

SONG OF THE FREE COMPANY

Author Unknown

If you're looking for heroes, you've got the wrong crew
We don't worry 'bout wrong or right
But there's none that can touch us at what we do
And what we do best is fight
You white-handed bastards behind your walls
Scoff and call us killers for hire
But when it's the thickest, we'll get the call
To pull your privates from the fire

CHORUS: And gold and glory will never rust
Although we're the lowest of all
When our word has been given, we'll never break trust
And we bury our comrades where they fall

Now sometimes we're cheered and sometimes we're cursed
To us it matters not
We'll kill all your best and recruit your worst
And we won't be back to this spot
The captain calls, the orders come down
No time to ask where or why
Form for march the trumpets sound
You're marching off to die

We'll lust for your daughters and bleed for your sons
Break your hearts and your heads as well
And when "Last Retreat" sounds and the battle is done
We'll unfurl our standards in hell
Yes, we'll pitch our camp on the infernal plain
And drink and swap lies with old friends
When "Form for March" sounds, we'll all complain
But be ready to fight again

So mind your step and watch your ass
If you want to keep your head
And if you pray for us as we pass
Pray for yourselves instead
For our Free Company is our home
The voice of gold our call
And none stand before us, wherever we roam
Although we're nothing at all