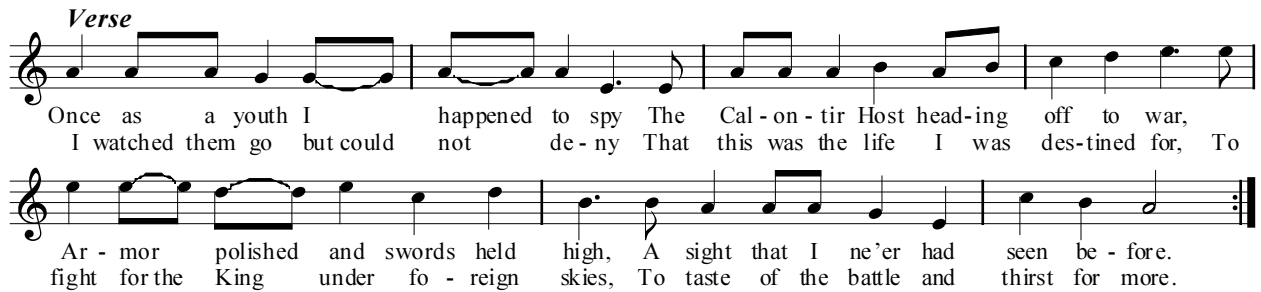
Jóhann Steinarsson

Chorus



I am a stran-ger in a far off land With a helm on my head and my sword in hand
Here and now I shall make my stand For the glo-ry of the Fal-con Throne.

Verse



Once as a youth I happened to spy The Cal-on-tir Host head-ing off to war,
I watched them go but could not de-ny That this was the life I was des-tined for, To
Ar-mor polished and swords held high, A sight that I ne'er had seen be-fore.
fight for the King under fo-reign skies, To taste of the battle and thirst for more.

*I am a stranger in a far off land
With a helm on my head and my sword in hand
Here and now I shall make my stand
For the glory of the Falcon Throne.*

Once as a youth I happened to spy
The Calontir Host heading off to war,
Armor polished and swords held high,
A sight that I ne'er had seen before.
I watched them go but could not deny
That this was the life I was destined for,
To fight for the King under foreign skies,
To taste of the battle and thirst for more.

Chorus

Five years onward and now a man,
My very first taste of the practice field,
A borrowed sword now in my right hand,
My left now raises a worn out shield.
A seasoned Fyrdman before me stands,
A lightning strike from his sword reveals-
Still more training I must withstand ,
As I stagger back and then I yield.

Chorus

Five years more and a Fyrdman made,
Gone are the fears of my boyhood days,
Countless now are the dues I paid
Amid the chaos of the battle's haze.
Hard have I worked and have not strayed,
Gone to the Wars with a heart ablaze,
And through the honor I have displayed
I have earned myself the Kingdom's praise.

Chorus

Fifteen years since I heard the call,
And swore my service to the Falcon Throne,
My armor and scars now say to all
That the youth of the past has finally grown.
Now I stand in the King's Great Hall,
A Huscarl reaping what I have sown,
And with all my strength I will stand tall
To defend my King and the Falcon Throne.

Chorus

Twenty long years and a Knight am I,
Defending my Lord on the battlefield,
An enemy soldier I now spy
And my Lord King stands without a shield
Now towards the soldier I do fly
Now does my flesh to his greatsword yield...
(slower) Now do I fall and as I die
My King is saved and my fate is sealed

*I was a stranger in a far off land
Who died in battle with my sword held high
And to my last breath I make my stand
For the glory of the Falcon Throne*