

Master of the kings

King Leoric

Who denies it, the dragon's mighty breath ?
Burning so bright and causing pain and death.
On his hoard he is lying, defending with his life.
And if someone is trying his life's balanced on a knife.

Here I stand on dragon's land
My soul is lost forevermore...

Mighty dragon arise !
Take it to the sky !
Wind beneath your wings,
you're the master of the kings !

We storm into his dungeon, our fate is lost and sealed.
Our eyes are truly blinded as his treasure is revealed.
Soon the beast will fight us with fire from his throat
and we know at the end : Our blood will soak his gold...

Be aware of dragon's lair
Your soul is lost forevermore...

Mighty dragon arise !
Take it to the sky !
Wind beneath your wings,
you're the master of the kings !