



They've sent a Sprenheim maid to me  
And no one is quite sure why.  
They tell me that we are to marry,  
She looks like she wants to die.

I have seen her looks of terror  
On faces in the dungeon cells,  
How could this be home for her?  
To such woe she's been compelled.

Would we could have peace without this lunacy,  
I think we should at last be done with misery,  
Instead its tendrils stem from marrying me.

Her haunting face confounds me,  
I see it behind my eyes.  
She draws out generosity  
That Brotonheim's long despised.

Her terror seems to shame me,  
I swear I'll have it destroyed.  
Fate has bound her unto me,  
But my realm she might yet enjoy.

Yet my heart forbodes that no efforts of mine  
Could please her greater than leaving me behind  
And crossing back forever to verdant Sprenheim.

They paid for peace with my future,  
Cast me from my sunlit home,  
Sent me to this realm of horrors,  
Sent me here all alone.

I'm to marry a Broton Lord,  
A foe of old I met last week  
And this must somehow end a war,  
The chance of that seems bleak.

As yet my betrothed is not the fiend I feared,  
But still the rest, I think, would gladly see me speared.  
I wish I were anywhere but here.

He walked with me through his domain,  
Where clouds are red and rivers hiss  
And every eye would see me slain,  
All their eyes but his.

He swore that he'd be naught but kind  
And none would harm their new Lady.  
He swore a home here I would find,  
His eyes swore he could never love me.

What will he say when the flimsy peace falls apart  
And all his subjects clamour to tear me apart?  
Would I leave the slightest tear in his Broton heart?