

## Twisted Tower Dire "The Isle Of Hydra"

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Parting the waves of the dark unknown depths of the  
sea  
Pointing our longboats on to the land of our dreams  
Heeding the call of which I cannot evade  
Face the wrath of the dragon of Hydra,  
His fortune to claim

The battle's drawing nearer,  
I'm sure he feels my presence  
One shall be the victor,  
And one shall fall

Out on the horizon, now coming clearer to view  
The isle of Hydra, green on a blanket of blue  
My pulse, it quickens, I know what danger lurks there  
In the heart of the mountain of fire it must be his lair

Then in the span of ten heartbeats from out of the night  
The thundering wings of the dragon returning from  
flight  
The odour of ash and brimstone choking the room  
We hide cloaked in darkness, awaiting the hour of  
Doom!

There's a calm just before the storm  
A place that beckons to my soul  
I'm blessed by the light  
I'm strong for the fight  
I will not be denied!

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