**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**