

# The Daggerfall Covenant

Dan Bull

It's the dawn of the Second Era, war is getting nearer  
Former enemies get together form a better, clearer  
Bigger force of Bretons, Orcs and Redguards  
To fill hearts with dread and leave seas of heads scarred  
The Bretons are the Westerners that trek the depth and breadth  
Of Tamriel through Hammerfell 'til we have dealt with every pestilence  
In essence, Bretons are the sages of the lessons in the pages  
Of the Ancient Books, the weapons of the mages  
Respected through the ages as professional and gracious  
Due to dressing in the raiments of the excellentest tailors  
The Gift of Magnus give us bags of extra Magicka  
So many spells you'd have a hella job to add it up  
We swear fealty to High King Emeric  
And anybody that doesn't is going to get a haemorrhage  
So pour a beverage, and hold it up high  
Promise to serve the Covenant even if we must die  
No other government is running us; we're warriors  
They cannot worry us; we do not know what worry is  
From the humblest man to the baddest Lord  
Raise our hands up with the flags and let the dagger fall

Let the dagger fall  
Let the dagger fall  
Deep, and true, and you can have it all  
Let the dagger fall  
Let the dagger fall  
True, and deep, and we can have it all

We are the Orsimer, nobody's awesomer  
War's in our blood, while yours never poured thinner  
Spilling warm innards on the floor in a small inn  
And eat poor little paupers up, for dinner  
Pick up the porter and pour in some more liquor  
Raw ichor, getting slaughtered'll leave you  
All with a little bit more than a sore liver  
You've no more hope than a small glimmer  
Your Lord's never ever going to forgive us  
Whether Lawgivers or sinners  
We are warring for a cause and we fought it with the force  
Of a horse with the balls of a pure winner  
Blacksmiths, axes, add it to the axis  
Of actual madness you're going to get whacked with  
From the humblest man to the Dragonborn  
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See the dagger fall after the hammer fell  
Plan a parry and it is apparent that your plan'll fail  
From Sentinel, our power's spanning all of Tamriel  
In every race's annals, tales of our battles sail  
Over moats and castles; vales, overdose on powerful ale

For we shall regale you with how we're tough as dragonscale  
Then hit you right on the head like a hammered nail  
Breathtaking so don't forget you can inhale  
Stacked physiques, we're athletes in wrapped sheets  
From a land of vast heat, our rap sheets  
Are longer than an Abecean Anvil back street  
Fact: we eat bread and the crust, and thus we be incredibly buff  
But it's never enough, we never let muscles or metal descend into rust  
So anyone coming and messing with us is getting rebuffed, offended and cusse  
d  
Then we have push with the adrenaline rush  
We leave our enemies crushed with every thrust  
So you'd better be hushed lest you end up as dust  
Forward for Daggerfall!

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