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Title: The Way Of King

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Gleaming shell of an autumn lie  
Fable of right divine  
You gained your crowns by heritage  
But blood was the price of mine

The throne that I won by blood and sweat  
By Perun, I will not sell  
For promise of valleys filled with gold  
Or threat of the halls of hell

When I was a fighting man  
The kettle-drums they beat  
The people scattered gold dust  
Before my horse's feet

The way of the king

But now I am a great king  
The people hound my track  
With poison in my wine-cup  
And dagger at my back

The way of the king

What do I know of cultured ways  
The guilt, the craft and the lie?  
I, who was born in a naked land  
And bred in the open sky

The subtle tongue, the sophist guile  
They fail when the broadswords sing  
Rush in and die, dogs,  
I was a man before I was a king