

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!