

The Call

Miracle Of Sound

Echoes from the west
Great hammers will fall
Under high rocks all will
Answer the call

Bring us your arms
Pariahs of yore
All faces turn now to war
Exiles of the ash

Stare through crimson glow
Guards of the north
Sing their songs of the snow

Bring us the breath
Of the marshes and rain
Courage is rising again!

War will weather the souls of the lost
Stand together whatever the cost
Shields will falter and many will fall
Time has come for us all
To answer the call

Pride of Summer's shores
Guide the voices of kings
Children of bark
They will tighten their strings

Bring us the wits
Of the warm southern sands
Clouds over all of the lands

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Stand together whatever the cost
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To answer the call

White gold
Burning sky
(For the souls of the lost)
Purify

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To answer the call