

# Midwinter Nights

Arven

The king's eldest son hasn't ever married  
The king was raged and has decreed:  
The lady who performs the task he has set  
Shall become the prince's lawful wife

Go to the darkest cave  
The dragon's sleeping there  
I hope your heart is strong  
Kill him with your mighty sword  
Go to the darkest cave  
The dragon's sleeping there  
This takes you three days long  
I wish you wisdom and faith

Two of the three have died in battle  
They have fought with swords and greatest spears  
But the last and youngest sang a tune so lovely  
The dragon dropped off to enchanted sleep

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A passion glory  
Moonlight singing hope and joy  
The prince has now married  
A faithful heart Midwinter poetry  
A passions glory  
Dancing at the setting sun  
The old dragon's dead now  
And the king's son has found his one

The night has turned to a sunny morning  
The gentle breeze is full of hope  
But they can not see that after nightfall  
The eyes of the dragon glow in the dark

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