

The Last Resort

Ancient Bards

It seems like the end is drawing near,
everyone's on the ground
and Sendor can't decide
on who he should drop the sickle first.
Rahed is not ready to give up yet,
he's not willing to let go
and with firm voice incite the other kings:

We need to step up and do something,
I know we're weak and paralyzed,
but if we don't do everything in our power
then tomorrow will never come.
We are the custodians of wisdom,
of millennial magic arts,
so there must be something we can do
to prevent a dreadful end!

In your death throes...

Dipped in the blood, the dust and the dirt,
the kings crawl to the floor, exhausted and hurt,
reaching for their weapons,
summoning strength for their last resort,
the only hope
to survive.

The rod is summoning the force
of the magic elements,
the bow attracts the ring
and then they start floating in mid-air
and as the weapons come in contact
they create a beam of light
that suddenly goes into Daltor's sword.

Oh look at the silver sword shining!
It's a dazzling blinding glow
and what we are witnessing is
the eternal fight between light and the dark.
We are the custodians of wisdom,
of millennial magic arts,
I knew there'd be something we could do
to prevent a dreadful end!

In your death throes...

Dipped in the blood, the dust and the dirt,
the kings crawl to the floor, exhausted and hurt,
reaching for their weapons,
summoning strength for their last resort,
the only hope
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