

## Warrior's Pride

Luca Turilli

The wide green and windy valley's wood, the high dark ice veiled mountain  
With the silent mystic castle walls are now showing their lament  
The sad magic dance of my white elves... sing to mark the past of hero  
Sing to cry his tragic destiny, and to lead him on his way  
While the fire burns and their hands now rise  
To the crystal sky for the warrior's pride  
May the mighty king ride the wind of dreams  
Breath in our trees freeing us from sin  
On the golden throne of Irekan she is fighting back her tears  
Her sad future so without her king will be too hard to endure  
Now the valiant knights of twilight come all from the farthest midlands  
'Cause the songs of jester reached their crown and so now they come for him  
While the fire burns and their hands now rise  
To the crystal sky for the warrior's pride  
May the mighty king ride the wind of dreams  
Breath in our trees freeing us from sin