

# Falconer, Scoundrel and the Squire

Reaper and the hangman  
together hand in hand.  
Their hungry eyes are prowling  
across this our virgin land.

Monger and the black sheep  
Bonded in heresy.  
Ruling from shadows behind the stage  
In this sinful symphony.  
Thief and the enticer.  
Brothers side by side  
panning the rivers for traces of gold  
with starry eyes so blind.

The scoundrel and the squire  
in hidden infamy  
Are clad in a robe of glory's glare  
by light of false chivalry.

Tempter and the weak man  
for whom tomorrow mourn.  
Are sowing the seed for the future grief  
as told in the script of the scorn.  
Master and the slave now  
choking by their own hands.  
The treasures slipping through their fingers like sand  
in their victory quite not to grand.

The scoundrel and the squire  
In hidden infamy  
are clad in a robe of glory's glare  
by light of false chivalry.  
(x2)