

## 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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