

Hour of the Dragon

Manilla Road

Rising swords
Lead the sons into the battle.
Rising stars mark this night,
The Dragon is re-born.

Demon Lords
Shall not fell me from the saddle.
Tiw and Mars mark this night,
We blow the victory horn.
Blow on.

To wait till tomorrow
Is for fools in their sorrow.
It's now or never.
It's the hour of the Dragon.

Muse of chords
Raise the Dragon from the castle.
Northern stars burning bright,
We free the Holy Sword.

Face the Horde
Die for glory and Valhalla.
Fires of Mars burns this night.
Ride with the Dragon Lord.
Ride on.

To wait till tomorrow
Is for fools in their sorrow.
It's now or never.
It's the hour of the Dragon.