

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

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