

# Rahpsody, Triumph For My Magic Steel

Flies to where old dragons are lying  
the cry for the triumph for my magic sword  
Burns the pride of my mighty conscience  
while rises the sceptre of our wise lord  
So thunder and storm, the rage of the sword  
the fury of my war  
The axe of the dwarf, the blood on the stone  
the scream for the eternal  
Rage in the wind at the triumph for my magic steel  
you will taste the blade of the ancient sword... and  
Rage in the wind at the triumph for my magic steel  
led by hundreds of mighty and fallen lords  
Dead, laments and unholy sorrow  
The heads of the fallen are staining the snow  
May this be the last hated cruel war  
I'm looking at my skies but they answer not!  
So thunder and storm, the rage of the sword  
the fury of my war  
The axe of the dwarf, the blood on the stone  
the scream for the eternal  
Rage in the wind at the triumph for my magic steel  
you will taste the blade of the ancient sword... and  
Rage in the wind at the triumph for my magic steel  
led by hundreds of mighty and proudly fallen brave lords  
Old cathedrals dusty graves where nest the seeds of holy victory  
Blood from old crypts gushing out to drown the deadly cosmic enemy  
Steel all around for the king and his crown  
Winds of the dawn are caressing us all...  
Ancelet smiles at the knights' epic cry  
Thanks to the old and their emerald sword  
The kingdom is now hailing the triumph over Dargor  
and he the man from Loregard he stands in front of all... of all!