

## 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.