

My lords, the King. Is dead.
Went peaceful, in his bed.
So, whether Black or Green
For Princess or for Queen
Be sure to keep your head.

There once was a young man of Dorne
Found himself with a tremendous horn
For lack of a tumble
He only could fumble
And left feeling somewhat forlorn

On a visit to shining King's Landing
A northman of excellent standing
Will find the men just
And, if given to lust,
The womenfolk somewhat demanding

A lordling was tempted to spy
On the Kingsguard - I cannot say why
He's now nought but bones
For, when gaming with thrones
My lords, you win or you die

The true king is backed by the faithful
A queen's reign would be far too painful
The man in the street
Will soon find his feet
With a king at the head of the table

A fine day in Kings Landing
King Aegon right upstanding
With knights and crown
Dragons, reknown
Faith and pomp resounding

Men who call themselves drowned
Can yet be driven to ground
Without e'en getting wet

A Lannister always pays his debts

A fine day in Kings Landing
King Aegon right upstanding
With knights and crown
Dragons, reknown
Faith and pomp resounding

The title by rights his due
His veins running blue
To Westeros loyal and true

King Aegon the Benevolent
Wondered where his money went
As he first saw his daughter's head
His dragons bought the people bread

When peacock faces dragon
When feathers clash with scales
The end it comes for Daemon
And young Elys prevails