

## **Turilli Luca**

### **"Warrior'S Pride"**

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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 WARRIORÃ, '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  
faresť 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 WARRIORÃ, 'S PRIDE  
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