Warriorâ€™s Pride

Luca Turilli

The wide green and windy valley's wood,
The high dark ice veiled mountain
With the silent mystic castle walls
Are now showing their lament
The sad magic dance of my white elves
Sing to mark the past of hero
Sing to cry his tragic destiny,
And to lead him on his wayWhile the the fire burns and their hands now rise
To the crystal sky for the warrior's pride
May the mighty king ride the wind of dreams
Breath in our trees freeing us from sinOn the golden throne of Irekan
She is fighting back her tears
Her sad future so without her king
Will be too hard to endure
Now the valiant knights of twilight come all
From the farest midlands
Cause the songs of jester reached their crown
And so now they come for himWhile the the fire burns and their hands now rise
To the crystal sky for the warrior's pride
May the mighty king ride the wind of dreams
Breath in our trees freeing us from sin

Songwriters
TURILLI, LUCA/TURILLI, LUCA/TURILLI, LUCAPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/