

Falconer, Lord Of The Blacksmiths

Where the winds sing the laments of times long gone,
Where the elves dance their dances of solitude,
Hearken to the mountain,
Can you hear the echoes of the hammer's beat,
From deep within the shadows?

The Lord of the Blacksmiths keeps forging on,
Through the endless time.
Master of the anvil,
Allys the metals with an essence of magic.

With wisdom and sorcery,
From the beginning of time,
Magnificent works are forged.
For Gods and for mighty Kings.
Uncrushable shields,
Power-belts and magic Rings,
Swords that never miss,
Scepters and Crowns and other things.

There is a Holy presence in his hidden existence.
Listen to the hymn,
It sings in the galleries.
Powerful runes he carves,
Into the shining steel.
To have protection,
From the powers of mystery.