

# Mjölfnir

## "Dragon Sword"

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Once There Was A Hermit  
Who Was Chasing Dragons  
Villagers Called Upon His Name  
He Would Be The One To  
Annihilate The Dragon, Bless Him  
Onwards The Dingle Of Dragons

Fighting Dragons, With My Sword  
The Dragon Sword, The Lost Legend

Saunters Into The Forest  
Find The Snoring Dragon  
Waiting And Flaming  
To Caprice Our Saviour

The Battle Between Two Creatures  
Pugnacious, Weariness, Clattering  
The Dragon Breathes His Last Breath

Considering The Birth Of The Occurrence  
Grimed And Perished, He Thought  
About The Sword, The Dragon Sword  
The Withering Dragon Was Devoured

Strolling Towards The Hamlet  
With An Endorsed Gaze  
In His Sloppy Wards  
Content With His Mandate

The Villagers Are Waiting For  
The Return Of The Dragon Slayer

Arrived At The Atrium Of His Settlement  
Inhabitants Asking, Admiring  
He Who Cultivate The Dragon

The Wild Boars Frizzled  
Barley Water Flows Abundantly  
A Banquet Of Eternal Victory.

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