

Rhapsody, Warrior's Pride

The wide green and windy valley's wood, the high dark ice veiled mountain
With the silent mystic castle walls are now showing their lament
The sad magic dance of my white elves... sing to mark the past of hero
Sing to cry his tragic destiny, and to lead him on his way

While the fire burns and their hands now rise
To the crystal sky for the warrior's pride.
May the mighty king ride the wind of dreams
Breath in our trees freeing us from sin.

On the golden throne of Irekan she is fighting back her tears
Her sad future so without her king will be too hard to endure
Now the valiant knights of twilight come all from the farest midlands
'Cause the songs of jester reached their crown and so now they come for him

While the fire burns and their hands now rise
To the crystal sky for the warrior's pride.
May the mighty king ride the wind of dreams
Breath in our trees freeing us from sin.