

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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