## 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