Dragonisle

Nocturnal Rites

By the power of our father's rusty
swords
We are standing proud and strong
Under banner and king our soil
Drinks blood of the enemy
From here we see through the raven's eyes
We ride the winds of north
And from cups of silver we drink from
The dragon's bloodStanding tall
STAND TALL
To fight them all
FIGHT THEM ALL
For DragonisleThrough the Seven winds of Wrath we
Called
Called up to the gods
With steel at our sides we defend the
dragonisle
Baptised in the dragon's blood
We hail our king with pride
And in the fire, for aye one with the king

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