

Oakenshield

Elvenking

Ohh, pick up flutes and fiddles
A new tune is beginning
A melody forsaken
On the chords of our elders song Each note is telling a story
A fragment of existence
Ohh, people ye who listen
Sit down and hear the old man's story, ohh He was standing right in front of me
Few steps from where I've been
That day the manor's tower
Is hiding a sun in agony Filthy, soiled from head to feet
His sword was rusty and ruined
But in his eyes I caught
A fleeting glimpse of his pride He said, seven moons painted the skies
Before I reached for the chosen one
A travel through the starlit horizons
Through the magic's way On the path that leads us to knowledge
A light fall of rites and beliefs
From past forgotten times
Outshining the malice on our thoughts A story that came from
So many miles and years ago
The legend of the magic shield The elf, the dwarf, the man
Who carries true faith deep within
Was known by everyone as Oaken shield, Oakenshield I didn't understand the words he said
The silence fell on the scene
A water color painted
With a thousand shades of feel A wooden shield tied on his back
The magic wisdom seed
But in his eyes I caught
A fleeting glimpse of his pride He told, from the time
When the ancients glory rules us all
The shield has been passed hand in hand
To the few, whose hearts are pure and bold Made with the hardwood of Usdu'm
Never decline his influence on character
Outstanding is the power of our will, will A story that came from
So many miles and years ago
The legend of the magic shield The elf, the dwarf, the man
Who carries true faith deep within
Was known by everyone as Oakenshield From the sources of our depths
In the universal edge

Declining

Shield from the wounds in your malice brains
Face up and take a contact with your inner fears
You will find a well of gloominess and humble damp
Make yourself a trace on walk, the power of become
The enchantment is the magic of being
Slowly fades the light, the story slips away
The old man's tired now, doze off
Sleep well, keeper of the shield
Mankind could never understand
The shield remains forever only as
A story that came from
So many miles and years ago
A story that came from
So many miles and years ago
The legend of the magic shield
The elf, the dwarf, the man
Who carries true faith deep within
Was known by everyone as Oakenshield

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