

Falconer, Spirit Of The Hawk

You're a spawn of the high cliffs,
slave to the wind and son to the storm.
Born to a life on the free wings,
without chains to hold back your heart.

Sweep through the air
spy for the prey.
Feel your blood pumping
and then speed away.

Spirit of the hawk
wild and free,
master of the sky.
Creature of the
northwind's seed
flying ever so high. (2x)

Beneath a scarlet horizon,
ascending are the feathers of the wild.
Soar on you king of the welkin,
still spying down upon the ground.

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