

Fire and Brimstone

Dragonland

["The draconian laws of the King of Westmar left no man unaffected. In his will to restore order to Westmar and the lands beyond the Royal Guard was tenfold increased. Unruly elements among the populace was quickly sent to the gallows, the highland salt mines or worst of all; to the newly constructed and crowded factories filled with dark and twisted magical machinery, fueled by stinking ichors and run by gigantic cobs.

Elf and dwarf, once brothers to men, were all singled out and charged with various crimes and accounts of treason. The once lively elven district of Westmar made way for smoke-spewing chimneys, and the children of Val'inthor were rounded up and deported or worse. Public show trials and executions became a daily affair, and it was at such a spectacle that the Islander once more heard the name of his dreams being called out, with a voice so utterly familiar"]

A pale sun rises

the crowds are gathered

now red streams flow through the streets

Upon the pyre

Enchanted beauty

her eyes upon me

"Witch! Wraith!

Light up the fire

And feed her to the flames

Let nothing remain

"Now as I see her

standing before me

A stranger I know

Where have I heard that voice before? I'm stirred to silence

'neath brazen towers

Doubt fills my heart with fear

See clouds are massing

on the horizon

Her end is soon here

I should turn away

and leave her to her fate

but something draws me to the flames

"Stop! Halt!

Who is this man

that walks unharmed by fire

That crosses the pyre?

"Now as I see her

standing before me

A stranger I know

Where have I seen her face before? [Solo: Lindskog] [Solo: Holmlid] [Solo: Mrck]

Now as I freed her

they all stand before me

Stop! Halt!

Don't let them pass

They must not get away

Guards! Stop them I say

Now as I see her

carried before me

I finally know

where I have heard that voice before!

So far beyond the shore

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