

Karliene, A Promise Of Spring

The world is a ruin
Broken swords
Ash and bone

Is there nothing to believe in
Fallen heroes
A burning throne

The world is changing
In tales we keep writing
Will we find a new beginning?
Free of war?
Free of games?

For no one will sit
On the Iron throne
The dragon was vanquished
In her madness
With steel and snow

We look to tomorrow
Beyond sorrow
And crumbling halls

We expand our horizons
Beyond maps
And beyond walls

The world is ageing
And cities are rebuilding
For Winter is ending
There's a promise
Of Spring

And no one will sit
On the Iron throne
Our Kings will be chosen
Like Bran the Broken
The boy who lived
To break the wheel

To break the wheel

On the eastern horizon
Flies her dragon
Out of sight

For nothing remains
Of the Iron Throne
A relic of ruin
Of human undoing
Won't be the last

Won't be the last