

# Rhapsody, The Power Of The Dragonflame

Rise, mighty dragon!

Rise, rise, rise...  
Mighty dragon rise!

Ruins of ancient wisdom closing now my darkest lonely eye  
god is dead in Thorald and in Elnor's rhyme  
Mutilated bodies are now carved in ancient holy stone  
tragic decoration of unholy wars

The heart of the dragon is screaming awaiting  
to write the black last page  
the page of blood was written by them...  
the dead now lying on the sand

Visions of of disaster are now challenging the wild storms  
cyclops of the midlands wash my bloody shore  
sirens from the open seas now heal my broken wounded brain  
I call the holy typhoons... air, fire, earth!

The heart of the dragon is screaming awaiting  
to write the black last page  
the page of blood was written by them...  
the dead now lying on the sand

FROM THE SILENT HILL WE SCREAM LOUD YOUR NAME  
MIGHTY POWER OF THE DRAGONFLAME  
FROM THE MOUNTAINS PROUD AND STRONG  
WE CALL OUR DRAGONLORD

Rise, rise, rise... rise again...  
Mighty dragon rise!

Energie di cosmi estinti gridano sangue  
dalle tere dell'ignoto senza pieta'

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to write the black last page  
the page of blood was written by them...  
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