

When a humble bard, Graced a ride along
With Geralt of Rivia, Along [REDACTED] This Song
From when the White Wolf [REDACTED], A silver-tongued devil
His army of elves, At his hooves did they revel
They came after me, With masterful [REDACTED]
Broke down my lute, And they kicked in my teeth
While the devil's horns, [REDACTED] our tender meat
And so cried the Witcher, He can't be bleat
Toss a coin to your Witcher
O'valley of plenty
O'valley of plenty
[REDACTED] to your Witcher
O'valley of plenty
At the edge of the world, Fight the [REDACTED] horde
That bashes and breaks you, And brings you the morn'
He thrust every elf, Far back on [REDACTED]
High up on the mountain, From whence [REDACTED]
He wiped out your pest, Got kicked in the chest

He's a friend of humanity, So give him the rest

That's my [REDACTED], A champion prevailed

Defeated the villain, Now pour him some ale

Toss a coin to your [REDACTED]

O'valley of plenty

O'valley of [REDACTED]

Toss a coin to your Witcher

A friend of humanity

Toss a coin to your Witcher

O'valley of plenty

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