

The Rains Of Castamere

Malukah

And 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
And mine are long and sharp, my lord, as long and sharp as your
s
And so he spoke, and so he spoke, that lord of Castamere
But now the rains weep o'er his hall, with no one there to hear
Yes now the rains weep o'er his hall, with not a soul to hear