

## Luca Turilli "Warrior's Pride"

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[Musica e testi: Luca Turilli]

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 THE FIRE BURNS AND THEIR HANDS NOW  
RISE  
TO THE CRYSTAL SKY FOR THE WARRIOR'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 farest midlands  
'cause the songs of jester reached their crown  
And so now they come for him

WHILE THE THE FIRE BURNS AND THEIR HANDS NOW  
RISE  
TO THE CRYSTAL SKY FOR THE WARRIOR'S PRIDE  
MAY THE MIGHTY KING RIDE THE WIND OF DREAMS  
BREATH IN OUR TREES FREEING US FROM SIN

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