

# Salamandra, The Blackest Wings

Land's fallen a sleep  
Dust, ash and smoke  
Fill night with evil  
You can't see the force  
Feeding on cruel night  
And on lives of the brave

She's certainly come  
Spreading her wings  
Searching the country  
With her blackened eyes  
She's looking for each flash  
Of a mind weak or tired

Feel Morana  
Spread her wings over the country  
Spreading her great dark wings

She'll turn her head  
Look in your eyes  
She'll search your soul, your soul  
What could she find  
Inside your mind  
Is there a hope, oh hope?

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What will you tell her  
If ever asked  
Proud Moravian  
How did you help your country?