

Human Fortress, Skin & Feather

[L: Parcharidis / M: Parcharidis, Wolf]

Charms and bags and graveyard stones, witch bottles protects our homes
Minerals of many, many kinds - Things we dig for in our mines
Now the element of fire - From candle glow to wild desire
They walk in it and do not burn - It seals the spell from which they yearn
The tide is rolling on but they will never turn
To burn the orks and skeletons - Is just for what they yearn

[CHORUS]

From the mountains the wizards come
But no all at once just one by one
With powers in the coats they wear
Skin and feather, fur and hair

Relics of power and filled full of wonder
Those who slithered, pattered, thundered
Stones upon which mysterious symbols show
And lava, fire, spit taken from volcano
Spells to aid them in their quest - Combining them of course is always the best
And when with magic scrolls they are steady - To fight in battle they'll be ready

[CHORUS]

The tide is rolling on - With demon ships across the shore
The wizards fight until the tide should roll no more

Turn around look at the field - Holding nothing but my wand and my shield
Those demons are amazed and leave our land alone