

Rhapsody, 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 stories about old kings
Are pleasing our brave lords

Down in the village of dwarves

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

The dance for fire and wind
And stories of old kings
Are pleasing our brave lords
Down in the village of dwarves

And time has come now to ride
Before the end of night
The march of the swordmaster to the unholy fight