**Mead of Poetry**

It may be I bleed down your blade   
I will kneel, not to be afraid   
In my pride a poem I will share   
Act of respect, up to you to spare (up to you to spare)  
 **I got a taste, this mead of poetry   
And as I speak, come rhyming words for me   
Like winter brook, still flows under the ice   
Can I draw a tear, run down from your eyes**  
Strengths in words conquer sharpest sword   
Between foes, friendship be restored   
Then we drink mead for us who stood   
For the poetry, sealed our brotherhood  
  
**Ref:**   
  
"I get slain, your furious gain   
My bane, no grudge, oh bane

My heart will embrace your sword

Never to remain"

Gain my sympathy with your poetry   
There's no pride for me, slay a man like thee  
Have our horns refilled, mead be drunk this guild   
We forever share, how you fled despair  
 **Ref: x2**