

Severus' Song

Nicassia of Phoenix Reach

Slow



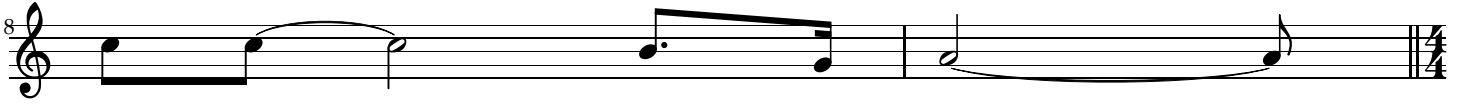
Come one, come all, Who walk in the moun-tains, Come bring your



weap-ons, And bring your wiles, Come keep the



bor - ders And the pas - ses of U - ri - zen, The Sev-ered are



march - ing out a - gain.

Quick march



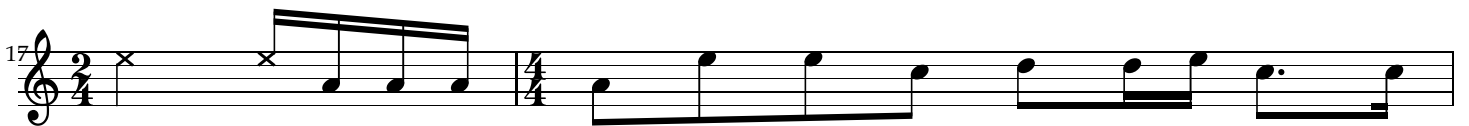
Sev-er-us stands in his plume and ar-mour, New re-cruit has lost his bow, He'll



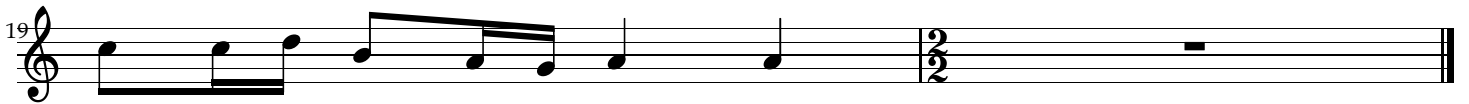
have to get him-self an-oth-er one From the hand of a new-slain foe.



Liv-ing's hard when you're loose on a moun-tain, Sleep-ing's hard when you sleep on rock,



But you can drink and sing and do what you like, As



long as you're up in the morn-ing.