

["The Dwarves of Dûrnir's Forge was once a primitive people, carving out a meager existence among the natural caves of the Mithril Mountains. The hero-king Dûrnir challenged the very Gods by stealing the secret of fire from their greedy clutches. Such was the fury of the Gods that the Dwarves dared not venture out from their caves and tunnels for a thousand years, and fueled by the might of fire, they dug ever deeper, into the very roots of the earth. Even though Dwarves can now be found across the realms, they very rarely interfere with the dealings of men and elves. And in the vaults of Dûrnir's forge, no elven song, nor human speech is ever heard - until now"]

A quest subterrene

I pass through the unseen

Deep where the rivers fall

Where mountain dwellers lure

Further I crawl

To find the dwergar halls

doubts in these vaults forlorn

Can I be Dragonborn?

I was saved from water, I walked through the flames

Just to be delivered to fate's dark embrace

Onwards and down I go and into deepest gorge

A fragile hope I will find down at Dûrnirs Forge

When wholly astray

A dwarfling on my way

Waylaid by netherkind

In battle a friend I find

Onwards and down I go and into deepest gorge

A fragile hope I will find down at Dûrnirs Forge

[Solo: Holmlid]

[Solo: Mörck]

Onwards again we go, this time not on my own

Indifference and scorn for man we found at Dûrnir's

Throne

And so highland bound, to seek the Century Horn

A fragile hope now will rest upon the mountain lords