

Rhapsody, Dargor, Shadowlord Of The Black Mountain

Not so far from the wide dragonland
where the valleys breathe the smell of dark hate
Dargor is marching with the poor Airin
there where dark has ruled forever for the demonknights
Fire's riding to valleys of death
while shadows are rising from bloody hells
Fire's riding to Hargor, the town
where evil and terror conquer the clouds

We sing to the wind the legend of the kings
to spread our heart to the kingdom of dust
where heroes are lost, where now reigns the shadowlord

Caved in shadow is his magic throne
Korn disciple not extreme at all
Gothic his kingdom, told by old jesters
Pride and terror live together
in his stormy heart
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Cry with me to fill the crystal sea
cry for all the victims of these stones
shed your tears to fill the silent fall
and wash in it your swords

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