

# Rhapsody, Dargor, Shadowland Of The Black Mo

Mighty and brave is the fighter of shade  
He's prince of the darklands... Dargor his name  
Adopted by Vankar, old wizard of Helm  
disciple of evil he twisted his brain

Fire burns between pride and honour  
Steel wild pounds in his dragonheart  
Face to face with the cult of evil  
Prince of lands of the darkest dream

We sing to the wind the legend of the kings  
to spread our heart to the kingdom of dust  
where heroes are lost, where's reigning the shadowlord

Power and glory but for the wrong side  
For his tragic past he disowned the sunlight  
But Akron knows well all the truth of that day  
He needs him as fighter, a warrior so brave

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