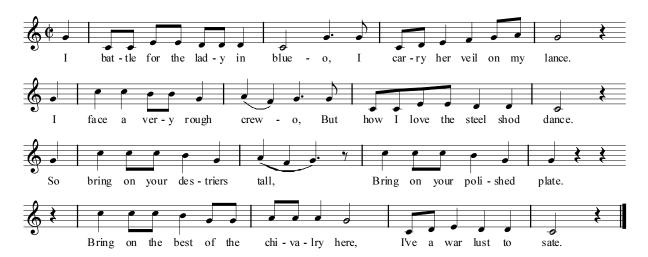
Steel-Shod Dance

Andrew Lyon of Wolvenwood



I battle for the lady in blue-o I carry her veil on my lance. I face a very rough crew-o, But how I love the steel-shod dance.

Chorus:

So bring on your destriers tall, Bring on your polished plate. Bring on the best of the chivalry here, I've a war lust to sate.

The banners of the nobles swing round-o The wind whips them out with a crack They make the very same sound-o As my first opponent's back

Chorus

A new challenger bears down-o His lance settled firm in the rest. I put him to the ground on his backside-o And turn to a sterner test.

Chorus

We gather for the grand melee-o A field full of armoured knights, We trample through the fading day-o 'Twas ne'er more chivalrous might.

Chorus

I live for the thundering hooves-o I live for the crowd's blood-roar For the chivalry and the honor-o Of our little practice war.

Chorus