

# Lord Of The Blacksmiths

Falconer

Where the winds sing  
The laments of times long gone  
Where the elves dance  
Their dances of solitude

Hearken to the mountain  
Can you hear the echoes  
Of the hammer's beat  
From deep within the shadows?

The lord of the blacksmiths keeps forging on  
Through the endless time  
Master of the anvil alloys the metals  
With an essence of magic

With wisdom and sorcery  
From the beginning of time  
Magnificent works are forged  
For gods and for mighty kings

Uncrushable shields  
Power belts and magic rings  
Swords that never miss  
Scepters and crowns, and other things

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There is a holy presence in his hidden existence  
Listen to the hymn, it sings in the galleries  
Powerful runes, he carves into the shining steel  
To have protection from the powers of mystery

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