

# Brocas Helm, Warriors of the Dark

The wind is made of thunder  
The dark is made of dreams  
The wizards ride the hills tonight  
Doing battle with electric screams

And against a spear of lightning  
A figure rides the stars  
His steed a dragon red and gold  
His weapon a black guitar

My fingers played like hellfire  
As I played the killing chord  
The dragon screams and falls from sky  
As if pierced by magic sword

But it's rider find a stabbing note  
Before they crash to flame  
I am caught in a mighty storm of devils in my brain

Warriors of the dark

[Repeat]