

# Brunhilde's Lament, Queen of the Franks - 545 - 610 A.D.



Fie how was your fate so bereft you would scorn  
Two great Frankish nations now tattered and torn  
The guile of your wickedness crafted the end  
Of that of my sister, my true noble friend  
Did your lust for power mean taking her life  
Seducing her king to raise you as his wife  
A Visigoth princess laid low for your sake  
Now Neustria's lands will burn bright for her wake

## **CHORUS:**

**Galswintha, sister I hear you  
Fredegund, fear well my song  
As the moon rises the wolf howls in anger  
That which is stolen, is never held long**

Oh wars have known many a cause for the start  
Each cry is as valid when grief rends the heart  
Know you rock the cradles of those who will fall  
And be lost in the fires here fashioned by gall  
For you murdered both of our kings with your game  
Two lands were once peaceful now embers aflame  
You've cunning uncounted, and proven too bold  
That-you think such injustice would linger untold

Though vengeance may fade like old ash lost to time  
Here-and-now with your malice, tis warm and tis mine  
Lo here in Austrasia we know what is right  
Corruption of good men is keenest a slight  
Austrasia and Burgundy, heed well my cries  
Fie! Death unto Neustria and their queen's lies  
Avenge both our king and our prince, dead and gone  
With steel let us see that fierce justice is done