

Exsilium

"Blacksmith's Hex"

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Through the forest's entrance, down the snowy road
We trudge through the snow, as old man told.
Pass the ancient oaks, mind the runic mark,
Hurry up the step, soon it will be dark.
Marks of our fathers, marks from time forlorn,
But their presence lives forever,
On and on and on...
Hail!

With strength of a bear and will of iron,
He melts and shapes the earth's gold.
Forging with hammer, hours and hours,
Making god's like unbreakable swords.

He came from a land of dreadful dragons
Where he tamed them as fathers before.
In a search of his peace, he travelled and travelled
And found a place where he can start his lore!

Sun is almost swallowed by the night
And we saw the far-away light
A cottage on the end of the forest deep
A secret inside for ages he keeps.

From a homeland he brought a reptilian
To serve him with his fire hot as sun.
A small purse of diamonds is what we offer him
To create a sword with dragon soul within.

Hammer, anvil, embers, swage, vomits of the dragon
force!
Forging, melting, bending, shrinking, welding,
bearhanded force!
Hammer, anvil, embers, swage, vomits of the dragon
force!
Forging, melting, bending, shrinking, welding,
bearhanded force!

He swings with his hammer like with magic stick
Under his stone shaped arms, sparks flick.

His yellow-orange beard matches with the colour of
fire,
Fire that burns inside his eyes, a melted iron.
Reflecting steam in his blue eyes,
Hammer hits follow the pulse of his heart.

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