

RAW EDGE

© 29/03/06 – Philip Young (APRA control)

- 1/ DON'T ARGUE, DON'T ARGUE WITH A MAN OF FIERY MIEN
FOR CENTURIES OF PROVIDENCE ARE STACKED AGAINST HIS NAME
HE'LL NOT HEAR YOUR REASON 'TIL YOU STRIKE OUT IN HIS STEAD
FOR HE'S WRAPPED IN FORESWORN ARMOUR HIGH UPON 'RAW EDGE'
- 2/ 'TIS BATTLEAXE AND BROADSWORD HAVE PLACED HIM WHERE HE STANDS
CONQUEROR OF TYRANTS AND LORD OF ALL THESE LANDS
BREATHE NO WORD OF DISCORD NO THOUGHT OF TRAITOR FOUL OR
'AFORE YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HE'LL SMITE YOU TO THE GROUND.
- Ch/ SO STAND WITH ME FAIR KINSMEN AND LET US SWEAR A PLEDGE
TO THE PILLAR OF THE HIGHLANDS, THAT STANDS UPON 'RAW EDGE'
- 3/ SO MANY MEN HAVE PARTED FROM THIS MORTAL COIL
RUN THROUGH BY DIRK AND CLAYMORE, BY ENGLISH SPEAR AND FOIL
THAT HE WHO HOLDS THE HOUSE ON HIGH AGAINST THE TRAITOR'S WORD
SLEEPS ONE HAND ON THE SCABBARD AND ONE UPON THE SWORD
- Br/ SO SING OUT PRAISES IF YOU WILL, OF THOSE WHO RULE THE HEIGHTS
WHERE THE BOLDEST MAN ALONE CAN STAND THE TIMID CAN BUT DIE
WHERE COURAGE DRAWS IT'S POWER FROM THE BLOODY AND THE DEAD
ONLY THE BRAVE AND MIGHTY CAN LIVE UPON 'RAW EDGE'
- 4/ WHILE HISTORY AND LEGEND TWINED IN THE SCHOLAR'S GRASP
HAVE RAISED THE MORAL STANDARD TO FLY HIGH AT THE MAST
BENEATH IT ALL THE HERO'S CALL ROARS OUT ITS BLOODY CRY
WHERE SIGNAL FIRES, THE BATTLE PYRE, BLAZES UPON HIGH
- Ch/