

# Oakenshield

## Elvenking

Oh pick up flutes and fiddles, a new tune is beginning  
A melody forsaken, on the chords of our elders' song  
Each note is telling a story, a fragment of existence  
Oh people ye who listen, sit down and hear the old man's story

He was standing right in front of me, few steps from where I've been  
That day the manor's tower is hiding a sun in agony  
Filthy and soiled from head to feet, his sword was rusty and ruined  
But in his eyes I caught a fleeting glimpse of his pride

Bridge: He said:

"Seven moons painted the skies before I reached for the chosen one  
A travel through the starlit horizons, through the magic's way  
On the path that leads us to knowledge, a light fall of rites

and believes from past forgotten times  
Outshining the malice on our thoughts !

Chorus: A story that came from so many miles and years ago  
The legend of the magic shield  
The elf, the dwarf, the man who carries true faith deep within  
Was known by everyone as Oakenshield

I didn't understand the words he said, the silence fell on the scene  
A watercolour painted with a thousand shades of feels  
A wooden shield tied on his back, the magic wisdom seed  
From that day on

Bridge: He told

"From the time when the ancients' glory rules us all, the shield has been  
passed hand in hand to the few, whose hearts are pure and bold  
made with the hardwood of Usdu'm, never

decline his influence on character  
outstanding is the power of our will !

Chorus: A story...

Intermezzo: Shield, from the sources of our depths

in the universal edge  
Declining  
Shield, from the wounds in your malice grains

"Face up and take a contact with your inner fears  
You will find a well of gloominess and humble damp  
Make yourself a trace on walk, the power of become  
The enchantment is the magic of being"

Solos: Aydan, Jarpen

Slowly fades the light, the story slips away  
The old man's tired now: doze off!  
"Sleep well, keeper of the shield!"  
Mankind could never understand,  
the shield remains forever only as a...

Chorus: A story that came from so many miles and years ago  
The legend of the magic shield  
The elf, the dwarf, the man who carries true faith deep within  
Was known by everyone as Oakenshield