

# 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 born When 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 sight The 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 quake Ride 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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