

True Dragons

Battlelore

Mountain caves, secret halls
Deep, dark tunnels, great strongholds
Endless treasures, rings and jewels
Magic and mayhem from the days of old

Eyes deep enough to lost in and fall
Shadows and gold, world of their own

Fire storms raging from the skies
Death from above, the burning demise
Whirling winds from the wings of doom
Darkened horizon, the dreadful cries

The Black and the Golden - The Unknown One
The Father and the Worm - the last dragons
The Black and the Golden - Gostir
The Father and the Worm - the true dragons

Countless graves, burning walls
Frozen pits, dark corridors
Piles of skulls, fields of bones
Spells of destruction from the days of old

Night of a thousand years
The beast eternal
It knows your deepest fears
Knows you are near

The long sleep of the guard
May betray the brave
The spell is cast
For the final play