

Rhapsody Of Fire, The Myth Of The Holy Sword

After the victory of the angels over hell
These old lands became a new reason for war
Elves and men all united against new darklords
It's the time of the three elvish wars

During the third one in Galfor's old mines
Naimur was captured by Akron, 'Hell's Fury'
He got tortured by the darklord with an Emerald Stone
And his brother left alone with a bleeding soul

He took the stone
He forged a sword

And he asked to the Angels
To fill it with might
So it was born
The Myth of the Holy Sword
And he asked to the Angels
To fill it with might
So it was born

After some years the elves' new attack
Dramatic battles and rivers of blood
And for Loinir came the chance to avenge Naimur's death
Just a strike of the sword
Hell's last breath

He felt too much power in that blade
He gave it to the wizards to discover why
And the wizards knew right away
That sword could have been a threat
In the hands of the wrong man or darklord

The wizards knew
The sword was filled

With the glory of Angels
Who enchanted the blade
They hide it well
Beyond the Ivory Gates
With the glory of Angels
Who enchanted the blade
They hide it well

Vita e morte
Spazio e tempo
Sulla sacra
Lama divina
Vita e morte
Spazio e tempo
Nel suo verde cuore
Di luce pura

You know well what happened then
The Loregard's warrior and his quest
He was the chosen to find the blade
Far beyond the mystic gates
Akron's army could be stopped
Thanks to that Holy Sword
Now it lies somewhere deep
In the Algalord's raging sea

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