

Warriors Of The Dark

Brocas Helm

The wind is made of thunder
The dark is made of dreams
The wizards ride the hills tonight
Doing battle with electric screams

And against a spear of lightning
A figure rides the stars
His steed a dragon red and gold
His weapon a black guitar

My fingers played like hellfire
As I played the killing chord
The dragon screams and falls from sky
As if pierced by magic sword

But it's rider find a stabbing note
Before they crash to flame
I am caught in a mighty storm of devils in my brain

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