

## **Elexorien**

### **"Dryads And Trolls"**

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LindalÃ«, Elven minstrel of Athelorn  
...Oh hear ye! Fair folk! Gather around  
And listen to my song  
A fairytale of Sylvan Dreams  
And Trolls, mighty and strong

An ancient story written  
In the leaves of every tree  
Of Dryadfolk and magic oaks  
That set the forest free

And so the tale begins  
In the snowy woods of Athelorn  
On a cold and misty wintermorning

When the Dryads of the North  
Heard a warning from the trees  
And they started to sing...

The Elder Oak  
Listen now, Dryad folk  
This here is the Elder Oak  
Something's prowling through  
Our most beloved woods tonight

Trolls are coming, they are near  
The trees they all tremble in fear  
All my branches warn me  
And tell me you must hide

Dryads  
Oh Mother of the Woods, there must be something we  
can do  
Although we heed your warning, know that we are not  
alone  
We shall sing for the aid of our allies, Pixies, Sylphs  
and Elves  
And Nymphs will come and turn the Trolls to stone

Singing for the dawn in the forest of the Dryads  
At the coming nightfall we shall dance along the trees  
Messengers of green, sentinels of woodland,

Bound to our magical oaks eternally, but forever we're  
free

Trolls

Bashing and ramming our way through the trees

Slaying and eating all creatures we see

Nothing can stop us from doing as we please

Masters of the wild, the Trollish way to be

Rage, hunger, bloodlust and hate

Must find food before it's too late

Frenzied berserkers, havoc we create

Rending your flesh apart, troll-bait!!

Nymphs

My sisters, oh, do not despair

The Sylvan League has come to aid

In the name of the Goddess of the Woods

The Dryad Grove will remain

Trolls

What is this puny creature, this useless waste of space

Annoying little treefolk called the Dryad race

Listen tiny buggers, you shall be our food

And all your magic treasure will be ours to loot

Nymphs

Turn to stone!

Dryads

Singing for the dawn in the forest of the Dryads

At the coming nightfall we shall dance along the trees

Messengers of green, sentinels of woodland,

Bound to our magical oaks eternally, but forever...

Singing for the dawn in the forest of the Dryads

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