Ride With The Dragons

Battlelore

The Dark Enemy, a god called Morgoth
Hide himself in the pit of Angband
Evil jewels of his mind took a shape
Great wyrms were bornWhen it storms look up to the sky
To the battlefields those dragons will fly
Mighty claws for their furious fights
You shall never forget that sightThe winged ones swept the land below
With the thundering winds they destroy
Those with the breath of fire and flame
Burn the earth and all on their way
Their strength far greater than man's
And their lore grows forever and ever
Eyes with a magical gaze
When they scream lands and mountains will quakeRide with the dragons high on the sky
Fight with your sword and lance
In battle, hear their fearless warcry
The enemy will have no chance

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