

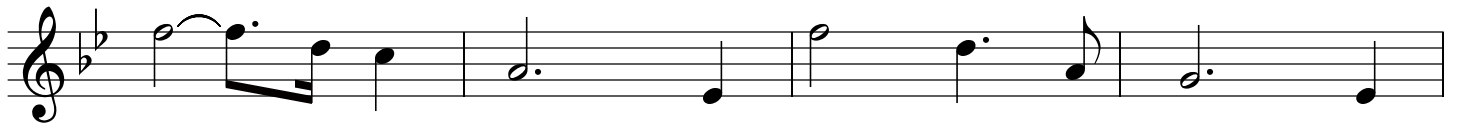
Slaying In The Rain



I'm slay ing in the rain, Just slay ing in the rain, What a



glor i ous feel ing, I'm hap py a gain. I'm



laugh ing at blood, So dark on the field, My



sword's in my hand; I nev er will yield, Let the



blood y Dukes chase, Ev 'ry foe from the place; Just



hand me my mace, there's a smile on my face. From Angels to An



Tir strike ter ror far and near, I'm slay ing, just slay ing in the rain.

by Sir Andrew of Riga & Lord Robert of Westmarch

Tune: Singing in The Rain