

Wooden Drum

Stormwitch

The day turned night
Inside the mountain a dreary dwarf town
No sound at all
Companion's path leads steep way down
They found the place, the hall of past
At last their hope, their hope went west
They saw a corpse torn in shreds
All around shattered heads
A rotten hand
Was clung to words from a burnt diary
Go take the book
We're gonna hear 'bout this dark mystery
They're at the gate, Orks in the town
A fiery whip lash shakes the ground
The gost of living fire
I hear the beating of a wooden drum
Telling stories 'bout the Lost and Gone
I hear the beating of a wooden drum
Can you hear it too?
All eyes on him
A silent sting hit their hearts with fear
The sound is near
We're cought there's no way to get out of here
The wizard raised, his wand in praise
Flee out of here, escape the chase
This is my day, my fight!
I hear the beating.