

Worms of the Earth

Words and Music: Sir Volodomir Kambionets, OL (Bob Esty) Copyright 1986

For we are the worms of the earth, A - gainst the li - ons of might.
All of our days we are tied to the land, While they hunt and they feast and they fight.
We give our crops and our homes and our lives, And the cle - rics tell us this is right. And they've
beat us be - fore, and they'll beat us a - gain, But we'll drink from their hel - mets to - night.
My fa - ther worked on the land, as did his fa - ther be - fore him.
Plow - ing and sow - ing by hand, and har - vesting what the land bore him. He was killed by the rob - bers be -
fore I was ten, One stroke of the sword and then they were gone, While our lord strut - ted proud - ly on
top his tall walls, And did noth - ing to hin - der the slaught - er.

My father worked on the land, as did his father before him.
Plowing and sowing by hand, and harvesting what the land bore him.
He was killed by the robbers before I was ten,
One stroke of the sword and then they were gone,
While our lord strutted proudly on top his tall walls,
And did nothing to hinder the slaughter. For..

*We are the worms of the earth,
Against the lions of might.
All of our days we are tied to the land,
While they hunt and they feast and they fight.
We give our crops and our homes and our lives,
The clerics tell us this is right.
And they've beat us before, and they'll beat us again,
But we'll drink from their helmets tonight.*

Our Lord went away to the war, mounted on top a tall stallion,
To fight for some noble cause, with his knights there and henchmen
to guard him.
Then we heard that they captured both he and his men,
And for that they raised our taxes again,
For to pay the great ransom in gold and in gems,
To get our lord back to rule us. And..

Chorus

This year there was a great drought. Our crops were burnt in the ground.
Not that our lord did without, for his men took all that they found.
Then our lord came among us with some of his men,
To announce the taxes were raised yet again,
So a few of us acted on our desperate plan,
Now his body is meat for the crows.

Into the fire we stare, behind our poor barricade.
Too tired to feel the despair, knowing no one will come to our aid.
For when the sun rises the knights all around,
They will gather in force and they'll hunt us all down,
And they'll mount our heads proudly on pikes in the town,
And our final tax will be paid. For..

*Final Chorus:
We are the worms of the earth,
Against the lions of might.
All of our days we are tied to the land,
While they hunt and they feast and they fight.
We give our crops and our homes and our lives,
And the clerics tell us this is right.
And they've beat us before, and they'll kill us tomorrow.
But we'll drink from their helmets tonight*