

Hear my words Earl of Gwent  
I am the fatherless one  
Drain the lake and rouse the dragons  
Take my blood  
Yon stronghold will never stand

For the hour of doom is rung  
See the dragons rise into the air  
They`ll be fighting sore and long  
For a wise man will come to take the crown

When even the house  
Of romulus fell  
His final fate  
No seer can foretell

There`s a greater place  
Beyond the realms of lethe  
There`s a flaming trace in our heart  
When a memory becomes myth