

Over the dark—the deep valleys of earth
In the days of yore—they journey on the battlefield, their shining armour lay
Between the mountaintops their cries still roar
The quiet mountains, witness
The days of yore!
Like ice on the muddy, forest pond, breaking in the light of day
Out of the woods where they stood
Before they, to rest finally lay
But now the time is upon them
Once again, they shall rise to ride the wind-song!