

# Rhapsody, 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

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and the stories about old kings  
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The eagle's eye is hiding something tragic  
but in this night the red wine rules in me

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And all night long me Arwald and Aresius  
we speak, we laugh, we honor our king

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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

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