

Lowborn

Aviators

Not far away lies a storm to the north
Whispers of winter as death marches forth
Honor means nothing when war is unfair
We've come here to battle and return to nowhere
Kings die like peasants, with no one to mourn
There's blood in these hills from the battles forlorn
Wolves in the shadows drag pieces away
I've nothing to lose, with no debts left to pay

Faces, erased like a dream
The gods have not listened
Though prayers turned to cold-blooded screams
Places, where we have no name
A man of no house is a man without masters to shame
Strangers, we're bound by despair
A clamor for glory, a throne deprived of rightful heir
Dangers, from ever cold sky
A land of no mercy, a place for the lowborn to die

Vengeance igniting the fire in my blood
Paths of destruction, by sword and by flood
Fed to the vultures were friends and good men
Pursuit of dominion, the game never ends
Queens kill for power, and lords fight for gold
A wraith dressed in armor still lies in the cold
Followed by brethren with loyalty mine
Hunted by thieves of a purer bloodline

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(A place for the lowborn to die)

I have seen heaven, or some kind of hell
The source of my burden, the space that I dwell
There's no one to save us, the heroes are dead
The songs of our children are silent instead
Of ice and of fire, the stories we write
We rise from the ashes, attack in the night
The kingdom forsaken, by fate may it be
A cage with no room for the lowborn like me

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