

Sorg "A Perilous Quest"

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Music: SORG

Lyrics: Arnt Holger Jensen

Our burden is great
Hopes of mankind been carried away
Hope is in truly tiny,
like snow on a damp summers day

Behold the Hoarwell
The river of the troll falls,
of the northern moores

Far beyond the trollshaws
The darkness arises
On icy fellwinds
On a damp summers day
The price of the nine is abroad
The Witchking, the warden of the north

Here lies our perilous path
In veils of destiny...entwined

At dawn, through the realms of ice we walk
Like thieves at nightstalk
Into the dragons Den, the iron fortress
To complete our perilous quest

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