

Lord Of The Blacksmiths

Falconer

Where the winds sing
The laments of times long gone
Where the elves dance
Their dances of solitude

Hearken to the mountain
Can you hear the echoes
Of the hammer's beat
From deep within the shadows?

The lord of the blacksmiths keeps forging on
Through the endless time
Master of the anvil alloys the metals
With an essence of magic

With wisdom and sorcery
From the beginning of time
Magnificent works are forged
For gods and for mighty kings

Uncrushable shields
Power belts and magic rings
Swords that never miss
Scepters and crowns, and other things

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There is a holy presence in his hidden existence
Listen to the hymn, it sings in the galleries
Powerful runes, he carves into the shining steel
To have protection from the powers of mystery

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