

Fire And Brimstone

Dragonland

["The draconian laws of the King of Westmar left no man unaffected. In his will to restore order to Westmar and the lands beyond the Royal Guard was ten fold increased. Unruly elements among the populace was quickly sent to the gallows, the highland salt mines or worst of all; to the newly constructed and crowded factories filled with dark and twisted magical machinery, fueled by stinking ichors and run by gigantic cobs.

Elf and dwarf, once brothers to men, were all singled out and charged with various crimes and accounts of treason. The once lively elven district of Westmar made way for smoke-spewing chimneys, and the children of Val'inthor were rounded up and deported or worse. Public show trials and executions became a daily affair, and it was at such a spectacle that the Islander once more heard the name of his dreams being called out, with a voice so utterly familiar"]

A pale sun rises
the crowds are gathered
now red streams flow through the streets

Upon the pyre
Enchanted beauty
her eyes upon me

"Witch! Wraith!
Light up the fire
And feed her to the flames
Let nothing remain"

Now as I see her
standing before me
A stranger I know
Where have I heard that voice before?

I'm stirred to silence
'neath brazen towers
Doubt fills my heart with fear

See clouds are massing
on the horizon
Her end is soon here

I should turn away
and leave her to her fate
but something draws me to the flames

"Stop! Halt!
Who is this man
that walks unharmed by fire
That crosses the pyre?"

Now as I see her
standing before me
A stranger I know
Where have I seen her face before?

[Solo: Lindskog]

[Solo: Holmlid]

[Solo: Mörck]

Now as I freed her
they all stand before me

Stop! Halt!
Don't let them pass
They must not get away
Guards! Stop them I say

Now as I see her
carried before me
I finally know
where I have heard that voice before!
So far beyond the shore