

Brocas Helm

"Warriors Of The Dark"

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The wind is made of thunder
The dark is made of dreams
The wizards ride the hills tonight
Doing battle with electric screams

And against a spear of lightning
A figure rides the stars
His steed a dragon red and gold
His weapon a black guitar

My fingers played like hellfire

As I played the killing chord
The dragon screams and falls from sky
As if pierced by magic sword

But it's rider find a stabbing note
Before they crash to flame
I am caught in a mighty storm of devils in my brain

Warriors of the dark

[Repeat]

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