Rapsody, The Village Of Dwarves

The dwarves of Lork are showing all their honour
when you walk on the Gandor secret hill

The dance for fire and wind
and the stories about old kings
are pleasing our brave lords
down in the village of dwarves

The elves are playing under timeless willows
while blue and red paint all my beloved land

The dance for fire and wind
and the stories about old kings
are pleasing our brave lords
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The eagle's eye is hiding something tragic
but in this night the red wine rules in me

The dance for fire and wind
and the stories about old kings
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And all night long me Arwald and Aresius
we speak, we laugh, we honor our king

The dance for fire and wind
and the stories about old kings
are pleasing our brave lords
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And time has come now to ride
before the end of the night
the march of the swordmaster
to the unholy fight.