

IF I WERE OF BLACKSPEAR



If I were of Blackspear, to prove well my mien,
I'd authorize firstly in sewing machine
For no glaive nor broadsword could spare me the blow
Of a sharpened sheared scathing from Bess' EO

And if I were of Blackspear, and went off to war,
Shek's holiest writ would I never ignore
Come land-grab and pack-out my duty, his wish,
Lest I find myself sleeping with the crayfish

And if I were of Blackspear, in fashion most fine,
For few other houses have their own garb line
I'd lounge in my "Coffee Robe" as morning broke
Then by dusk I would sing wrapped in my "Azrune Cloak"

If I were of Blackspear, I'd ne'er feel a chill,
Unless Andrew trusted the fire to Will,
For no true contender can match his acclaim
Hail Dwarf, Pyro master, the Marshall of flame!

If I were of Blackspear, I'd never be bored,
With Zig hazing prospects of their own accord
With Mags out with T-dog a-wenching all night
(And a) new tale from Shek of aggrandized delight

And if I were of Blackspear, I'd have one lament
For though Cian rarely goes to an event
He'll beat me to Laurel, as boot unto helm,
(He's) The prettiest pretty princess in the realm



*Inspired by Lady Azrune Rowan/Whitney Reid, Written by HL Ambra Michelli/Samantha Moore
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