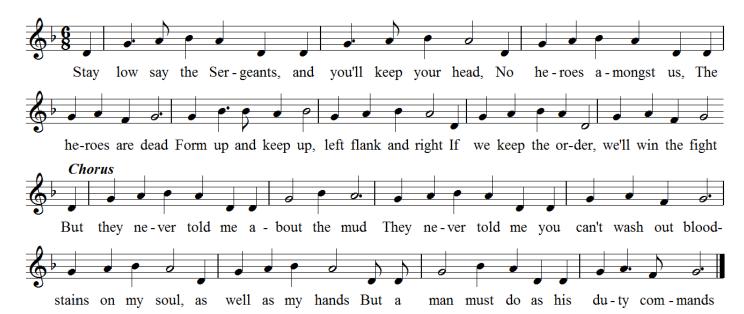
By Duncan Fearmac MacLeod Copyright DFM productions ltd INC.



Stay low say the Sergeants, and you'll keep your head, No heroes amongst us, The heroes are dead Form up and keep up, left flank and right If we keep the order, we'll win the fight

But they never told me about the mud They never told me you can't wash out bloodstains on my soul, as well as my hands But a man must do as his duty commands

I am a Scotsman, my blood has been told That glory is given to the loud and the bold Crash out and scream out, break through their lines And drink from the chaos sweet victory's wine

But they never told me about the mud They never told me you can't wash out bloodstains on my soul, as well as my hands But a man must do as his duty commands

Now I am a Fyrdman the king's to command My fealty is given, so here will I stand I'll form up and keep up, left flank and right If I keep the order, we'll win the fight But they never told me about the mud
They never told me you can't wash out bloodstains on my soul, as well as my hands
But a man must do as his duty commands

I'm a Huscarl, We are the King's men
The battle line's broken so our work begins
We crash out and scream out, break through their lines
And drink from the chaos sweet victory's wine

But they never told me about the mud
They never told me you can't wash out bloodstains on my soul, as well as my hands
But a man must do as his duty commands

Now I stand a Knight, I wear Fealty's ring I long to charge out but I'll stand by my king Fyrdmen, Huscarls, Heed now my call Bring order to chaos and build victory's wall.

But I'll never tell them about the mud I'll never tell them they can't wash out bloodstains on their souls, as well as my hands But a man must do as his duty commands.