

Warchild "Dragon"

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My lords and my ladies listen a while
For a story of ages when the dragons fly
'Bout an almighty warrior thought he never can die
As he left the castle all the young maiden cry

His body was covered by shining bright skin
Armored with mytrill and a strong magic ring
A flame-shaped blade hang by his side
Covered with jewels every warriors pride

All through the times there were heroes for sale - Paid
for some crimes, search a holy grail
Perfect prepared for the glorious day - But sometimes
a better one crosses their way
Down on his knees no one to trust - Ashes to ashes and
dust to dust
Perfect prepared for the glorious day - But sometimes
a better one crosses their way

As he faced the cave darkness around
Deep from inside hear an evil sound
Careful he went close to the hole
The warriors prayer gave him a strong soul
He raised his sword higher as the dragon appears
With just one spit of fire burned away all the fears
The powerful ring not useful at all
Nothing to save him from the firewall

There's one little thing the warrior forgot
The wrong magic ring and now he is dead
The dragon watch the man burn for a while
Then went back to sleep with a satanic smile

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[Solo: Ruby, Stichler, Ruby/Stichler]

... all through the times... heroes for sale... perfect
prepared... for the holy grai

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