

# Epiclore, Northern Paladins

Alone in the wind with fire and steel  
they ended their quest on this enchanted field  
They have the approval of immortal power  
A rash, valiant knight, a brave brotherhood  
So fearless and rude yet cautious and bold  
They walk on 'the desert between your ears'

Clash of steel on the fields of green echoes in the wind  
You will see through the mist and steam  
witnessing a triumph of the kings

On the fields of victory we stand alone  
and revive our ancestors' pride  
We heed their legacy into the night  
and the flames of fire and lightning rise  
in the Northern Paladins' eyes

We'll dance on your grave, the last on the hill  
alone in the night on the still battlefield  
We live by the laws of our ancient dominion  
Our fathers behind our lineage and blood  
Their deeds and their power are deep in my heart  
We fight and we proudly hail from our kingdom

Clash of steel on the fields of green echoes in the wind  
You will see through the mist and steam  
witnessing a triumph of the kings

On the fields of victory we stand alone  
and revive our ancestors' pride  
We heed their legacy into the night  
and the flames of fire and lightning rise  
in the Northern Paladins' eyes