Twilight Guardians "Night Of The Black Swan"

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In the dark middle ages those brave men They rode to the bloody fight Metal was their only friend, sword in hand

They prepared to die Smoke flows on the fields, as they graped their shields

Waiting for that bird to be a guide As it's eyes still burn, no one returns From the mighty battle of time

Straight through their destiny

The bird still flies and leads

Don't be afraid to die my friend No mortal lives in the skies

One thousand horses run on the hill of Norfolk As the swords still flash in air, brave ones fall to their graves

Only one will lead the way, victory of mighty ones

Tale of braves and immortals, the night of Black Swan

No salvation, no molten cries in the fury of the night.

Hammer of steel still rules the fire, dark red wine of the Gods

Into the glory of the roar
DRAGONS (dragons, dragons, dragons)
Blessed their blades with fire

Class of honour still calls power

As they taste the bitter of my blood

Tales of the brave. The Night of Black Swan

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