

## 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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