Our Foes Shall Fall

Summoning

The sword is sharp, the spear is long
The arrow swift, the gate is strong
The heart is bold that looks on gold
The dwarves no more shall suffer wrongThe mountain throne once more is freed
O! Wandering fold, the summons heed
Come haste! Come haste! Across the waste
The king of friend and kin has need.Now call we over mountains cold
Come back unto the caverns old
Here at the gates the king awaits
His hands are rich with gems and goldThe king is come unto his hall
Under the mountain dark and tall
The worm of dread is slain and dead
And ever so our foes shall fall

Songwriters
LEDERER, RICHARD / GREGOR, MICHAELPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/