

Human Factor

"The Fortress"

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Romuald was the golden child and embraced
His king died in coldest winters war
His castle burned with flames of greed and wild desire
It should be his amberdawn

Romuald's hands covered his father's eyes
The battle was lost and he had no time to cry
While he should stand steadfast his ground until he'd
loose
And he'd face his amberdawn

Romuald chose the way
For glory to the brave
Ancient black and fire sin
The fortress burned in silent din
Amberdawn

Deceiving masks of the dogs of doom
Cathedral bells for his faithful tears
The saving grace, the smile on his face has
condemned us
To burn our amberdawn

Hail this wiseman with fire
With gold and with steel
There's always one who will loose but will steal
He will steal the iron mask

Glory to the brave
Ancient black and fire sin
For glory to the brave

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