

## Farewell My Hero

Ancient Bards

knight, withstand  
calm down, take your breath  
for now you make the rules  
the turn is yours.  
concentrate on the black guardian  
anticipate his moves  
and spear right in  
his weak point

The wind is rocking the trees  
the grey clouds run off through the sky  
nature is restless and furious  
we're spectators of a frightening scene  
the dragon's wingspan's enormous  
his tail's a lethal whip  
but there's no fear  
in daltor's face

he is the king of Westland  
he knows how to deal with  
horrible beasts like you  
because the king with his sword in his hand  
has won every battle  
we're on the safe side

The beast is wounded and bleeds  
the battle will soon come to an end  
it won't resist any longer  
no one ever could bear all that pain  
wait! now it seems to get stronger  
it manages to fly  
and then attacks  
at Daltor's back

he was the king of Westland  
he knew how to deal with  
horrible beasts like you  
because the king with his sword in his hand  
had won every battle  
this was the last one

Look! the dragon's seized our hero  
it is taking him away!