

Dark Isle

Kerion

Violent waves break on the rocks
blinding lightnings tear the clouds
howling thunder shakes the skies
on the darklord'black isle
this lost place is a refuge
for all the conspirators
but the most terrific jail
for the thieves of Sephiria

the barracks of the fortress
the first evil troupes get ready
to march to the elves'highlands
where fly the mighty dragons

without the holy creatures
nothing will stop the legion
led by the necromancer
against the gathering forces

With the sword of the knight
With the axe of the dwarf
We will stand and defend our beloved magic land
With the spell of the mage
With the bow of the elf
United we will fight united we will die