

Ibn Ghalad

"Dragonlord"

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The Elf Has Sung A Wintertale
Of A Dragon In His Cave
Only A Few Saw The Likes Of Him
But They Never Ever Speak Again
High Above Near To The Sky
He Spreads His Wings To Fly
His Cold Breath Freezing Stone And Tree
His Icestorm Frost Across The Sea

O Dragonlord
High In The Sky
O Dragonlord

That Night A Hero Crossed His Way
Saw The Treasure In His Cave
Blinded By The Spell Of Gold
To The Greed He Lost His Soul
Deep Inside, Dark Without Light
Knows Not What Left Or Right
He Held High His Lance In Pride
With The Fear Creeping At His Side

Beyond The Clouds He Sleeps In Pain
And His Tears Create The Rain
The Snow Formed By His Deepest Breath
Should Cover All The World Beneath
High Above Near To The Sky
The Last Time He Will Fly
The Dragon Waits Until The Day
Another Hero Crosses His Way

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