

Rains Of Castamere

Kiki Rockwell

"Who are you", the proud Lord said, "That I must bow so low?"
Only a cat of a different coat, that's all the truth I know
In a coat of gold or a coat of red, a lion still has claws
Mine are long and sharp, my Lord, as long and sharp as yours

And so he spoke, and so he spoke
That Lord of Castamere
But now the rains weep over his hall
With no one there to hear
Yes, now the rains weep over his hall
And not a soul to hear

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