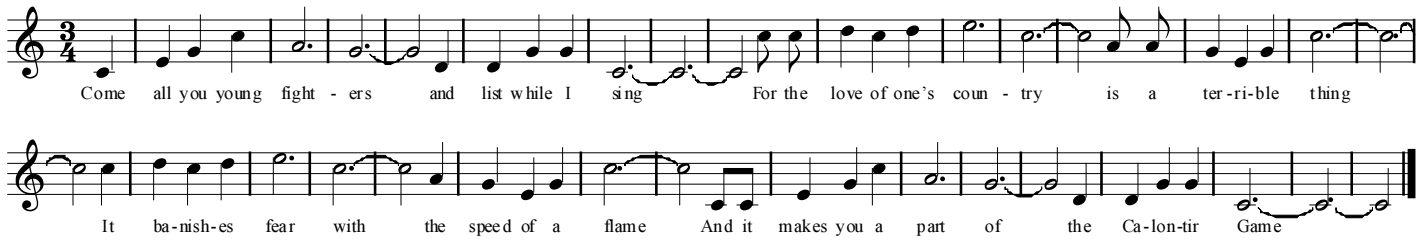


The Calontir Game

Words: Koshka

Music: Patriot Game



Come all you young fighters and list while I sing
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame
And it makes you a part of the Calontir Game

My name's unimportant, my age is the same
My home's in the heartland, and there I was trained
Been taught all my life, Ohio to blame
And now I'm a part of the Calontir Game

'Tis barely two years since I wandered away
On the local maneuvers of the bold SCA
I'd heard of our princes and I wanted the same
For to play out my part in the Calontir Game

This country of ours now needs to be free
Too long are we under Midrealm's tyranny
And some of our leaders are greatly to blame
For shirking their part in the Calontir Game

They told how our fighters were cut from crown list
The monarchy frightened of Calontir's best
Their chivalry slighted, and their honor defamed
And they soon made me part of the Calontir Game

And now we're a Kingdom, it's happened at last
Set free from the Midrealm, from tyranny's grasp
A tumult of voices rings out of our fame
For we are the victors in the Calontir Game

Original final verse:

And now I am dying, my armor all holes
And I think of those traitors who bargained and sold
And I'm sorry my broadsword has not done the same
To those traitors who sold out the Calontir Game